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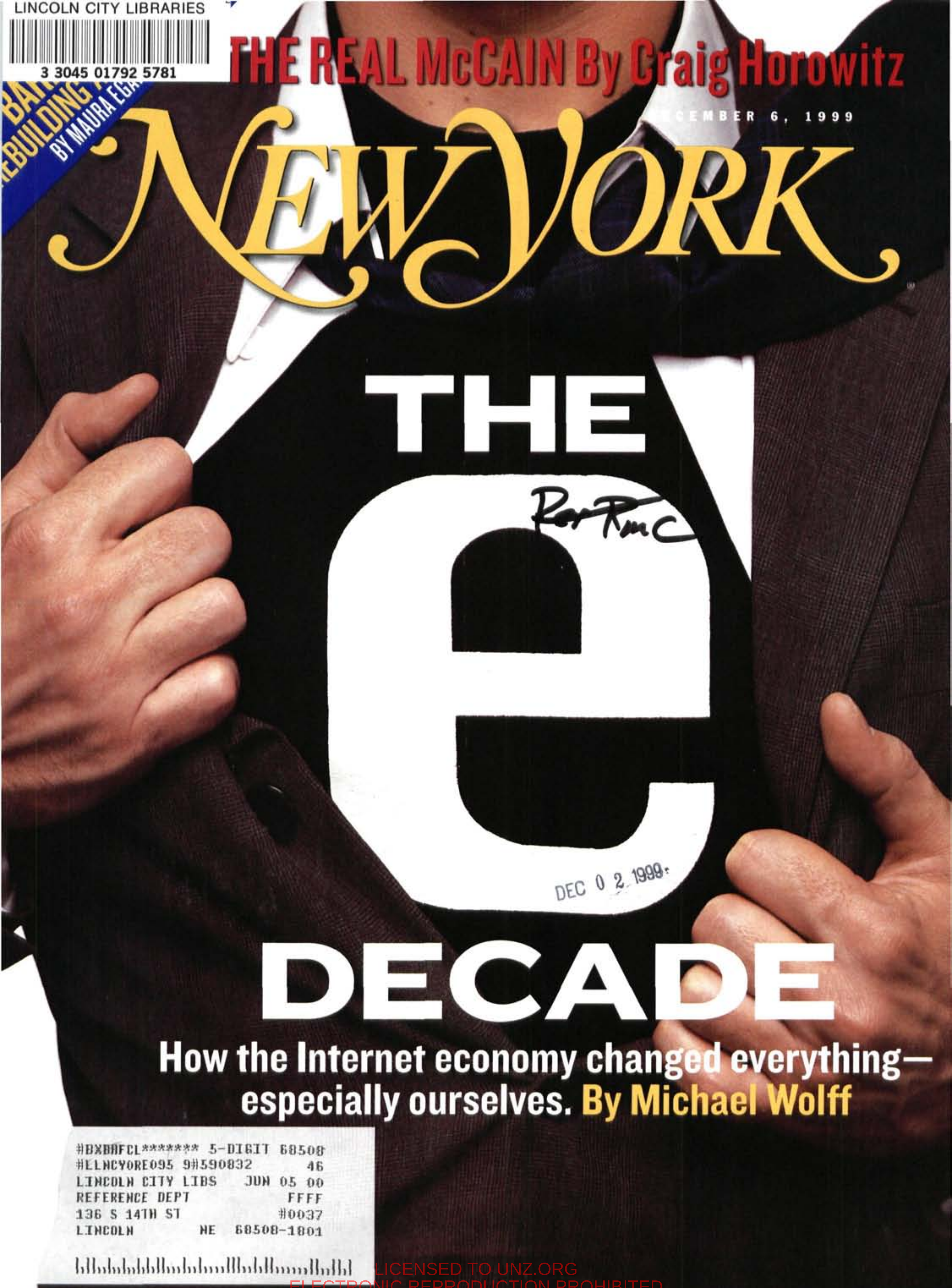

THE REAL McCAIN By Craig Horowitz

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CEMBER 6, 1999

NEW YORK

THE e DECADE

How the Internet economy changed everything—especially ourselves. **By Michael Wolff**

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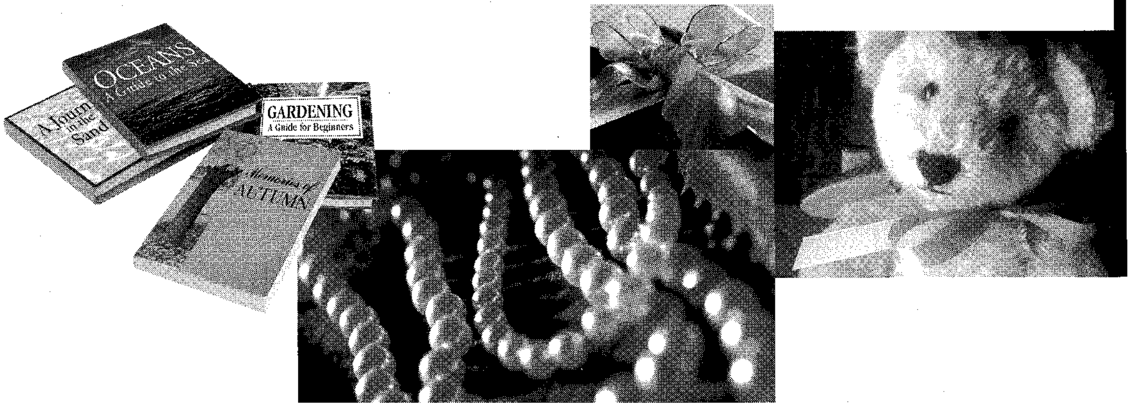
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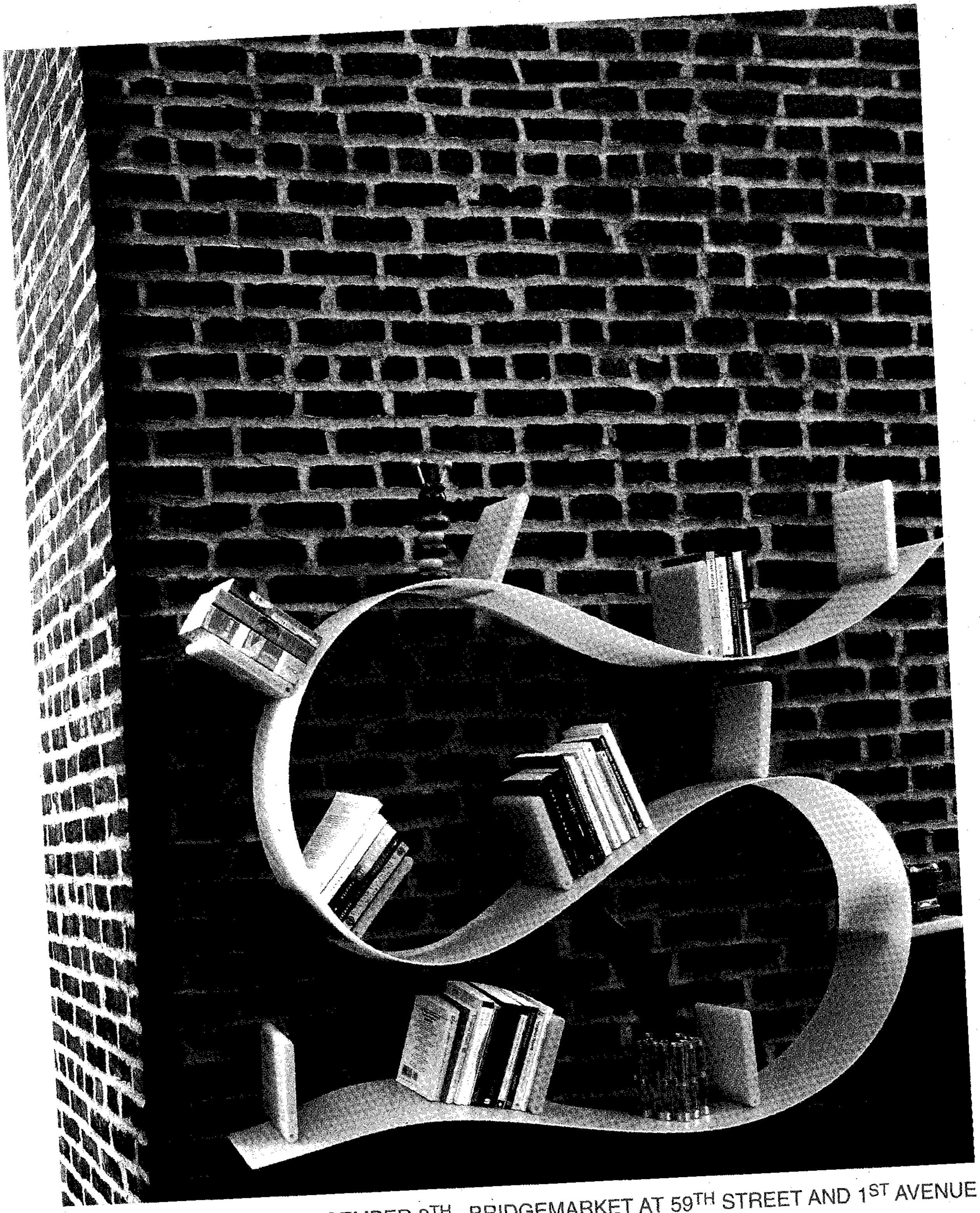

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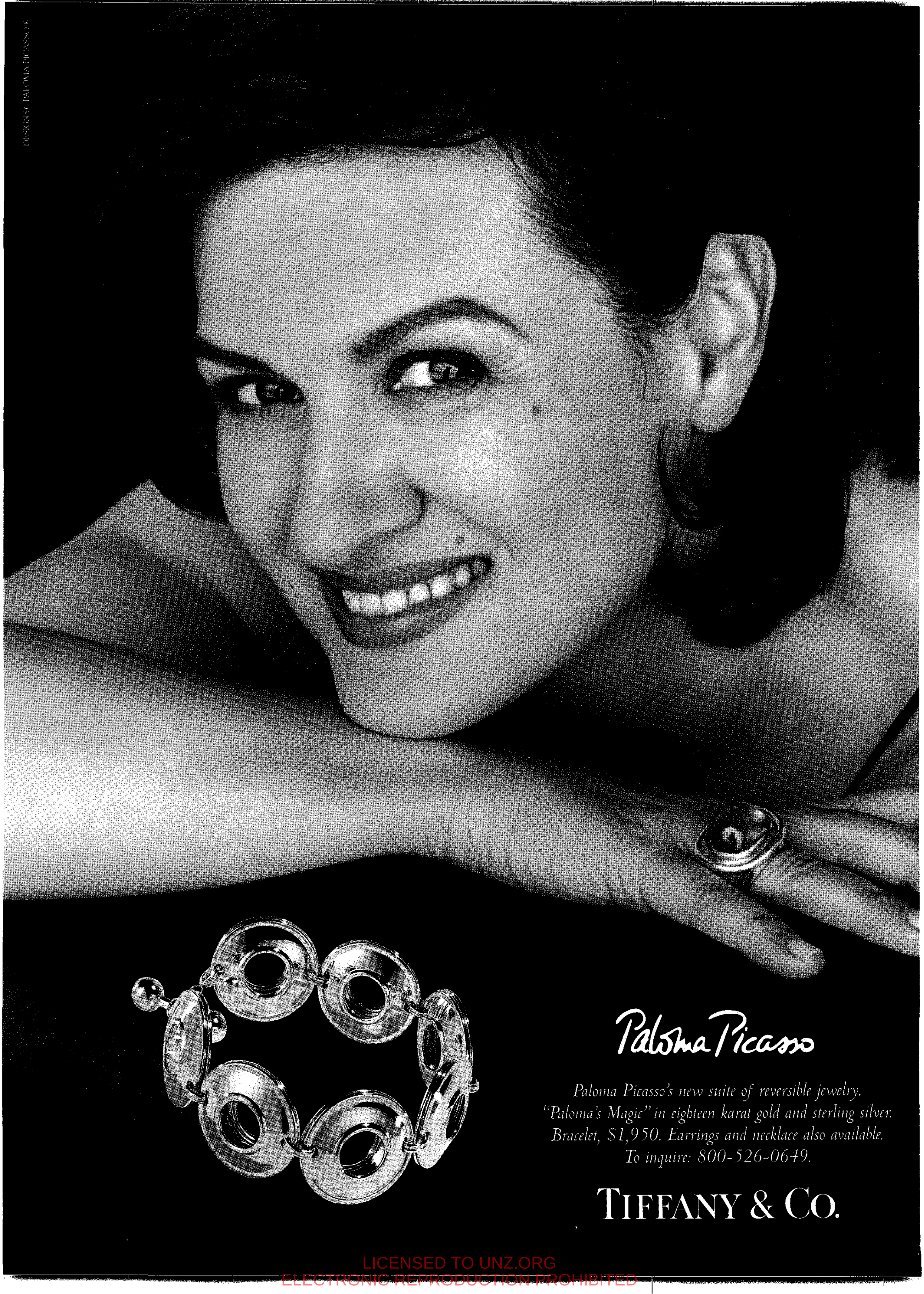
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Contents Dec. 6, 1999

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>
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By Michael Wolff

Remember downsizing? The decade that began with the sullen contemplation of reduced expectations is ending at the height of the greatest economic expansion in history—one built on the fervent belief in a technology that has thus far produced few profits while minting a whole new generation of megamillionaires. The Internet itself has changed many lives; but the dream of the Internet has changed many more.

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By Craig Horowitz

Blunt talk, war-hero charisma, and a total-access policy have put Arizona senator John McCain into a virtual dead heat with George W. Bush in New Hampshire. He's the anti-Clinton, a backlash candidate, and his presentation is so effective that some say they'll vote for him even if they don't agree with his pro-life, anti-gun-control politics. George W *is* worried. And the Democrats should be, too.

50 Barneys in the Black

By Maura Egan

Allen Questrom, the new CEO of Barneys, made his name as a turnaround king at Federated stores. Now he's attempting to bring Barneys back from the brink, refurbishing the Co-op while opening the Warehouse as a new downtown outpost. But balancing the demands of creditors *and* chichi customers means protecting Gene Pressman's edgy glamour while imposing a grown-up respect for the bottom line that the store hasn't known since Fred Pressman stood guard at 17th and Seventh.

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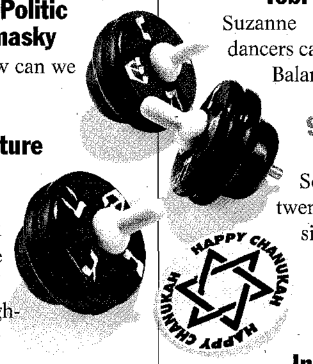

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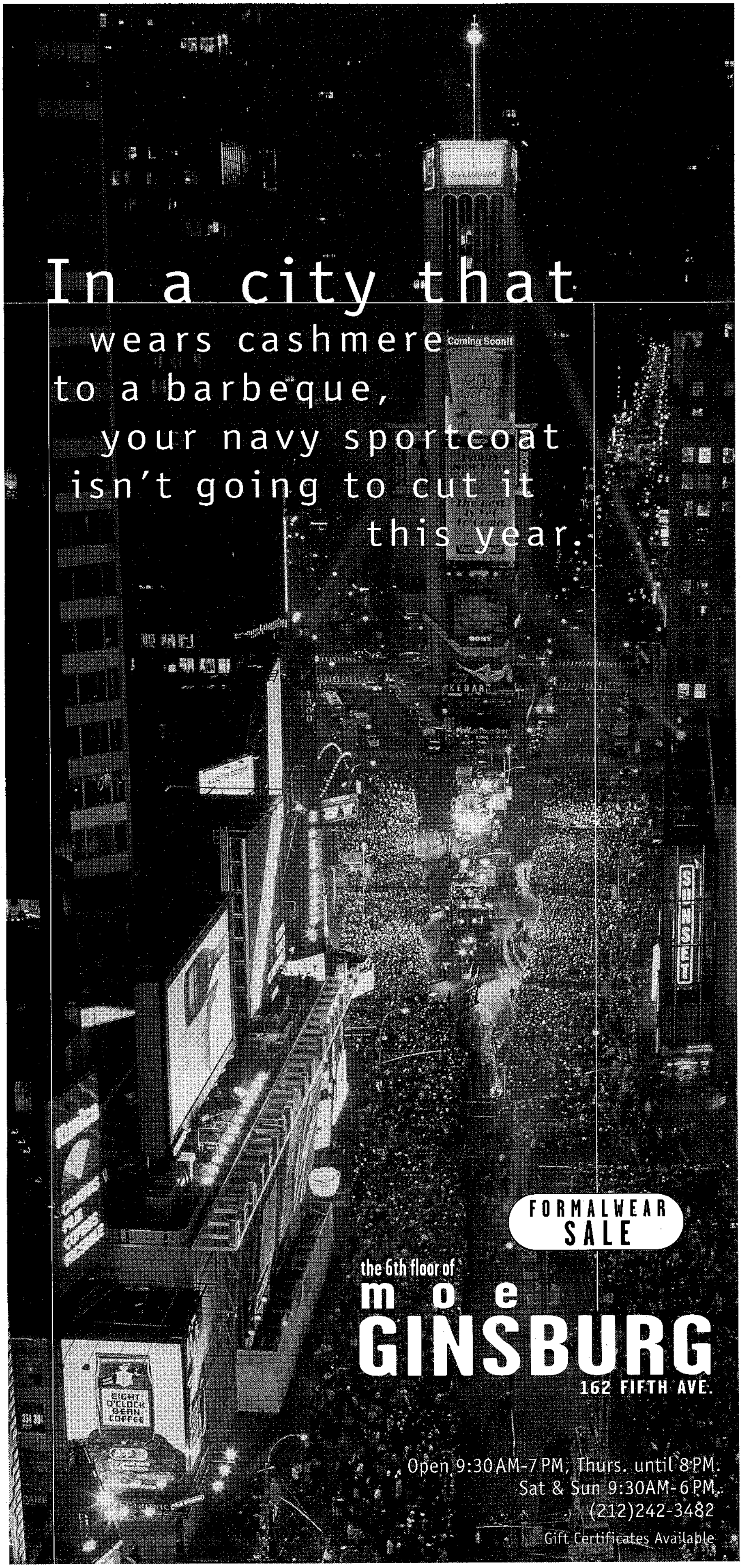

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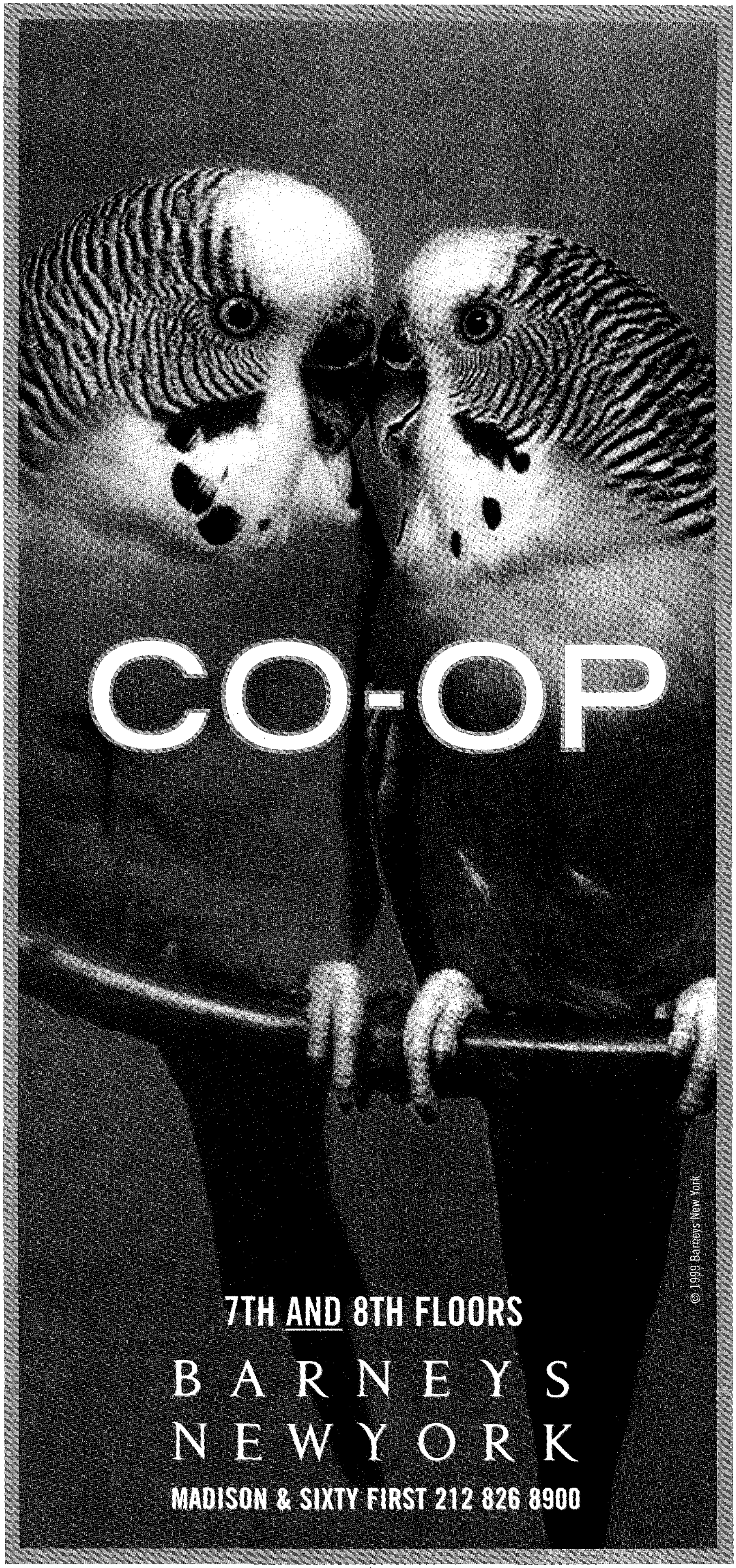

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Preschool Rat Race

Our story on kindergarten-admissions hysteria generated some finger-pointing, sadness, and at least one migraine; can overindulgence be a form of abuse?

YOUR COVER HEADLINE SHOULD read: What a 4-year-old doesn't know could ruin his parents' lives ["Failing at Four," by Ralph Gardner Jr., November 15]. Unless they've picked up their parents' maniacal anxieties (well detailed in your article), most kids *enjoy* the WPPSI! It's the monster egos of their often-absent parents that cause problems. When parents bring a child to ERB for testing, their anxiety is palpable and can be picked up by their offspring. It's better to test kids in their schools. I tested for ERB in one of New York's most prestigious preschools. Out of all the children I "tested" there, only one extremely shy child showed some initial reluctance to join me for "games and puzzles." It was easy to wait until another day when she felt comfortable. What surprised me was the headmistress's instruction to watch out for "communication" issues, by which I thought she meant that I'd be encountering some super-fluent verbal kids. On the contrary, she said, children from many of the most prestigious homes had trouble "communicating." Both super-parents were often away, leaving their children with a nanny and a TV. Imagine the anxiety levels of the many kids who shuttle between "reconstituted families" due to divorce—they have two sets of parents to please by gaining acceptance to the "best" school.

Joanne MacMillan
LAKEVILLE, CONN.

WE ARE SADDENED BUT NOT SURPRISED BY your description of the independent-school-application scene and its effect on some parents. All of us at the Family School try very hard to help both prospective families and those currently enrolled to keep things in perspective. We remind them that their wonderful children will still be wonderful even if there is no space at a particular school. We remind them that in future years it really won't matter whether their son attended a particular school. Nonetheless, neither of us recalls so many nervous phone calls, so many tears, so many self-doubts from mothers and from fathers. Perhaps the ridiculous admissions situation your article depicts will help people (at least the more perceptive of them) retain a sense of perspective. If so, you will have done anxious parents a great service!

Lesley Nan Haberman
Ann Baker Reed
MANHATTAN

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ISN'T OUR WORLD COMPETITIVE AND stressful enough without your publishing an article like this? I have run a nursery school for more than 25 years and know of no 4-year-old child who takes a test wearing a tie. Certainly the ERB format does not use a No. 2 pencil, and the booklet featured on the cover looks like an SAT test, not the WPPSI-R given to the 4-year-old set! We nursery-school directors are child advocates who strive every day to make the lives of our children and their parents as productive and happy and stress-free as possible. This article gave me a migraine.

Wendy Levey
MANHATTAN

Pampered Youth

TO ME, THE CITY'S "BEST" HIGH SCHOOLS are Stuyvesant, Bronx Science, Midwood, and Staten Island Tech. I'll bet the majority of their students can't afford and don't need private SAT tutors ["Tales Out of School," by Nile Lanning, November 15] to get into our nation's finest universities. Of course it's not the child's fault when he or she is overindulged, but the child is the victim. All of these kids, both the preschoolers and the teens, need a dose of traditional New York City childhood. Anyone for Chinese handball or box baseball when school lets out?

Arthur D. Aptowitz
STATEN ISLAND

PRIVATE SCHOOL WAS NOT AN OPTION FOR me—thankfully—so I had to agonize over getting into the right public high school. I spent my time after school studying for entrance tests, preparing art portfolios, and rehearsing monologues for the school of performing arts. With good grades, I still had to have my principal get me into the High School for Humanities after I failed to get into any schools besides Brooklyn Tech. How about writing something about those city kids who have to work after school for spending money and pull their own weight to get into the right schools—without their parents' connections or money?

Marissa Pelton
MANHATTAN

I'M A NINTH-GRADER ATTENDING DALTON, one of the schools mentioned in the tutoring story. Take your focus off the plight and torment of the privileged whom I walk among every day. Try telling your readers about what the students who cannot afford SAT tutoring go through, as they watch their peers' scores artificially skyrocket. Then you'll have a real story.

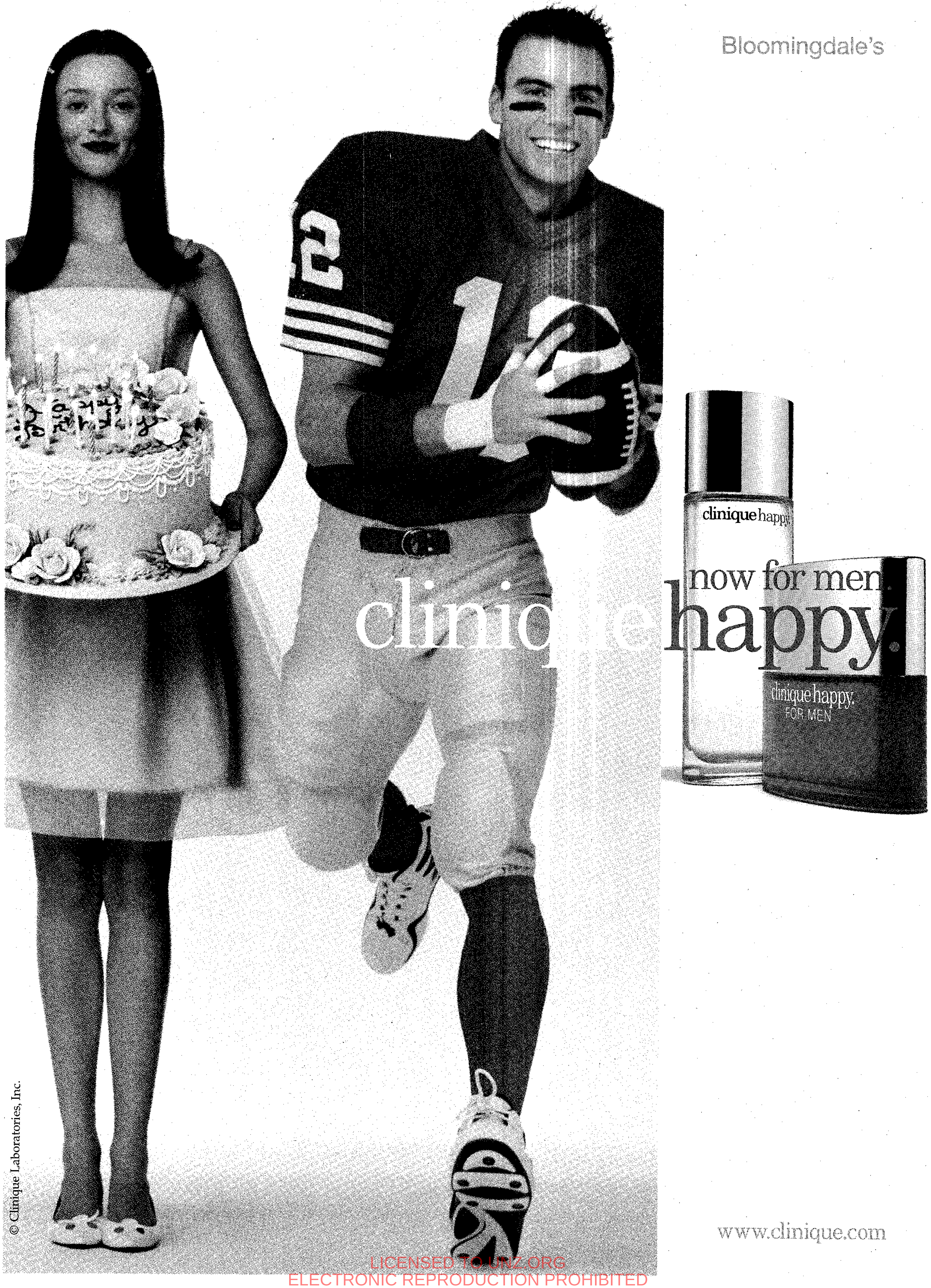
Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

OKAY, SO I HAVE THE PRIVATE TUTOR, THE private college-guidance counselor, the private elevator landing on Park Avenue, the private driver, and, for God's sake, the private toilet—but despite the luxuries I'm not blind! Are we all so incredibly jaded that we have forgotten that that acceptance letter is *not* to self-worth as Fendi baguette is to status? *It's only college!* Yeah, I want to go to Brown, too, but would everyone just relax already? We're 17, we're young, and you're making us miserable.

Bat-Sheva Lazarus
MANHATTAN

FAILING AT 4, THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS ON SAT prep—it's a wonder these kids ever develop enough self-esteem to make it through the prom. With so many kids feeling alienated and angry, do we really need to add to that pressure at such an early age? These parents don't seem to want the best for their children; they want their children's education to validate their own lives. My question is, Who's grading the parents?

Sylvana Joseph
NEW ORLEANS, LA.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INTELLIGENCER

HEIR-RAISING TALE OF A 'SICK ESTATE'

The legal battle pitting the son of the late sex therapist Helen Singer Kaplan against her widower, Toys 'R' Us founder **Charles Lazarus**, rages on. Kaplan had asked the toy king for a divorce the day before she died, triggering their post-nuptial agreement—and thus a $20 million payment to her heirs. Lazarus whittled that sum down to $14 million last year with the executor of Kaplan's estate, **Stanley Diamond**, a compromise that Surrogate Judge **Renee Roth** approved because the estate desperately needed the cash for its taxes. But according to Dr. **Peter Kaplan**'s latest court papers, Lazarus and Diamond—without the court's knowledge—changed the deal so Lazarus wouldn't have to pay anything until the litigation is over. So, the legal papers say, "not a penny" has been paid, tax penalties are mounting, and the estate is "virtually bankrupt." On top of that, a recent IRS audit valued the postnuptial claim at the full $20 million, rejecting the $14 million compromise—adding a bundle to what the estate already owes. "It's a sick estate," admits Diamond's attorney **Joshua Rubenstein**, although he blames the son's continual litigation. Now Kaplan wants his day in court, and Rubenstein says the estate will appeal the audit.

LATE SHOW'S ALLOWANCE RUNS DRY

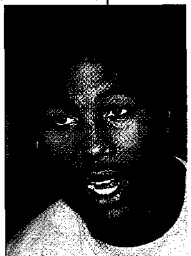
David Letterman is notorious for keeping the set of his show at freezing temperatures, but right now it seems that he's the one getting the cold shoulder . . . from CBS. The network may be richer than ever since merging with Viacom, yet that windfall hasn't stopped the network from pulling the plug on the cash it has annually given to Letterman's production company, Worldwide Pants Incorporated, to keep the *Late Show*'s space at the Ed Sullivan Theater in tip-top shape. In a memo sent to **Lee Gabler**, Letterman's agent, the show's vice-president of production, **Jim Peterson**, gripes that "CBS has spent approximately $1 million annually on capital improvements at the theater. [But] we were informed . . . that CBS was unwilling to spend any money on capital improvements during 1999." He goes on to point out that despite being stiffed, Worldwide Pants has "continued to pay CBS more than $10 million per year for the facilities and labor." While Gabler refused to comment and Peterson didn't return calls, Letterman publicist **Howard Rubenstein** insists that amicable negotiations are under way, adding that "over the course of a year, there might be several hundred issues like this." A CBS spokesman echoed the statement but wouldn't address why the funds were cut in the first place or whether they may be reinstated. It remains to be seen if Letterman can manage to turn up the heat on CBS.

DEEP-DISH PIE FROM GEORGIA PEACH

Those Trumps sure have a lot to get off their chests. **Donald Trump** is about to hawk his fourth book (and first non-autobiography), *The America We Deserve,* and **Ivana** has published three books and has two more in the works. The latest family member to get stained with ink is the putative presidential candidate's second ex, **Marla Maples**. In a book proposal currently making the rounds, she sets forth the four parts of her cosmos—diet, exercise, spirituality, and the Donald, according to one source who's seen the proposal. Marla herself has been meeting with select publishers, the source continues. Last month, when Marla told London's *Daily Telegraph* that she would "not be silent" should her ex run for president ("It is my duty as an American citizen to tell the people what he is really like"), Trump temporarily withheld a $1.5 million alimony check. But Maples's lawyer, **William Beslow**, says, "If Marla were to write a book, it would be highly surprising if she were *not* to include a section on him; Mr. Trump was a huge part of her life for over a decade." And, the lawyer adds, "Nothing in the confidentiality provisions" would stop her: "The only prohibition is discussing details of the marriage." Donald sounds sanguine. "I wish her a lot of luck with the book," he says. "I hope it does well."

BOXER'S BATHROOM SHOT

Even out of the ring, **Lennox Lewis** can still cause a scare. At the opening of "Launch," the new soirée at Exit, a patron waiting for the bathroom became antsy and started banging on the door. When the door finally swung open, the clubgoer was stunned to find that it was the dreadlocked heavyweight champ who was taking so long. "His face just dropped," says an observer. The patron apologized profusely, but his fear didn't stop him from capitalizing on the meeting: he asked for a photo. The pugilist, in a good mood from partying with **Donald Trump**, **Jennifer Lopez**, and **Puff Daddy**, flexed his huge arms, struck a boxing stance next to the reveler, and smiled for the camera—right there in the men's room.



Lennox Lewis: Good sport

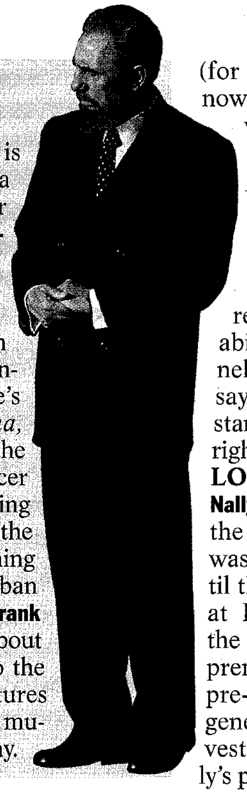
RAMBO LAWYER'S GROSS RECEIPTS

Rambo is back to causing a firestorm—this time in federal court. Pit-bull attorney **Judd Burstein** was accused of "Rambo lawyering" by Judge **Denny Chin**, who has now fined him

Photographs: clockwise from top, Frank Trapper/Corbis Sygma; Ilkka Ulmonen/Corbis Sygma; Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

HAVANA BE ON BROADWAY SOMEDAY

The Great White Way looks to be getting a little Cuban infusion. *Havana,* a new musical-comedy project from the producers of *Jekyll and Hyde* starring songbird **Linda Eder**, is bound for Broadway, says Pace Theatrical Group president **Scott Zeiger**, and it's not the only song-and-dance show in the works with an island feel. Emmy-winning reporter **Chuck Gomez** has been busy writing *Tropicana: The Musical,* a production set in Havana during the Mariel boat lift. Gomez says original Latina superstar **Chita Rivera** has been offered the leading role, and Rivera's rep confirms she is considering the job. Performances are slated to begin at Miami's Coconut Grove Playhouse next fall, and producers hope to hit Broadway in 2001. Cuba's *own* theatrical export, *Havana Nights,* is a revue featuring music similar to that of the country's hit musical group, the Buena Vista Social Club. The company ventured off the forbidden isle this past spring for a German run, and sources say the production is planning a tour of America with dancer-choreographer **Maurice Hines** (brother of **Gregory**) directing the all-Cuban cast. In the meantime, the show has returned home for a holiday performance, which **Fidel Castro** himself has been invited to attend. Then there's **Barry Manilow**'s *Copacabana,* based on his disco-era hit of the same name. Executive producer **Van Kaplan** says *Copa,* brimming with Cuban beats, will tour the country for 35 weeks beginning next June. So why the Cuban craze? *Havana* composer **Frank Wildhorn** says the trend is all about the tunes. "The kids listen to the Cuban sounds, and the cultures mingle. It's a good thing for music." And maybe for Broadway.



$50,000. Burstein's being chastened for his over-the-top advocacy of **Rommy Revson**, the "Scünci Queen" who made a fortune off her fabric ponytail bands, then sued her former attorney, **Robert Cinque**, over his billing. Cinque won the trial despite Burstein's heavy-handed tactics—which, in the judge's words, "threatened to turn a fee dispute into a RICO case"—for which he was sanctioned on November 22. The next day, reports Cinque, "I got the check, so maybe he has learned something from this experience." Maybe not. Burstein says he paid the fine promptly because it was a court order, although "I have no doubt that it will be repaid when I prevail on appeal." He adds he was sanctioned partly "because I didn't take my opponents' *feelings* into account. The next step, I suppose, will be mandatory therapy sessions with potential defendants."

Susan Sarandon:
A-list eater

POWERFUL WHEELS; STARRY MEALS

SPECIAL DELIVERY: This holiday season, when some of New York's homebound elderly answer their doors for a food delivery, they may find opera diva **Jessye Norman** on the other side. At the recent Citymeals-on-Wheels "Power Lunch for Women," cabaret sensation **Andrea Marcovicci**'s performance of "Yesterday When I Was Young," accompanied by a slide show of silver-haired Citymeals recipients displayed next to their youthful photos, prompted a sea of tears and moved the likes of steely agent **Esther Newberg** and newswoman **Judy Licht** to pledge to join Norman in personally delivering meals. But will the lucky seniors get an aria (or a book deal) with the grub?

DISARMING STASI: Even professional gossips can be rehabilitated. **Linda Stasi**, who once wrote a gossip column (for the *Daily News*) and now appears on New York 1 with **Mark Simone**, will be the New York *Post's* television critic as of December 1. Her new editor, **Michael Shain**, understands the limitations of her post: "A regular person has the ability to change the channel, and she won't," he says. "You don't understand what a loss of human rights that is."

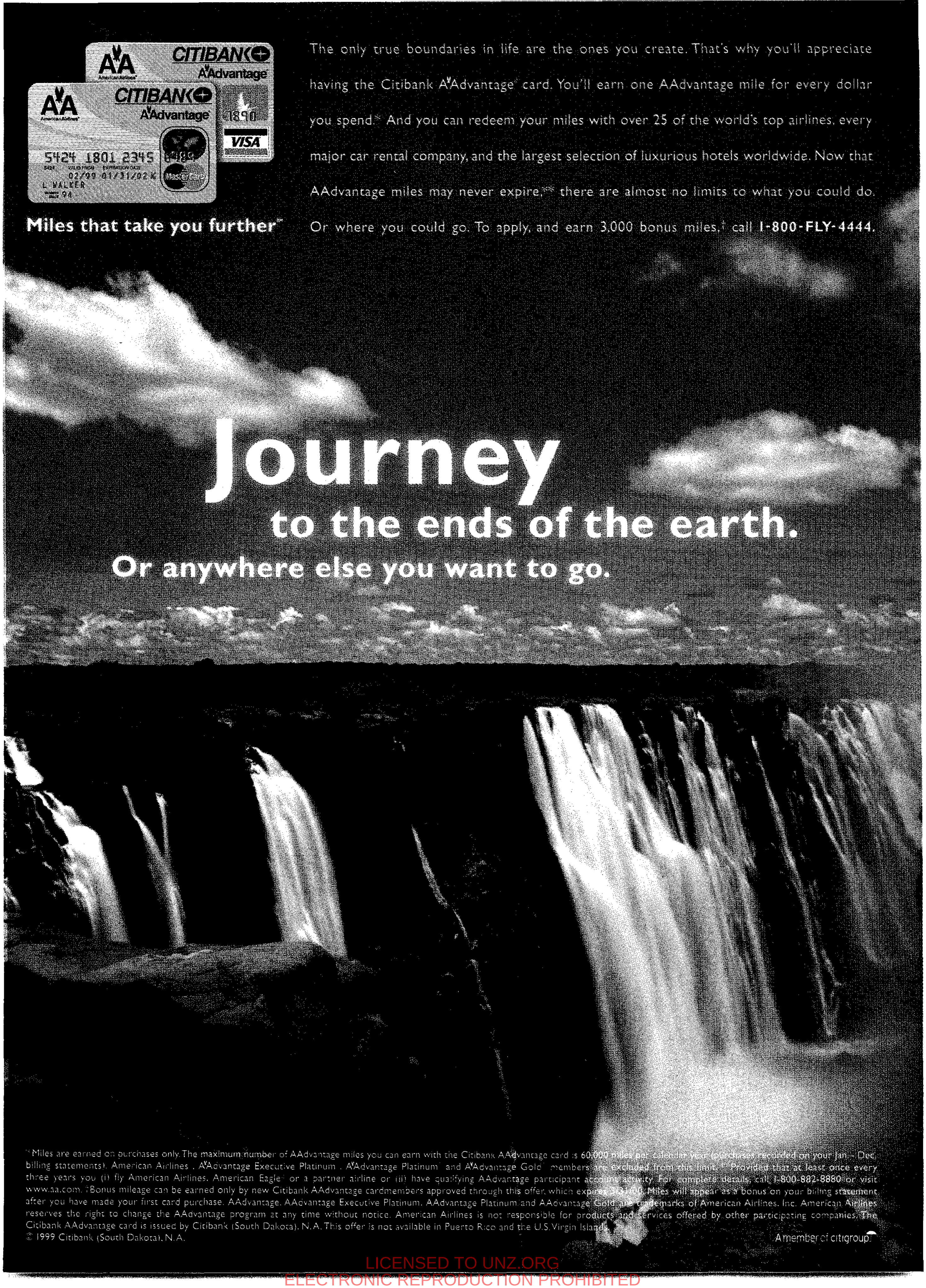
LOCAL COLOR: Keith McNally's newest restaurant, in the meatpacking district, was closed to the public until this week, but the crowd at Pastis already matches the star power of any movie premiere in town. While pre-opening tastings are generally filled with investors and family, McNally's preview pals included **Anna Wintour** with **Shelby Bryan**, **Woody Allen** with **Soon-Yi**, **Susan Sarandon** with **Tim Robbins**, **Robert De Niro**, **Graydon Carter**, **Ed Koch**, and **Brice Marden**. Didn't McNally intend this to be a "working-class bistro for locals"?

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Suny Sehgal.

KOSTABI'S LESSONS IN MARK-ETING

Artist **Mark Kostabi** is learning that sometimes it's easier to *sell* art than to give it away. He recently offered to donate to the Museum of Modern Art a painting depicting faceless consumers grabbing gobs of artsy goodies from the museum's gift shop. "It's a commentary on the commercialization of modern art," he explains. MOMA's curatorial staff was underwhelmed and politely declined the offer. "We are discriminating about what enters the collection, whether by purchase or gift," insists curator **Kirk Varnedoe.** Kostabi then offered the same canvas, titled *Counter Intelligence,* to the National Gallery of Modern Art in Rome, and says the museum happily accepted it into its permanent collection. Kostabi isn't giving all of his *oeuvre* away—he's been positively e-lated with the amount of work he's sold online. "The Internet is helping me raise my prices," he crows. "I'm making $5,000 a day." He went on to proclaim that art galleries are doomed because of the increase in e-commerce. "Dealers like **Mary Boone** and **Larry Gagosian** should start looking for new careers. If they really love art, they should work for art *museums,*" he sniffs.

Photographs: top, Antonio Ribeiro/Gamma Liaison; bottom, Robin Platzer/Twin Images.



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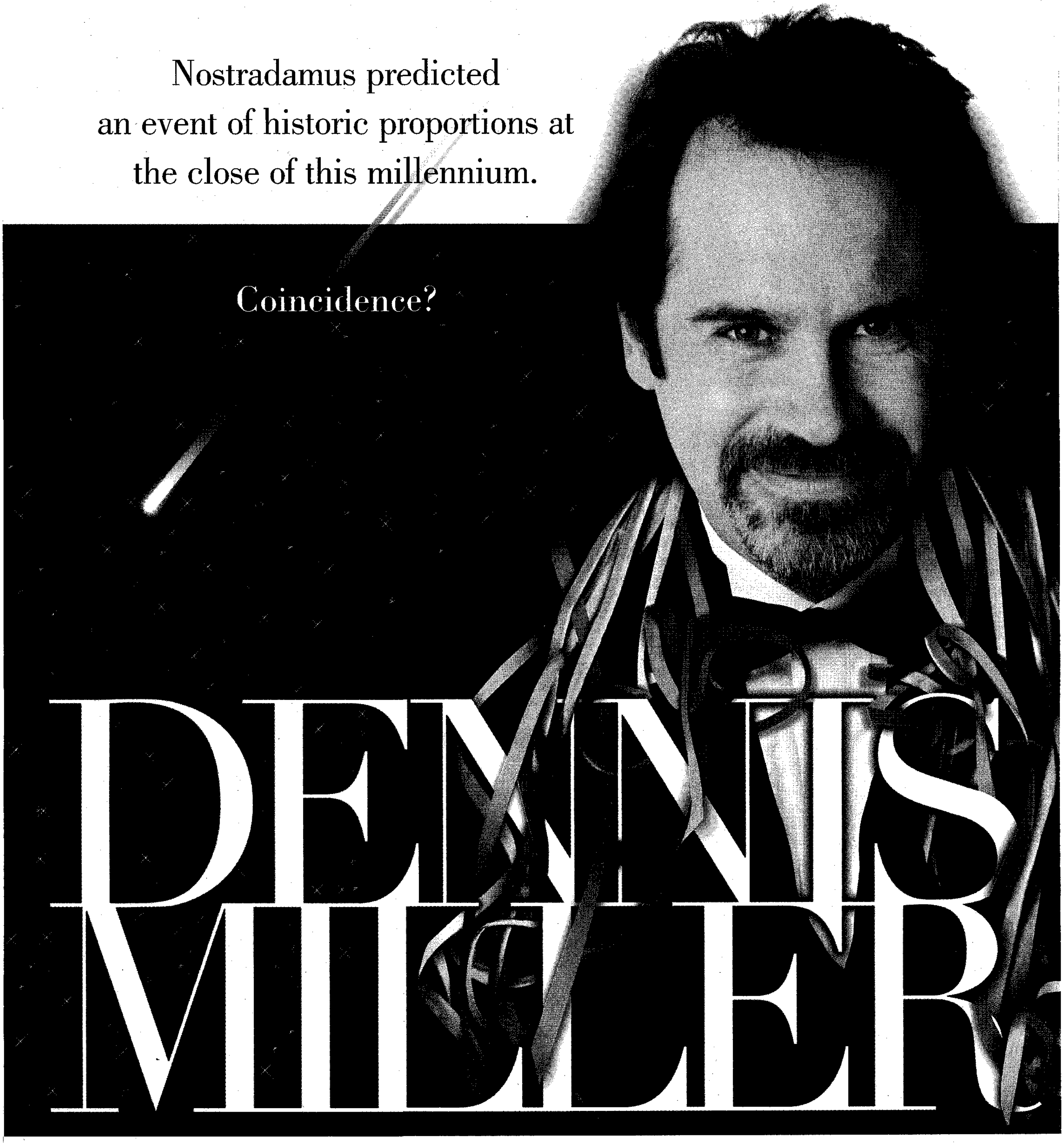

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GOTHAM

Central Perks

In Silicon Alley, there's always a free lunch—plus Aeron chairs and massages.

EMPLOYEES AT THE SILICON Alley–based digital-design consultancy Razorfish don't know what they're sitting on—literally. "Is that what it is?" asks marketing director Toby Usnik, referring to the $750 mesh Herman Miller Aeron chairs the company bought for almost every one of their more than 200 New York "Fish." Sometimes, employees say, the status-symbol seats even double as high-design scooters for sneaker-powered races across the SoHo office's wooden floors. That is, of course, when the programmers and designers aren't taking a break to play with the actual scooters the company provides on every floor.

The vehicles may be fun, but they're also meant to prevent another kind of motion—from Razorfish to other new-media companies across the Alley. As New York's Internet economy expands, a growing number of firms are chasing a limited amount of talent with increasingly odd, even outlandish perks. "Finding and keeping people is more of a problem on the Internet than it has been in any industry at any time," says Henry Blodget, a senior analyst at Merrill Lynch who covers the online business. The nationwide nerd crunch is particularly acute in New York, which is still playing catch-up with the pocket-protected pool of talent in San Jose. The interactive ad agency Organic offers free in-house yoga instruction and professional massages several times a week. One of its competitors, Agency.com, sponsors a "volunteer university" that presents in-office classes on subjects including cooking, juggling, and architecture. And Razorfish has considered offering new Volkswagen Beetles to employees who help recruit a certain number of new workers.

Stock options are a given, of course—as are basics like comp days and catered or delivered meals. "You can't even sit down at the table without offering the perks," says Kyle Shannon, chief creative officer of Agency.com. "It's almost as if the stuff that used to be on top of the salary is now part of the salary."

In true high-tech tradition, many of the benefits are aimed at making the office—as well as the job—a more pleasant place to be. "You'll just leave if you're not treated well," says Jason Tors, a 25-year-old junior designer at Organic who enjoys "Bagel Wednesdays" because "I love breakfast and I love not having to scrounge up an egg sandwich at a deli." This summer, Razorfish hired a Mister Softee truck to provide the entire staff with free banana splits. On Halloween, Organic closed at 2 P.M. for a burrito-and-tequila party that included a jack-o'-lantern-making contest for which each team received a carving budget.

"The difference between Aeron chairs and non-Aeron chairs for us was literally $200,000, so I'd rather buy cake for these people," says Shannon. On "Beer Fridays," he says, the mail-room staff buys enough beer to fill four refrigerators.

Often, these little things *do* make a difference, according to Tors. "If I were looking for a job, and it was a choice between free beer or no free beer, it wouldn't necessarily be the deciding factor," he says. On the other hand, "Maybe I would feel like they cared just a little less."

AMY GOLDWASSER

'It's *M*A*S*H* Meets Microsoft!'

Until now, the Internet has remained televisual terra incognita, with nary a *Seinfeld* subplot devoted to hyperlinks, IPOs, or online porn. "A comedy-drama like *Sports Night*, set in a Silicon Valley start-up, could be fascinating," says Karen Southwick, managing editor of the tech-focused *Forbes ASAP*. "I don't know why nobody has done it yet." Especially because last year, Southwick sent out a pitch for just such a dramedy, loosely based on her book *Silicon Gold Rush*. "I didn't really hear anything back," she admits. The filmmakers behind *The Blair Witch Project* have had less trouble launching their Web-themed show, tentatively titled *Fearsum*, having received a pilot commitment from Fox. The network won't comment on projects in development, but according to an industry insider, the show will be an *X-Files*–esque chiller "about people who run an Internet site and explore the supernatural." Also in development with Fox is *451*, which, its creators brag, will break ground as the world's first Internet sitcom *and* the first-ever teen workplace comedy. "It's about four teenagers who run a Website that's sort of an online gathering spot," says John Landgraf, president of Jersey Television, the Danny DeVito–owned company producing the show. "It's about the *culture* of the Internet—they're not trying to do an IPO." *Sure* they're not.

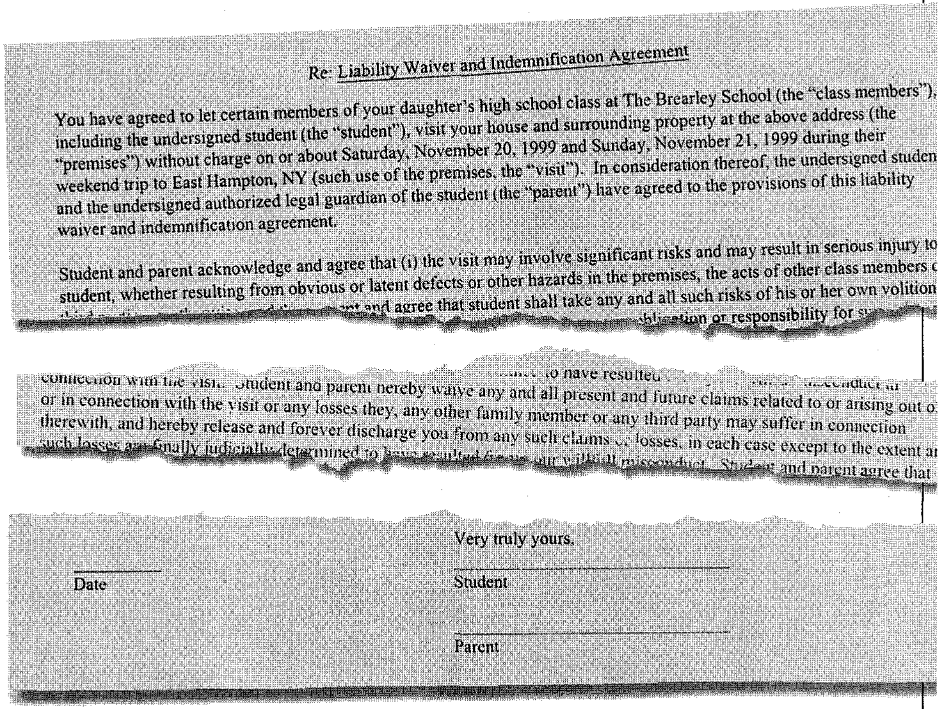
ETHAN SMITH

Illustration by Ingo Fast.

In Loco Parentis

High-school sleepovers just aren't what they used to be.

What happens when a concerned Brearley parent asks his overenthusiastic attorney to draft a letter to the parents of his daughter's tenth-grade classmates before a weekend outing at his East Hampton house? He ends up using a sledgehammer to kill a flea. It's one thing to worry about teenagers' spilling Coke on the sofa or tripping over a lawn chair—and quite another to ask their parents to sign and return a 765-word "liability waiver and indemnification agreement" forgoing rights to "any and all present and future claims" relating to unspecified losses and damages. Parents who received the dense page of legalese were puzzled, but apparently most of them signed: The outing went off without a hitch.



Re: Liability Waiver and Indemnification Agreement

You have agreed to let certain members of your daughter's high school class at The Brearley School (the "class members"), including the undersigned student (the "student"), visit your house and surrounding property at the above address (the "premises") without charge on or about Saturday, November 20, 1999 and Sunday, November 21, 1999 during their weekend trip to East Hampton, NY (such use of the premises, the "visit"). In consideration thereof, the undersigned studen and the undersigned authorized legal guardian of the student (the "parent") have agreed to the provisions of this liability waiver and indemnification agreement.

Student and parent acknowledge and agree that (i) the visit may involve significant risks and may result in serious injury to student, whether resulting from obvious or latent defects or other hazards in the premises, the acts of other class members o
ent and agree that student shall take any and all such risks of his or her own volition
bligation or responsibility for s

to have resulted misconduct in
connection with the visit. Student and parent hereby waive any and all present and future claims related to or arising out o
or in connection with the visit or any losses they, any other family member or any third party may suffer in connection
therewith, and hereby release and forever discharge you from any such claims or losses, in each case except to the extent a
such losses are finally judicially determined to have resulted from our willful misconduct. Student and parent agree that

Very truly yours,

Date

Student

Parent

Honk If You Love Yahweh

For Christian missionaries seeking to convert Jews, there are only 33 more shopping days till the Apocalypse.

HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE RABBI, THE Christian missionary, and the Russian-language newspaper? A Kings County court may have to soon, as the National Council of Young Israel, founded in 1912 to make Orthodox Judaism user-friendly, is attempting to bring a trademark-infringement suit against Chosen People Ministries, founded in 1894 to make Judaism . . . Christian.

The lawsuit—filed after an ad for Chosen People's unorthodox Rosh Hashanah services appeared in the Brooklyn newspaper *Russkaya Reklama* bearing Young Israel's own distinctive logo—is only the latest in a series of scuffles between New York City Jewish groups and Christian missionary organizations intent on convincing Jews that they can embrace Jesus without forsaking their religion. According to Dr. Philip Abramowitz, director of the Jewish Community Relations Council's Task Force on Missionaries and Cults, his group has had its busiest year ever, working in parks, subway stations, and nursing homes to counter the missionaries' citywide activities. " 'Jews for Jesus' is oxymoronic," says Abramowitz. "There's no such thing as a kosher pig!"

The battle has revved up considerably with the approaching millennium, because the conversion of the Jews is integral to certain apocalyptic scenarios. In September, Chosen People Ministries and a group of Southern Baptists hosted a Manhattan conference, attended by nearly 300 people, that focused on the importance of converting a whole lot of Jews, and soon—the Book of Revelation mentions 144,000, though there are different views among messianists of exactly what that number signifies. To meet the demand, so to speak, CPM president Mitch Glaser estimates that his staff has grown by 25 percent since January; and Avi Snyder, head of Jews for Jesus's New York City operations, guesses that his group has almost quadrupled its advertising spending over that same period.

While the missionaries prefer to downplay their differences with organized Judaism, the skirmishing has taken a nasty turn. Abramowitz believes that it was a Jew for Jesus who attacked two of his counter-leafleteers over the summer, sending one to the hospital. And Glaser says that his unusual High Holiday service in a Bay Ridge church—the one that triggered the new lawsuit—nearly turned into a riot. Police reports confirm that protesters opposing the service emptied containers of ammonia and a canvas sack filled with live rodents, shouting, "Don't believe any of this!" But despite it all (and despite that pesky Apocalypse looming on the horizon), Glaser remains optimistic. "We have a common bond," he insists, "whether we believe in Jesus or not." DARCY LOCKMAN

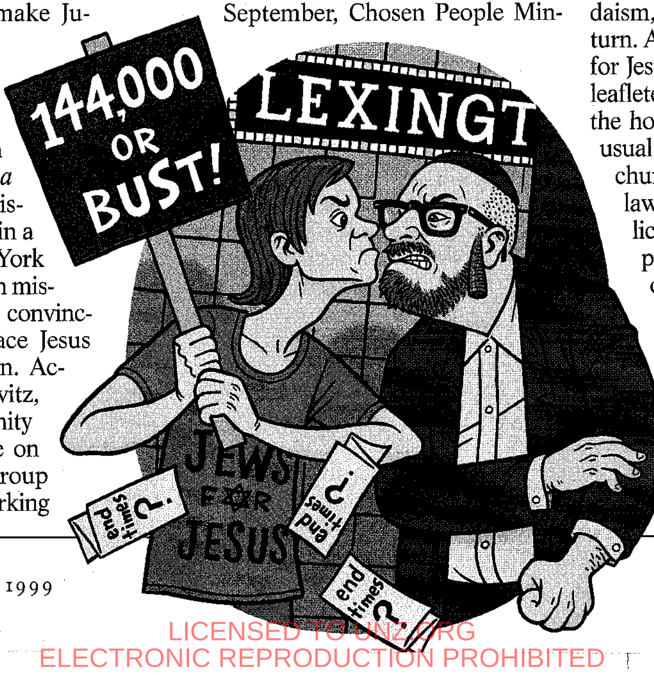

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Illustration by Danny Hellman.

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Balloon Animals

Prep-school graduates get pumped for their own Thanksgiving ritual.

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE Thanksgiving, and all through the city, parents were schlepping their toddlers to see the Macy's parade balloons get blown up across from the Museum of Natural History. But there were quite a lot of other people making the migration uptown as well this evening—for recent college graduates who grew up in Manhattan, balloon night is an occasion for a different sort of parade. The meeting place is a certain Chinese restaurant on Columbus Avenue long known for serving white wine to the city's high-school sophomores. From there, groups of graduates from each school fan out to designated bars. "I can't believe I'm still doing this," says a 28-year-old Riverdale graduate who now works as a talent agent. "But you see every single person you knew in high school at the balloons—it's like going to the Meadow on a warm spring day senior year."

The tradition starts with freshmen in college, who are eager to see friends from home when they return to the city for Thanksgiving break, but it's not uncommon to see 30-year-old prep-school grads crowding the banquettes at Raccoon Lodge on 83rd Street until 3 A.M. on balloon night—perhaps hitting on the latest batch of new freshmen. "Nobody actually goes to see the balloons," says Zack, a 26-year-old TV reporter and Fieldston graduate. "Let me reiterate this. Nobody actually goes to see the balloons. Never ever. That's for *dorks.*"

Graduates of each high school revert to their traditional stomping grounds: Boxers (previously the Mad Hatter) on Second Avenue is for York Prep and the former Anglo-American and the Lenox School; Dorian's attracts the highest number of female post-grads from schools like Spence and Chapin; the Amsterdam Avenue Hi Life is the place for graduates of Fieldston and other "hill schools" (Riverdale and Horace Mann), particularly those who went on to Brown.

On balloon night, Hi Life conveniently moves the tables out of the main dining room so patrons have optimum mixability. Girls drink Amstels and sling their arms around each other; they go out on the street to smoke bowls and flirt with that guy they played Truth or Dare with in eighth grade and always thought was cute. Duffels and backpacks are always piled near the door. "I usually pack a bag so that I don't have to go back downtown; I just sleep at my parents' on Central Park West," says one Fieldston graduate from the class of 1991 who now lives in the East Village. She looks around the room mischievously. "Or wherever else I end up."

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

'Do I Hear One Dollar?'

Venerable auction house can't resist Beanie Babies market.

JEFFREY BEZOS, THE BILLIONAIRE founder of Amazon.com, has already sat in Austin Powers's Shagmobile. Now he wants to get his hands on the big bar of solid gold. "Can we get the case opened, please?"

The gold bar is on display on the top floor of Sotheby's, along with the Shagmobile (a psychedelically decorated Volkswagen Beetle from *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*), an autographed copy of Led Zeppelin's first album, one of Don Mattingly's Yankees jerseys, a 60-year-old Mickey Mouse doll that looks very little like the cartoon character, and a mint copy of *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* inscribed by author J. K. Rowling. All of them are about to be auctioned off, but without any of the gavels, paddles, or proper Continental accents that traditionally mark such occasions.

Bezos is in New York on a recent weekday for the launch of a new Website designed to take on eBay. A joint venture of Amazon and Sotheby's, Sothebys.amazon.com will auction items online in more than 100 categories, at prices estimated to range from $100 to $150,000 or more. The gold bar will be one of the highest-priced objects. If it were melted down and sold for its weight, it would bring about $99,000 on the current gold market. But, as with much Internet stock, its asking price is a good deal higher than its face value: Sotheby's estimates it will be auctioned off for up to $175,000. That's because it dates to 1857, salvaged from the wreck of a ship that had been transporting treasures from the California gold rush. Bezos refuses to succumb to the obvious analogies, except for one. "Both events happened incredibly fast," the e-commerce pioneer allows. "Internet years are like dog years."

When Amazon.com and Sotheby's announced their partnership this summer, they were happy to point out that both started as booksellers. More recently, Amazon has announced its intention of becoming a place, as Bezos has put it, "where you can buy Anything, with a capital A." Its new partner is also intent on diversifying, to the tune of a $40 million investment in two different sites. Sothebys.com will auction fine art. Sothebys.amazon.com will auction collectibles, which indeed looks to mean just about Anything.

At the auction house, Bezos finally gets his hands on the gold bar. "It's incredibly heavy," he says with delight. "It's the densest thing I've ever held." Is it the most expensive? "It's got to be." Perhaps he's never actually held his own stock.

JONATHAN MANDELL

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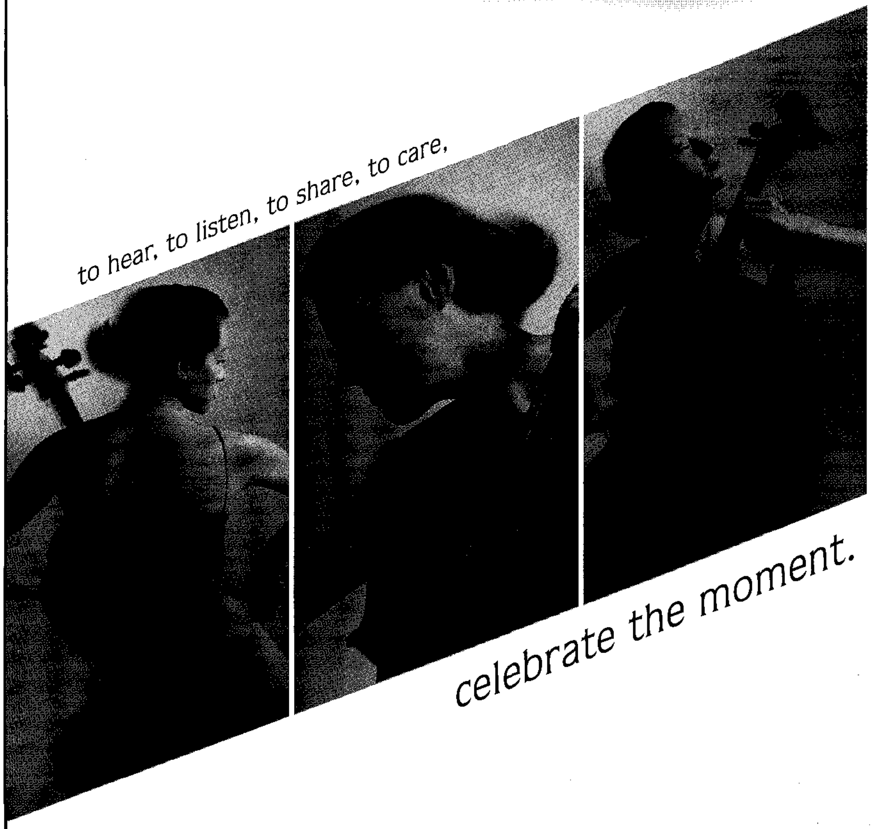
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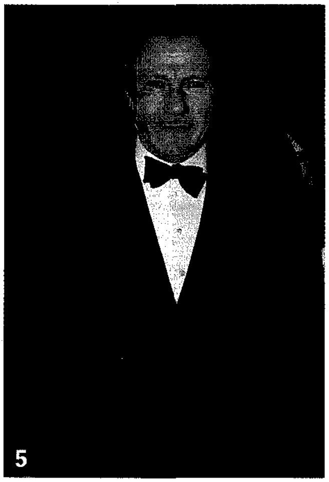
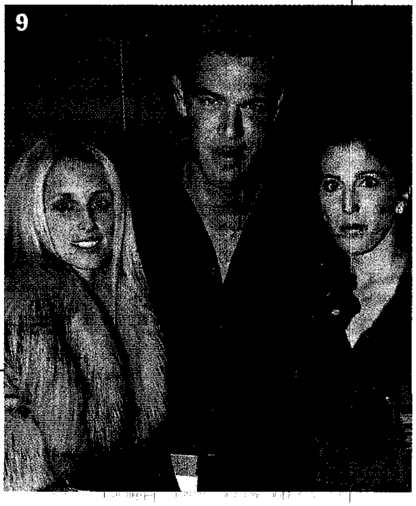
THE SCENE

Say *Cheese*

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

THE NEW YORK FILM ESTABLISHMENT, ALONG WITH SOME OF THE industry's renegades, arrived in their Sunday best for the first annual Directors Guild of America Honors gala at the Hilton on November 21. As a busload of high-school-marching-band musicians checked in at the front desk, the black-tie crowd, hoping to avoid an autograph frenzy, rushed past to the ballroom—only to be greeted by a wall of paparazzi. A boyish Richard Linklater, wedged between media moguls like DGA vice-president (and executive producer of *Law & Order*) Edward Sherin and New Line Cinema CEO Robert Shaye, squirmed as if he were posing for a family picture as the bulbs flashed. John Sayles tried to bypass the red-carpet routine, but to no avail: He sheepishly posed for a shot, towering over the executives. Meanwhile, the crowd surged forward at the sight of Kevin Spacey and his date, Diane Dreyer, whose auburn hair peeked out of a sequined beanie. John Waters, who would have to stand at the lectern later to present one of the evening's awards, used the diversion to dash to his assigned table, and Harvey Keitel sequestered himself in a corner to rehearse lines for his role as the evening's emcee. But there were a few guests who weren't yet jaded about all the attention: A young actress, Ruthie Austin, who said she'd had a cameo spot in *Fight Club,* was busily passing out cards. "I'm here to meet and greet," she said eagerly. "And maybe find my next job." MAURA EGAN





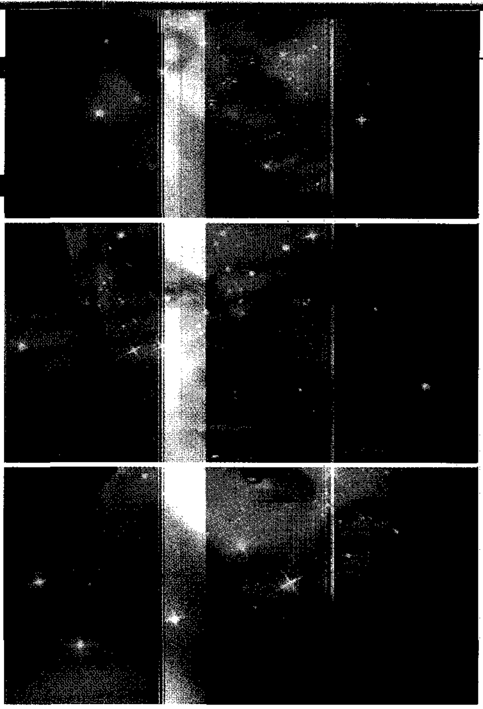
1. Zoe Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands at the MOMA party for the restoration of Michelangelo Antonioni's *Deserto Rosso* (sponsored by Mediaset). 2. Matthew Modine and Frank Serpico at the premiere of the documentary *A Force More Powerful* at the Asia Society. 3. Frankie Rayder and Ryan Locke at the American Ballet Theater's season kickoff at the Gucci 57th Street store. 4. Simon Le Bon at the launch of Juicy Jeans at Joe's Pub. 5. Harvey Keitel at the Directors Guild of America Honors gala. 6. Timothy and Karen Greenfield-Sanders at the opening of the "Modern*Starts: Things*" exhibit at MOMA. 7. Ivana Trump, Roffredo Gaetani, Sirio Maccioni, and Kevin Kelly at the publication of *America's Elite 1000—The Ultimate List* at Le Cirque 2000. 8. Bernard Aidan and Catherine Malandrino at a party honoring interior designer Andrée Putnam at the Pucci gallery. 9. Pia Getty, Kevyn Aucoin, and Sloan Lindemann-Barnett at the launch party for beauty.com at the Pucci gallery.

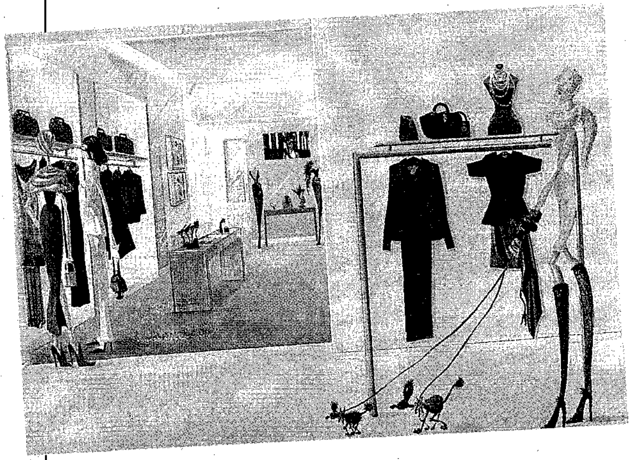
GOTHAMSTYLE

Diamonds Are Not Forever

Instead of forgoing a house payment in favor of a flashy Harry Winston, socialites and starlets like Karen Lauder, Esther Cañadas, Blaine Trump, and Donna Karan are having their adornments painted on. Gordon Espinet, a M.A.C makeup artist, says that party girls favor eye accents, anklets, or diamondlike necklaces made with Swarovski crystals, which he adheres with eyelash glue (think Jennifer Lopez's sparkly visage in her "Waiting for Tonight" video, right). Indian and animal patterns are a close second at the Christopher Street boutique, where paintings range from $90 to $150. "The other day, a fellow requested a leopard-print pattern," says Espinet. "He wanted it painted right across his eyes."

SARAH BERNARD





Stock-in-Trade

Last week, both the *Wall Street Journal* and the New York *Times'* business section seized upon luxury goods as hot stocks to watch. This week, as luxe leviathan LVMH prepares to bid on the few brands not yet within its fold, one of its blue-chip labels, Christian Dior, opens its doors at the 57th Street corporate tower. Despite a reputation as fashion's *enfant terrible,* house designer John Galliano will enjoy a prime perch in the glass seashell-shaped temple of commerce (if his creative genius flags, he'll be able to restore it at new corporate sister Bliss Spa). The Peter Marino–designed shop will showcase Galliano's street spin on the old-school outfitter: Lauryn Hill was his muse for the spring-2000 collection. And while Galliano's shredded jeans and ripped blouses have been a hit with fashion editors, his boss, Bernard Arnault, will surely be even more pleased to see such whimsy translating into old-fashioned revenue.

MAURA EGAN

Bag Ladies

After a season of clutching mirrored baguettes and Day-Glo-orange Jackie bags, fashion's ficklest are looking for more homespun totes. But even in light of the current arts-and-crafts chic, Fendi's handmade needlepoint bag ($4,125) appears more suited to your Putamayo-primped aunt in Vermont than to the urban Prada army. Nevertheless, it sold out a week after arriving at Barneys in early August, and within days, the waiting list had climbed to 22. Barneys' women's head, Judy Collinson, visited the Milan factory and begged for a second order of the custom-stitched beaded sacks. The designer family finally agreed but warned that production would take a couple of months. "No problem," said one lady-in-waiting. "In that case, I'll take two."

ANNA RACHMANSKY

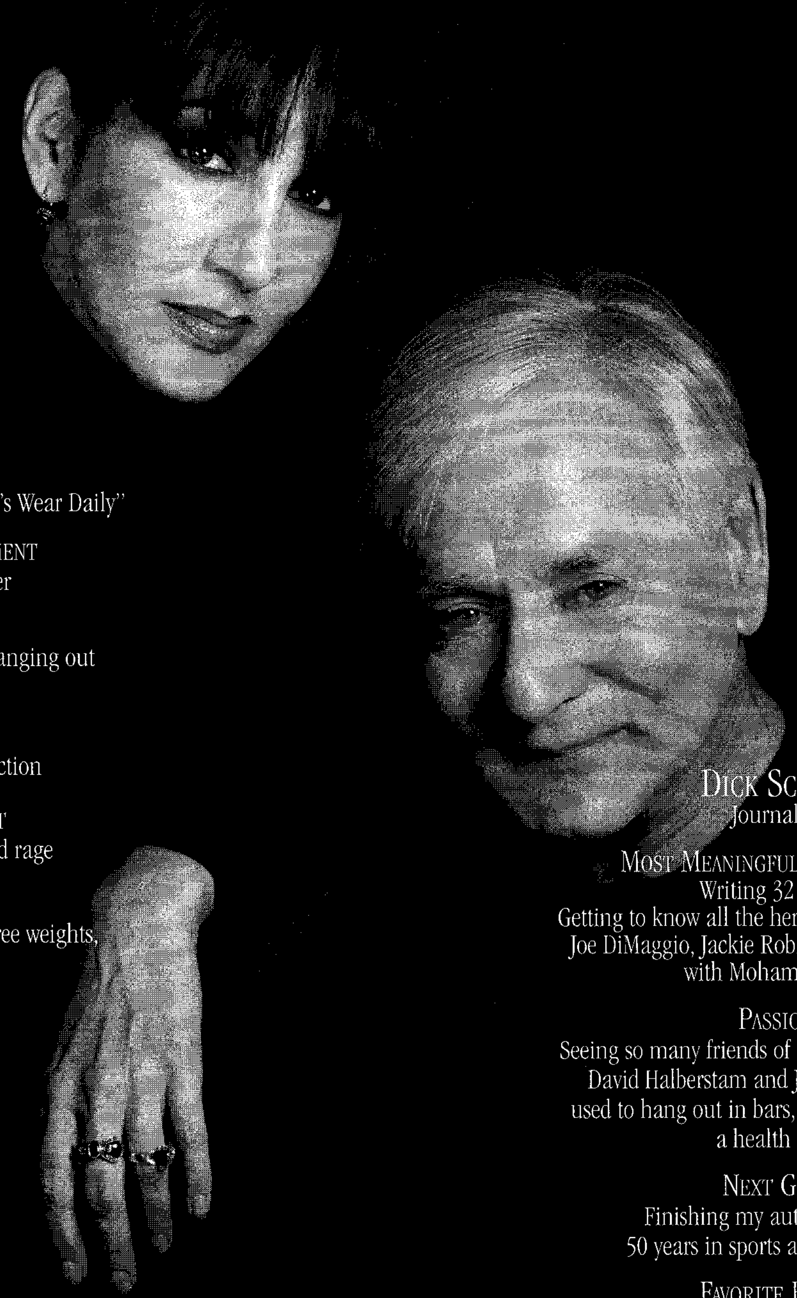
Setting the Stage

After years of staging his own fashion shows, Isaac Mizrahi refused to turn the VH1/Vogue Fashion Awards into another tired runway look. Asked to consult on the visuals for the December 5 event at the 69th Street Regiment Armory, Mizrahi looked to the minimalism of Comme des Garçons rather than his usual *Nanook of the North* or Pop Art inspirations. And despite television's rule against all-white sets, Mizrahi and production designer Keith Ian Raywood painted the stage in high-gloss white laminate. "Isaac didn't want the stage to be busy or have a lot of scenery," explains Raywood, "even though the camera loves texture." Now that the designer has closed his ready-to-wear business to pursue a career in show business, could staging the Oscars be next?

M.E.

Photographs: center, courtesy of Fendi; bottom, Evan Agostini/Gamma Liaison.

OUR MEMBERS KNOW WHY THEY BELONG.



MERLE GINSBERG
Entertainment Editor "W" and "Women's Wear Daily"

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
Making my living as a writer

PASSION
Travelling to Europe, architecture, hanging out with my baby niece

NEXT GOAL
To move from non-fiction to fiction

REASON FOR WORKING OUT
It's the best way to get rid of road rage

FAVORITE WORKOUT
Crosstraining, low impact aerobics, free weights, yoga; "I like to mix it up"

DICK SCHAAP
Journalist

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
Writing 32 books
Getting to know all the heroes of my childhood - Joe DiMaggio, Jackie Robinson, my friendship with Mohammed Ali

PASSION
Seeing so many friends of mine at the Club, like David Halberstam and Jimmy Breslin - we used to hang out in bars, now we hang out in a health club

NEXT GOAL
Finishing my autobiography- 50 years in sports and journalism

FAVORITE HOBBY
My work. My life is a vacation

FAVORITE WORKOUT
Working with my trainer. He pushes me just as far as I can go - it's invaluable---But, if there's not a pretty woman or a world class athlete in view, I can't lift 10 pounds!

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timothy white

THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Going *Postal*

Now that Mrs. Clinton has doused any notion that she's not running, let's pray the media will finally stop taking cues from the hysterically anti-Hillary New York 'Post.'

THANK GOD HILLARY CLINTON has carried us into Phase II of this Senate campaign with her announcement last Tuesday that she will indeed run. The disgraceful Phase I couldn't have ended soon enough.

Disgraceful on her part? Not to the degree that's been portrayed. She's made two major mistakes—her FALN flip-flop, and putting herself in the same room as an Arafat—that suggest the political brains in her family lie elsewhere. She'll sharpen up, or she won't; either way, these missteps don't equal disgrace.

Today's lesson: Addressing teachers, Clinton makes it official that she'll make it official.

What's been ridiculous—both sillier and more shameful than anything I've ever seen in reporting on New York politics—is the way this race has been covered. I've never witnessed absurd rumor taking flight as it has in this race, or fact expiring for lack of air, or the press corps in New York behaving like such a hyperventilating skulk of foxes. It's been astounding.

Take, as a recent and high-profile example, the whole "She's not running" business. Intelligent people with nothing to rely on but the white noise of the media truly came to believe before Thanksgiving that Mrs. Clinton was pulling out. I promise you: No knowledgeable reporter covering this race—that is, making actual phone calls, attending actual events—ever believed for a moment she wasn't running. Mrs. Clinton may have been saying "if" publicly; her aides said "when" privately and had been saying it since at least September. It was fiction all the way—or, more accurately, an intentional disinformation campaign by the New York *Post*, where Dick Morris wrote on the subject repeatedly and found abettors in one or two other *Post* columnists I've never seen at a Clinton function (and doubt I ever will, at least until she starts serving an open bar).

The *Post*. The *Post* has "covered" this race in much the way that *Pravda* covered the show trials. Or as *Ramparts* used to write about Nixon, although since *Ramparts* was on the left, and genuinely funny, I guess you'd have to say the opposite of *Ramparts*. Sheepparts.

Of the hundreds that could be cited, two recent examples: A story ran the week before last, hot on the heels of the Suha Arafat fiasco, that Hillary was hosting a gala for a fringe, "pro-Palestinian" group. That group turns out to be Americans for Peace Now. Certainly, Peace Now supports a Palestinian state (demilitarized). So do most Jews. Certainly, Peace Now is on the political left; agree with it, or don't. But fringe? Its rallies in Israel have drawn hundreds of thousands of supporters. Several of its members are officials in Ehud Barak's government. It was founded by former officers in the Israeli Defense Force. That's fringe? It's an absurd characterization, and the *Post* knows it.

Besides, Mrs. Clinton, who according to the *Post* was "hosting" the December 6 gala here in New York, won't even be there! She and her husband are honorary co-chairs, and the master of ceremonies that night will be well-known fringe journalist Lesley Stahl.

Second example: The paper's lead editorial the day Mrs. Clinton announced asked, "Does Hillary *Agree* With Suha?" What sane person could really believe that the first lady of the United States thinks this? She said that all parties should refrain from "inflammatory rhetoric and baseless accusations."

That all-parties business wasn't specific enough for the *Post*, of course, but Mrs. Clinton's message, late and tepid though it may have been, was clearly directed at Mrs. Arafat. And *baseless* is a difficult word to misconstrue. Yet the editorial concluded that Mrs. Clinton's "silence" (!) should be taken as "a quiet assent" (!!). In other words, Hillary Clinton believes that Israel is gassing Palestinians. Ten years' hard labor!

Everyone, even people who don't read the papers closely, knows the *Post*'s agenda in general terms (there are at least two reporters at the *Post* to whom none of this applies, but I won't open them to Murdochian abuse by naming them). But what people don't know is the extent to which the *Post* has determined how this race has been covered. We've now reached a point in political journalism at which only the most salacious and eye-popping angle to a story is even deemed "news" by TV and radio and all the screaming heads thereon. Consequently, the howlingest banshee, no matter how ridiculous or irresponsible, sets the agenda.

And so the is-she-or-isn't-she story, which was never real, dominated the race for nearly two weeks. Reporters at the other papers, even at the New York *Times*, who knew it wasn't true, had to file stories about it. Those papers need to figure out ways to drive the coverage of

Photograph by Richard B. Levine.

DAVID YURMAN

Cable Capri Rings
On Sticks

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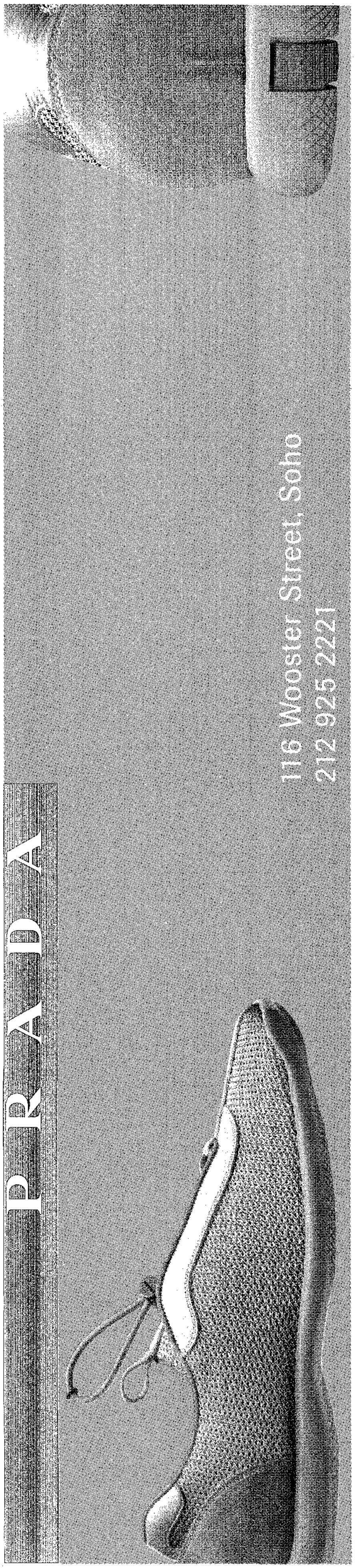


this race on their terms. Does the *Daily News* want to let its arch-rival be in charge of the terms of debate for the next eleven months? Is the newspaper of record, the world's greatest newspaper, ready to take a back seat to the *Post* in the most interesting campaign maybe ever in its own backyard? With minor exceptions, so far, that's how it's gone.

MRS. CLINTON'S MISTAKES SHOULD CERtainly be a theme of coverage. But the only theme? Even when facts say otherwise? And so it becomes writ that Mrs. Clinton's suffered a DEVASTATING COLLAPSE IN THE POLLS! Has she now? There are three main polls to which New York politicos look: Quinnipiac, Marist, and John Zogby's *Post* polls. So let's look. Obviously, since last February, when a Hillary candidacy was just a fanciful notion and when she was in her sympathetic apotheosis (and when Rudy was at his nadir), she's gone down. But what about since July, when she started coming to the state? Quinnipiac had it 45 apiece in July; now, Rudy by 47 to 42. That's a change, but it's within the margin of error, and so it's really no change at all.

Marist: 47 to 41 Rudy in July, 46 to 42 Rudy in October. Zogby: Rudy was up ten points in July, and he's up seven now. This is a devastating slide? But a lie can get around the world before the truth puts its pants on, as the saying goes. And so there are MASSIVE DEMOCRATIC DEFECTIONS!

Oh, really? At the end of last Tuesday's press conference, Howard Wolfson said he'd never seen "New York Democrats so united behind a statewide candidate" as they are now. The usual spin bullshit, I thought to myself. But as I walked away, I realized: He's absolutely right. Take away the re-election campaigns of Mario Cuomo and Pat Moynihan, because obviously the party was united around its incumbents. But think back over the other races. For this very Senate seat, the last open election happened in 1976, when the party was fiercely divided among Moynihan, Bella Abzug, Ramsey Clark, and others. Or take the other Senate seat. Last year's primary election saw Schumer-Green-Ferraro. In 1992, it was Ferraro-Abrams-Holtzman-Sharpton; in 1986, Green-Dyson; in 1980, Holtzman-Myerson-Lindsay-Santucci. Shall I go back to Dick Ottinger, or is the point agreed upon?

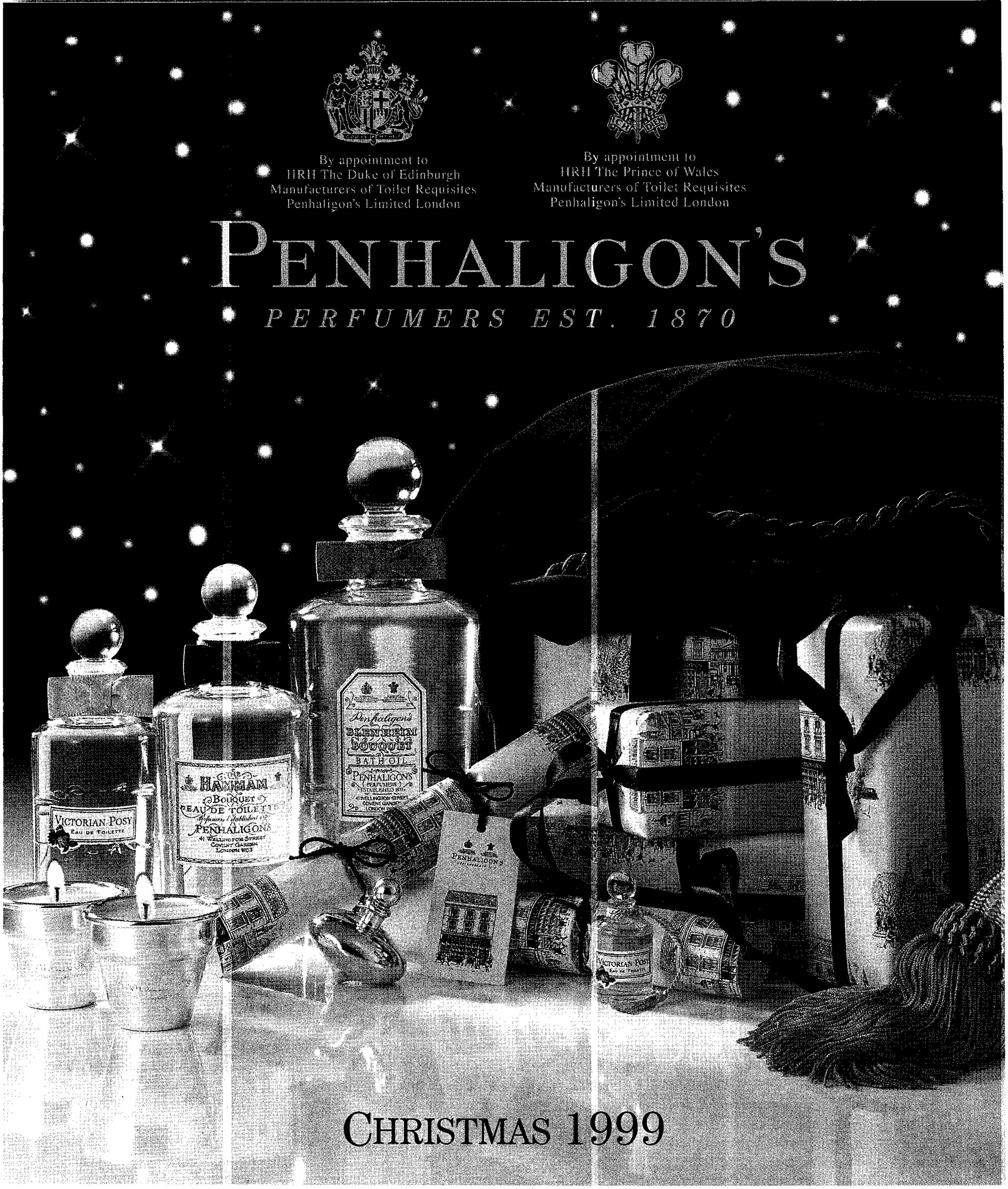
So Mrs. Clinton, who has the support of virtually every Democrat in the state, endures two defections and suddenly it's A SINKING SHIP! Let's look at these defections. One was Carl Kruger, state senator from Brooklyn. Carl Kruger made it to the State Senate because of the late Canarsie political leader, State Assemblyman Tony Genovesi. Genovesi was widely admired for many reasons, the most important of which (to liberals, at least), was his staunch opposition to the death penalty. In fact, if one had been asked when he was alive, "With what one issue would you associate Tony Genovesi?" that issue would be the death penalty. And what of Carl Kruger? "Tony got him elected," says a source who was close to Genovesi. "So what's the first thing the guy does when he gets to Albany? Votes for the death penalty! Tony says, 'Carl, how? You never told me.' He said, 'Well, how'm I gonna get elected?' " Genovesi always managed to.

And of West Side councilwoman Ronnie Eldridge's recent musings, let's be kind, since she's basically a decent sort, and say she's a victim of too much Breslin exposure. Ronnie loved Bobby Kennedy, as we know; odd that she thought Hillary should have announced sooner rather than later, since Bobby didn't announce until July 1964. Or maybe she now thinks Bobby should have followed Hillary's speedy timetable, which would have meant, notes consultant Jerry Skurnik, that "he would have announced on November 23, 1963."

> *"Mrs. Clinton's mistakes should certainly be a theme of coverage.* **But the only theme?** *Even when the facts say otherwise?"*

I HAVE LITTLE DOUBT THAT HILLARY CLINton will offer us many reasons to criticize her over the course of this campaign: She needs to show more of herself to people, and she'll have to move beyond the largely platitudinous education–health care rhetoric she's dispensed so far. And there are real stories to be done about the mechanics of her campaign and its shortcomings. But coverage of these issues has to transcend the reflexive non-thought that's constituted far too much coverage so far. We just watched the press corps in Washington debase itself for a year in the mad scramble for cable-TV face time, book deals, the reputation as the meanest and the sauciest, which is all the reputation that matters these days. If these are our role models, Lord help us. ▬

E-mail: tomasky@aol.com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Getting Smart

Once a perennial also-ran, Showtime has climbed to the top of the cable heap with a daring new strategy: making good TV.

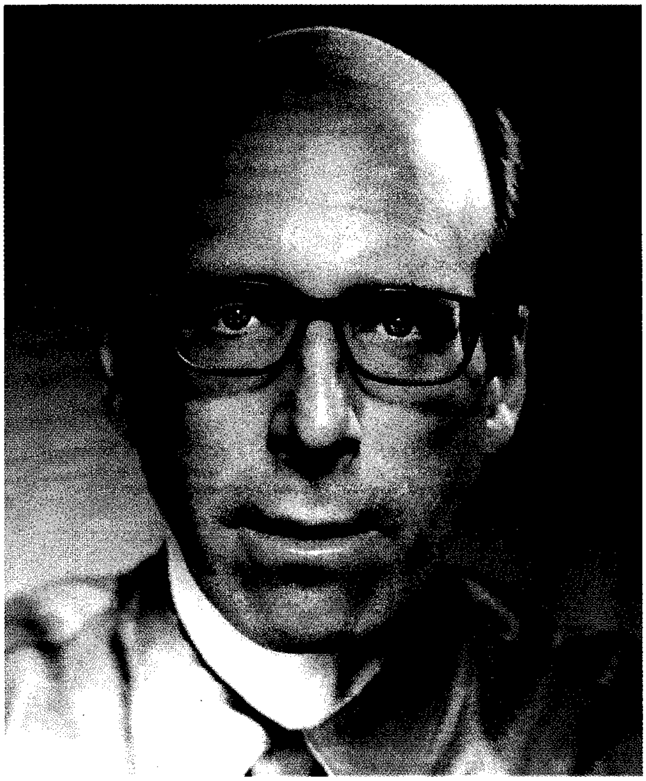
HUNTER S. THOMPSON ONCE DEscribed the television business, not entirely inaccurately, as "a cruel and shallow money trench, a long plastic hallway where thieves and pimps run free, and good men die like dogs." Even at its most ambitious, it's a business in which the phrase "quality programming" is sometimes used in reference to *7th Heaven*.

"Everyone likes to say they're putting good stuff on," says Showtime Networks CEO and chairman Matt Blank. "It's easier for some of us than for others."

It may be easiest—as well as most lucrative—for Showtime. Since taking the company's reins four years ago, Blank, 49, has presided over one of the most dramatic turnarounds in cable television history. After two decades' worth of ownership changes and death-watch speculation, Showtime Networks (which includes Showtime as well as the Movie Channel and Flix) now has 22.3 million subscribers—nearly twice as many as when Blank took over. The network won't release subscription numbers for individual channels, but the ratings of Showtime proper are up a genuinely eye-popping 44 percent from last year.

More remarkably, Blank engineered the about-face by taking the high road, turning the channel from a grab bag of second-run multiplex movies, B-grade comedies, and late-night soft-core into cable's preeminent home of intelligent—more specifically, issue-oriented—television. Showtime has distinguished itself from larger rivals HBO and Cinemax—which count a combined 35 million subscribers—by delivering original programming that's just as good and almost always weightier than mobster family crises and the adventures of snarky sex columnists. At last year's Screen Actors' Guild awards, out of eleven nominees for outstanding performances in made-for-TV movies, five had aired on Showtime.

Beginning in 1995 with *Hiroshima*, a three-hour drama that examined the United States' decision to use the atomic bomb, the network has tackled some of the thorniest topics out there. Its resolutely non-feel-good subjects have included child sexual abuse (the adaptation of Dorothy Allison's merciless *Bastard Out of Carolina*), Gulf War syndrome (*Thanks of a Grateful Nation*), and surrogate motherhood (the Jodie Foster–produced *The Baby Dance*). It also produced award-winning remakes of *12 Angry Men* and *Inherit the Wind* (the former directed by Academy Award winner William Friedkin, the latter starring fellow Oscar winners George C. Scott and Jack Lemmon), gave Adrian Lyne's controversial *Lolita* its first American showing, and co-produced three theatrically released films (Ian McKellen's *Richard III;* poet Maya Angelou's directorial debut, *Down in the Delta;* and last year's thrice-Oscar-nominated *Gods and Monsters*).



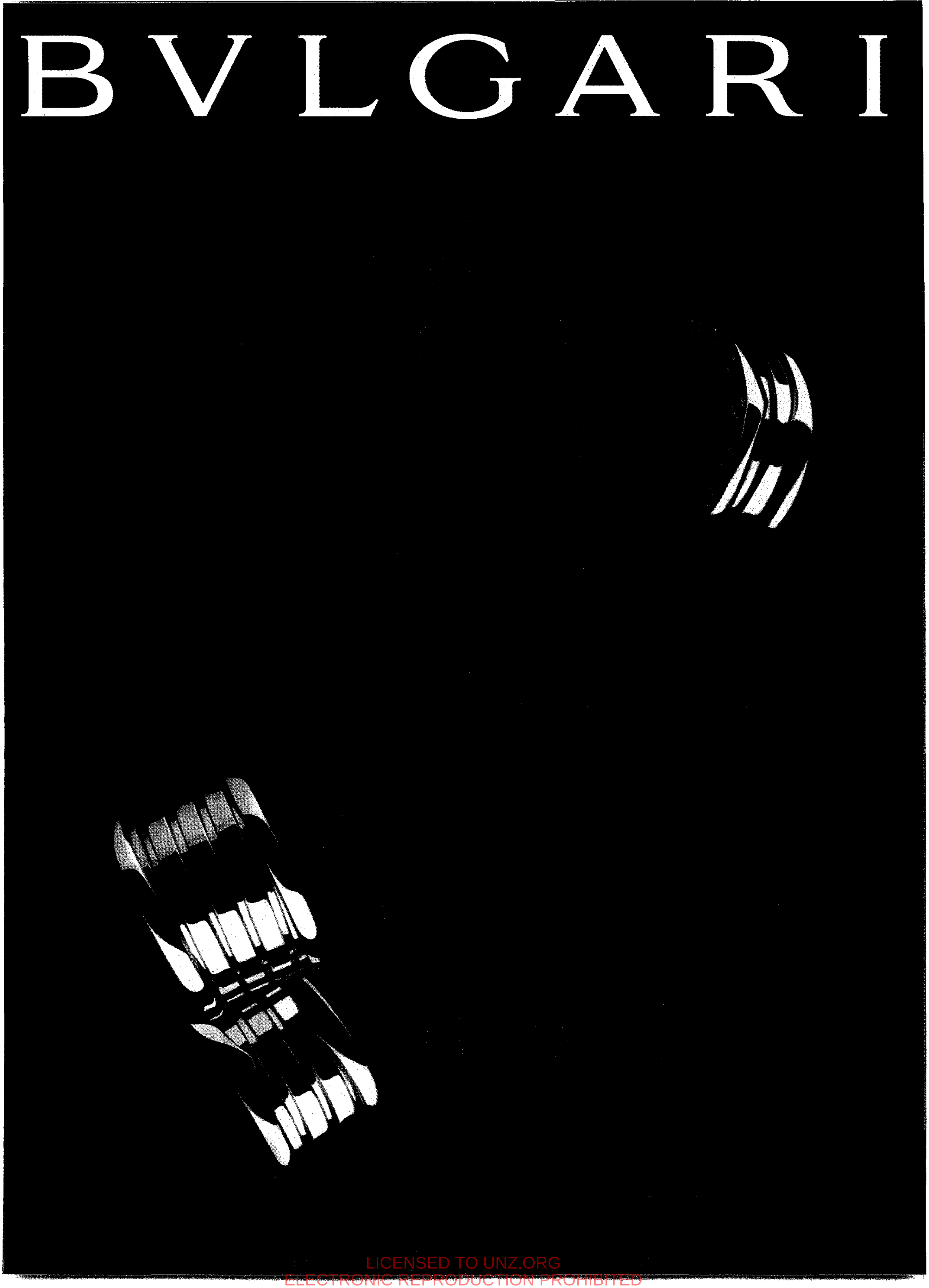
TV eye: Showtime CEO Matt Blank.

So far this year, Showtime has already tackled the Holocaust with the Dustin Hoffman–produced *The Devil's Arithmetic* and the Clarence Thomas–Anita Hill scandal with *Strange Justice*. This week, the network premiered *Execution of Justice*, the story of Dan White, who murdered San Francisco city supervisor Harvey Milk, America's first openly gay elected official. In early 2000, it will air the Broadway production of *Death of a Salesman*.

It's been said that no one ever went broke underestimating the tastes of the American public, but Blank has done better than most by raising the bar—a notion so foreign to conventional television business wisdom that even some of his colleagues doubted him. "I've had people tell me we're crazy for taking on certain projects, but they have to realize that we are in a unique position," Blank says. "We don't have advertisers, and we don't need big individual ratings. We need to keep—and add—subscribers. In that way, we're lucky: We can just focus on building the brand."

AFTER WORKING AT SHOWTIME IN EXECUTIVE positions for nearly six years, Blank—who had previously worked in marketing at HBO—began building the brand in earnest in 1995 when he was named CEO. "I looked at what was out there and asked, 'What's not being done? And what can we do better in re-

Photograph by Len Irish.



BVLGARI

lation to what is being done?' " The answer, he says, was twofold: family-oriented programming (another Showtime staple) and what Blank calls "classy stuff." But his first, and many say best, move was hiring Jerry Offsay, then working in production for ABC, as Showtime's chief programmer.

"Basically, Matt gave me a mandate to make Showtime worth watching," says Offsay. "We realized that while theatrical movies would always be one main source of programming, they were no longer enough, because they were becoming more and more exposed: on pay-per-view, airplanes, hotels, and hundreds of other cable channels."

"HBO was getting more and more attention from their original programming," adds Blank. "So we said, if 12 original movies a year were good for them, let's do 40. Let's try to work up to doing an original movie almost every week."

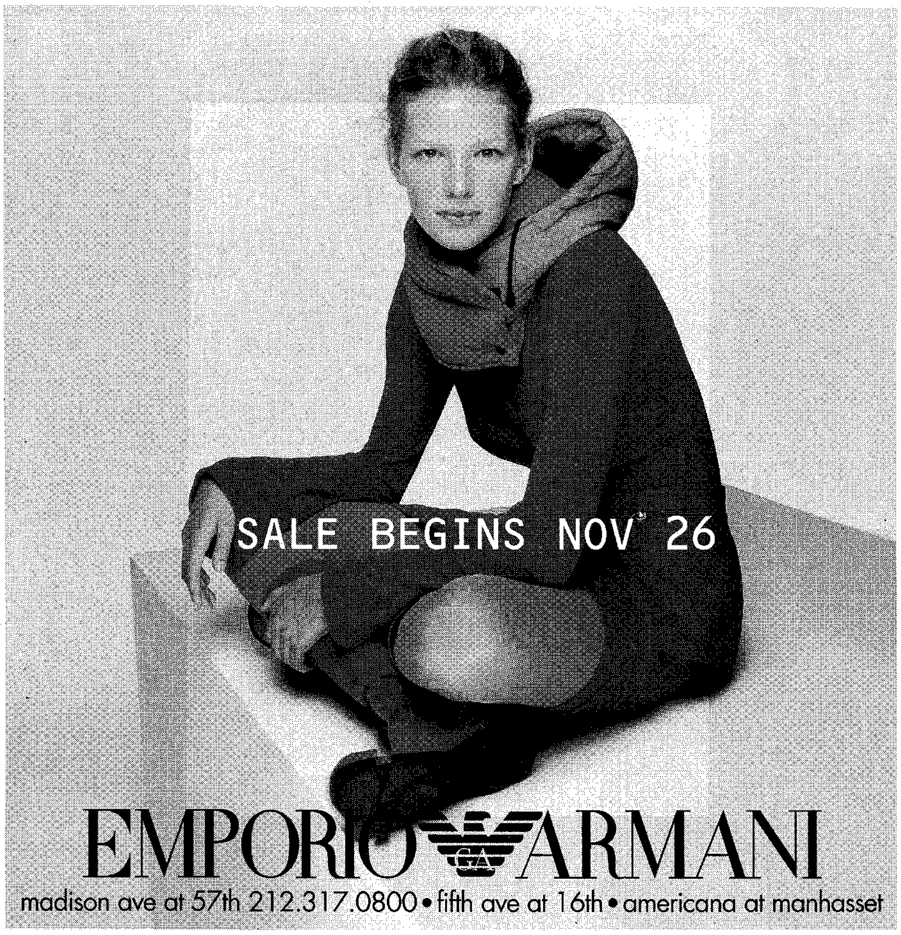
To meet that goal, Blank and Offsay needed star power that didn't necessarily fit into their budget. "We realized that in order to get big stars for our movies, our movies had to be the types of projects stars were desperate to do," Blank says. "Passion projects they were willing to do for much less than their usual fees."

They were right—and Hollywood names like Jodie Foster and Kevin Bacon (the Golden Globe–nominated *Losing Chase*) have been lured by important subject matter, a commitment to creative noninterference, and, occasionally, the chance to direct. At least partly because they're shot in Canada where production costs are lower, most of Showtime's movies are budgeted at about $5 million, around half of what HBO usually spends on original films.

"It's not like they run all high-quality stuff—they run a mix of things," says Jodie Foster, whose *The Baby Dance* was nominated for a Golden Globe. "But what makes them different from HBO is they have less money, so they're more creative and less inclined to micromanage. They don't tell you how to direct or how to edit. Especially if you've got a bit of a name, with less money comes more freedom. It's a trade a lot of people are willing to make."

Poet Maya Angelou, for one. "I wanted to see what I could do without the nattering nabobs putting their fingers in," she says. "They let me. I'd work with them again in a second."

Critics have taken notice, of course, and Blank and Offsay say the channel actively seeks publicity—though not merely for the sake of self-congratula-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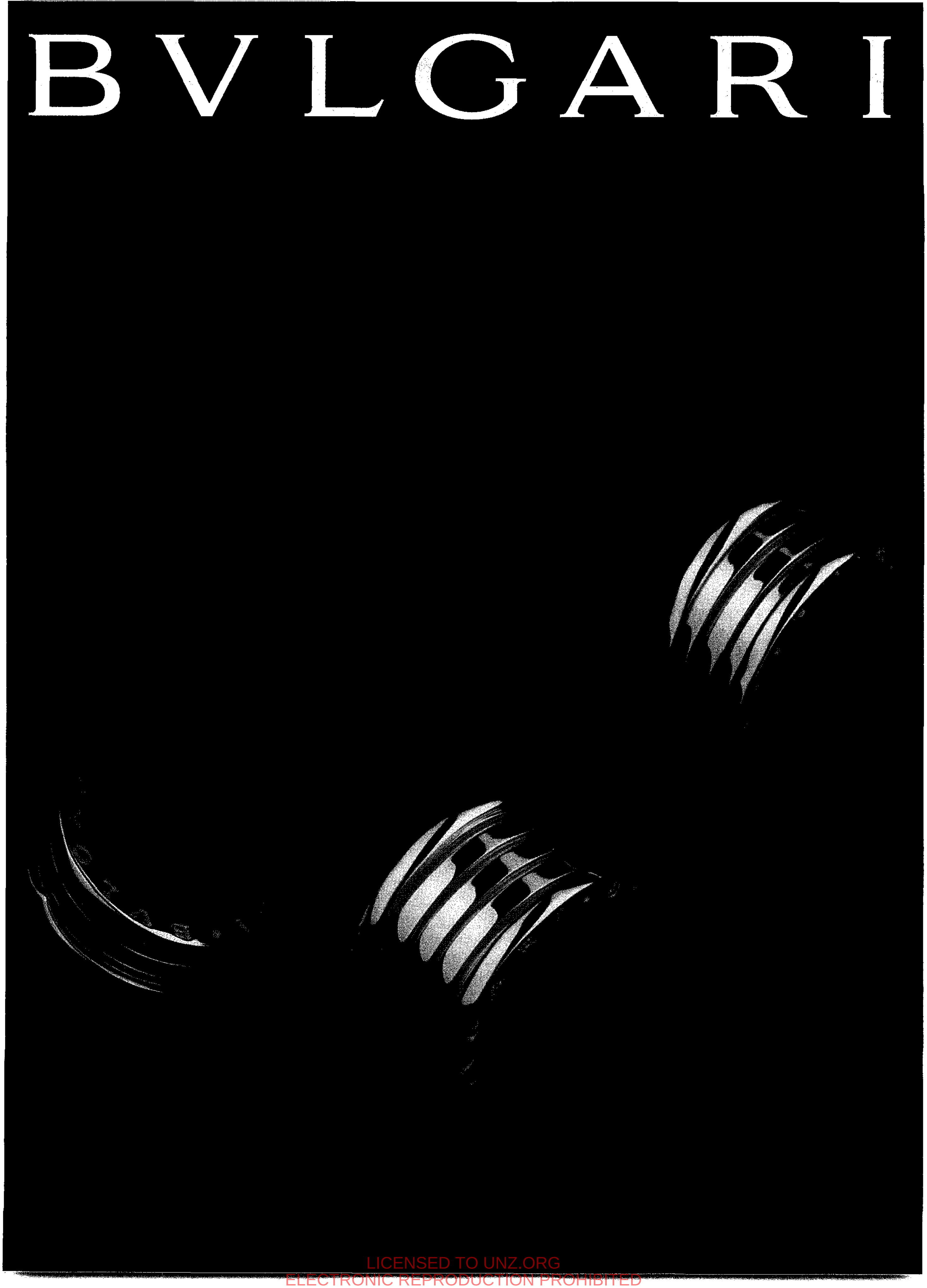
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Tree Lighting at Rockefeller Center (December 1)
Lighting of the world-famous tree will take place from 7PM -9PM.
Take the B, D, F or Q train to 47-50 Sts.

Holiday Laser Shows in Grand Central (Through December 24)
On the sky ceiling, six shows are rotated every hour from
11AM- 9PM. Take the 4,5,6,7 or S.

Millennium Celebration American Museum of Natural History (December 31)
Sneak preview of the most technologically advanced space show in the new
Hayden Planetarium; dance under the stars; reminisce with The Drifters.
Take the C train to 81st St.*

Midnight Run (December 31) Festive 5K foot race through Central Park
at midnight; starting line is at Tavern on the Green, 67th St. and Central Park West.
Take the C train to 72nd St.*

Bronx
A Victorian Holiday New York Botanical Garden (November 26 - January 9) Miniature
trains wind through lit landscapes of waterfalls, bridges and mountains. Plus a 30' tree,
lit topiaries and more. Take the 4 or D train to Bedford Park Blvd., then transfer to the BX26
bus. Or take Metro-North's Harlem Line to the Botanical Garden Station.
A Metro-North discount package is available.

Brooklyn
Grand Army Plaza New Year's Eve Fireworks Prospect Park (December 31)
The biggest of the City's fireworks displays; plus live music.
Take the 2 or 3 train to Grand Army Plaza*

Staten Island
Christmas in Richmond Town (December 5)
Tour homes and shops of the Village decorated for the holidays.
Buy handcrafted items, decorations and homemade baked goods.
Take the SI Ferry to St. George, then the S74 bus to Clarke Ave.

Westchester
White Plains New Year's Eve Party Westchester County Center (December 31)
Live music; food, snacks and non-alcoholic beverages available.
Take Metro-North's Harlem Line to White Plains.

Long Island
Charles Dickens Festival Port Jefferson (December 3 - 5)
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For schedule, fare and additional travel information, call NYCT at (718)330.1234,
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tion. "In 1994 we analyzed how much free press we'd gotten in the marketplace off our original programming—Sunday supplement covers and newspaper and magazine articles," says Offsay, "and it was somewhere between $15 and $20 million. By 1998, the figure was $125 million. That's free advertising for us and our cable operators."

Though Showtime isn't aiming to pick off HBO subscribers, the media attention has helped the once also-ran come into its own. "Especially considering they're always chasing a competitor that's twice as large, what Showtime has been doing is really quite remarkable," says Larry Gerbrandt, a senior analyst who covers the pay-TV industry for Paul Kagan Associates, Inc. "They've been able to come up with high quality and critically reviewed movies and also attract top Hollywood talent, who often don't do television."

> *"They run a mix of things," says Jodie Foster.* **"But what makes them different from HBO is they have less money, so they're more creative** *and less inclined to micromanage. They don't tell you how to direct or how to edit."*

Their reputation for quality programming has also changed Showtime's relationship with Hollywood. "There was a time when I couldn't get people to even have a meeting with me," recalls Offsay. "Directors, actors, and agents would all say, 'If we're going to do cable, we're going to do HBO.' " Now Offsay is seen as a rising star and Blank has become a favorite son at CBS-Viacom. He's "Michael Fuchs without the enemies," according to one industry source.

"HBO is great, but I want to make people think, 'Hey, maybe I'm missing something if I don't have Showtime—maybe I need Showtime as well,' " Blank says. "So far, we feel the strategy has worked. In a way, it's even more simple than we originally thought. I mean, basically, it all comes down to just putting on stuff that's good." ▬

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the e decade

E **is for electronic, for equity, for entrepreneur, and, even for erotica. But most of all, *E* is for the greatest economic boom the world has ever seen. How a dream—and it's still a dream—changed everything.**

By Michael Wolff

I BEGAN THIS DECADE WRITING A BOOK ABOUT THE end of American competitiveness and the accumulating evidence of the nation's certain economic decline. "There exists," I offered, "the unnerving possibility that our lives might be richer and better if our immigrant grandparents had stayed where they were born." (Seriously, this is what I wrote.) The rise of a unified Europe, I predicted gravely, would be the most profound economic event of our time; Europe and Japan, I was sure, would inevitably supersede the U.S. as global economic superpowers during the nineties.

It is an interesting and humbling experience to write a book that turns out to be wrong in virtually all respects. Not just wrong but actually ignorant—unaware of almost every significant social, economic, and historical trend that is under way.

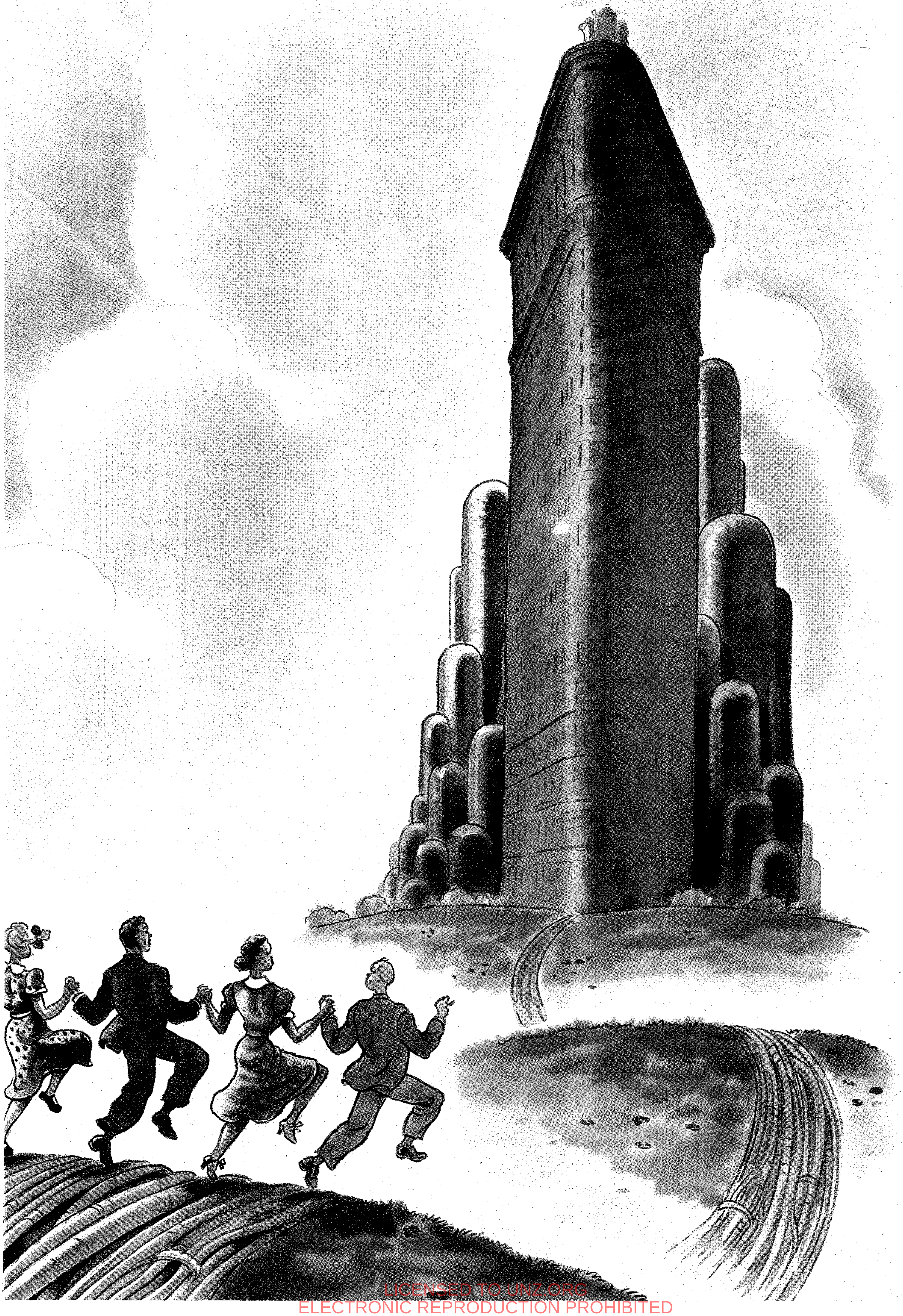
Still. Sometimes you can be so wrong that if you flip it, it becomes right. It was the economy, stupid—it just wasn't a bad economy that would reshape our lives ("Shit, man, I've been downsized"), but the greatest period of economic expansion, growth, and prosperity possibly of all time.

In some ways, there is no better way to be wrong than to be wrong like this. In stock-market terms, you're calling the bottom. By saying it can't get any worse, what you are also saying is that it must, therefore, soon start to get better.

Although, oddly, no one ever appreciates that. Or perhaps brilliant stock pickers do. But you can bet that few normal, ordinarily depressed people, out of a job or unhappy with their careers, futilely casting about for opportunities as the decade began, had any idea that, just at the moment they gave up on—call it for what it is—the old economy, they would begin the process of being transformed by the wonders and largesse of the new economy.

In fact, let me be a little easy on myself for writing a perfectly useless book, because what I would have had to anticipate in order to write something of value was that a population of dropouts and corporate misfits and freelancers (now called entrepreneurs, visionaries, and virtual commuters) would help create an industry—not even imagined as the decade began—that would grow, in little more than 24 months (from late 1993 to late 1995) from pretty much nothing to something as important as steel and automobiles were in their day. Oh, yes, I would have had to imagine, too, that the government would balance its budget and that crime

Illustration by Ross MacDonald



would disappear. I would have had to suppose that corporations would willingly, merrily, disgorge their wealth to their employees, that the stock market would turn up its nose at profits and become orgasmic over losses, and that even the streets of New York would, in the bloom of the new economy, become beautiful.

Please!

SOME OF US WHO GO BACK A ways in the Internet era now use the word as a punch line. We say "the Internet," and then we crack up. I mean, come on, here we are in the middle of an economic miracle—a whole new culture, in fact—that is founded on a technology that (a) has no demonstrable way to pay for itself, (b) has no precise use, (c) doesn't really work all that well, and (d) whose very existence has to do, fundamentally, with porn.

The Internet may not necessarily be a joke, but it's certainly funny.

We have projected all kinds of fantasies—sexual yearnings and utopian visions and childhood dreams (come and see the teenagers in my house talking on the phone to the people they're talking to on AOL; the dream is of absolute communication)—onto this piece of technology. In fact, the decade was not a product of the Internet; just the opposite. It's the fantasies of people kicked out of the old economy who made the Internet come alive.

The oft-told story (I am one of the oft-tellers) of Louis Rossetto is certainly worth retelling. An itinerant sixties guy who floated through jobs and experiences (Afghanistan! Soft-core movies—a bit player in *Caligula*!), he is living in Amsterdam at the turn of the decade, the editor of a small and failing computer magazine, and is possessed by a utopian-ish vision. He combines his vision with a business plan. The business that he envisions is all about how technology will enhance our work, transform our communities, our very idea of community, transform the way we talk, relate, have sex. Three years later, after an extended process of raising money (raising capital becomes in the e-decade almost like voting; it is the way we participate in a capitalist democracy), Rossetto launches Wired magazine in January 1993. This is before the first Web browser exists—at this moment, practically speaking, there is no Internet. The one e-mail address in the first issue of the magazine is rendered incorrectly: nicholas@internet. And yet, there it is, on the page, this imaginary new economy—waiting for the Internet to be born.

Illustration by Brian Cronin.

Louis himself, though he is nearly the first to articulate the new economy, is strictly from the old economy. He is a Springsteen character. The chip on his shoulder is brutish.

He has a Robin Hood vision of the new age. The centralized, corporatized, bureaucratized economy is run by the Sheriff of Nottingham, who, in Louis's vision, faces a forest of entrepreneurs, of disintermediated communication, of individual desktop tools, of new, sudden, communities of resistance (communities of interest, they are called); in other words, of people who are sick and tired of . . . well, it is not always clear what they are sick and tired of.

At any rate, technology, whose power formerly resided within the corporate structure of the old economy, has, courtesy of a revolution in size and cost, passed into the hands of the merry men. What's more, the people in the old economy are left with an outdated, slow-moving, cumbersome infrastructure (i.e., installed base), which is not only crippling

"In the fifties and sixties seventies and eighties

but mortifying. These old-economy *momsers* don't possess even the minimal knowledge and skills necessary to walk the computing walk and talk the computing talk and are too frightened to go and learn (it's humiliating to have to be tutored by a teenager). You could reasonably argue that every executive in America, circa the first half of the decade, has a learning disability.

This is really profound. Because if you could work a spreadsheet, you were pretty much competitive with anybody in finance. If you could handle Quark, you could do what it cost publishers millions to do—and do it a lot faster. If you could install a TCP/IP pack, you could move the planet. If you could program a database, fuhgeddaboudit!

None of these things were very hard to do, with a little humility; and learning them, for many people who had already been humbled anyway, proved irresistible. The power was heady. We (the unemployable) were going to bury you.

If uncompromising, uncommunicative, unbusinesslike Louis could raise millions to start a business, anyone could.

IT IS EARLY 1995. IN MY OWN ROBIN Hood–ish way, I have fashioned a publishing company, which with the aid of desktop-publishing equipment, and the most basic HTML, is sucking (or suckering) money from big, no-nothing publishers (the stupids).

Only I have almost no idea what I'm doing; my own technology infrastructure is pitifully fragile. Fatefully, I receive an e-mail from a recent Columbia graduate, a philosophy student who thinks he can help me (he has discovered me, of course, on the Internet). In the little more than two years he's been out of school, I learn when we sit down for coffee, he's already gone belly-up with one business, a CD-ROM enterprise (CD-ROMs, remember?), and been fired, he freely admits, from his next job as a freelancer at a fledgling Web company. This is an instructive moment, because as a prospective employer, I don't think anything negative or untoward at all about his failures. Actually, I'm impressed.

And it's not just my special tolerance at work here, or my interest in oddballs and eccentrics. Rather, we in the technology business understand a fundamental principle: All technology is transitional. Therefore, obviously, failure is almost always part of the process. Version 2.0 exists because version 1.0 sucked. Technology development is the process of failing upward. Venture capitalists (who would become in some ways the true arbiters of the decade; after all, you can't do anything without having your financing in place) would go so far as to say they liked to see a failure or two on an entrepreneur's résumé. And so I hire this recent graduate (he tells me about his keen interest in Wittgenstein) and failed entrepreneur to run my technology operation.

If I know just a slight bit more about technology than New York publishers, and they are paying me, then, I suppose, it should not have been so surprising that my Wittgenstein technologist, to whom I am suddenly paying fearful sums, turns out to know only a slight bit more than I do. Four or five months and a mountain of money later, my technology in a state of high dysfunctionality, he is headhunted away from me to another company and to even larger responsibilities.

Partly because he's no longer my technologist but now someone else's, we stay friends (almost everybody stays friends with everybody else in the new-media business; there is a shared sense of opportunity and incredulity); indeed, I am pleased that other people will now have to endure what I have endured. It is sort of a built-in leveler (like technology itself) that my incompetent technologist is hired by my competitors. I don't think I can convey how unbusinesslike, how ill-prepared in any conventional adult sense, how without evident skills, without the basic rules of social comportment my Wittgenstein technologist is—i.e., he's a fuckup—and accordingly, he is fired from his next job.

So he launches a start-up. He raises money (again, you have to appreciate the psychological impact of vast amounts of money flowing to the obviously undeserving—it turns out not to be embittering but actually liberating. I mean . . . if that schmo can do it . . .), rents a big loft space, fills it with workstations and employees. He quickly spends his investment capital, conceives business models that, even in the Internet business, seem cockeyed, and confides to a *Wall Street Journal* reporter, who then publishes the confession, that he's spent a good part of his investment capital on ergonomically correct chairs. He heads for insolvency, is saved in the nick of time by another Web firm, which itself shortly takes a precipitous slide.

Undaunted, the Wittgenstein technologist launches another business. Rents another loft; hires more employees. Again, shortly, stares ruin in the face, and closes those doors. Then, still shy of 30, joins one of the industry's leading venture-capital firms. Entrepreneur-in-residence is his title. His mandate is to spend $50 million on starting new businesses in which he will, of course, be a shareholder.

You gotta love it.

creative types all had a novel they were working on, and in the a screenplay. In the e-decade, you've got a business plan."

SO WHO WOULDN'T GO INTO THIS business? Let's be perfectly clear about the phenomenon—this is a business (it's not the arts, it's not a progressive school or left-wing summer camp, but business) blissfully free of the conventional measures of success. The profit motive—that really onerous aspect of business, that deeply unpleasant character trait of businessmen—doesn't exist in the Internet game. But the wonder goes well beyond that, because while the logic of profits may have been disregarded, you can still get rich.

You would have to be nuts not to take this job.

And that, so far, is really the defining attribute of the technology that has fueled this boom. It is not, first and foremost, that people want to use the technology, or even that they have a use for the technology, but that they want a job in the business of promoting ("evangelizer" becomes an actual job title in the e-decade) for this new technology.

It's a great notion: We'll build a new industry by employing everyone (the auto industry worked on something of this model, paying workers well enough so that they could buy cars).

STILL, CAN IT BE THIS GOOD? I give a cautionary speech to audiences around the country eager to get into the Internet business. In this speech, I make an argument about the fundamental insularity of the business. The Internet is turgidly self-referential. Just getting the thing to work requires technical gifts way above the common technically maladroit man. People in the business seem incapable of acknowledging that there might be people outside the business. Civilians. Bystanders. A passive audience. If the Internet can't speak to these people, can't embrace people who are not interested in the Internet for the Internet's own sake, if the Internet can't speak to my mother, I say, then, obviously, it will have no future. This makes perfect sense, except that my mother, who has spent the last fifteen years working for a pharmaceutical packaging company ups and takes a job marketing Websites. (Recently a headhunter called her about a senior-level marketing position at a new Internet start-up. "Oh my god," the headhunter blurted when my mother said that she was definitely quite senior at 74.)

In my speech, I quote the CEO of a media buying company (an old media buying company) who I'd once tried to convince to invest in my Internet ambitions. I had pitched him hard on all the wonderful prospects of target advertising and audience segmentation (i.e., slicing and dicing) and database marketing. But in a precise and methodical way, he'd explained—and convinced me—why the economics of Internet advertising are unsuitable to all but the most rarefied advertisers; how, even if a mass audiences develops, the Internet would be a fundamentally low-margin medium. How CPMs—that is, the cost per thousand viewers (eyeballs, in Internet parlance)—will inevitably go down. (Not only is he convincing, but, as it turns out, he is right—the one sure number in the phalanx of Internet numbers is that, month after month, as the Internet business expands, the amount advertisers are willing to pay for space goes down.)

Recently, giving my speech, I spy my media man in the audience. He is delighted to see me, he says afterwards; he, too, remembers our conversation. And not that he's changed his opinion, mind you, he says, but he's gotten out of his old business of selling highly profitable old media, and started, he says, a dot-com company. What he does now is measure the effectiveness, *or lack thereof,* of Internet media. He hopes to get rich, I interpret, on the basis of a business that says Internet advertising doesn't work all that well. It is, in other words, not a question of good business or bad business, but, in the e-decade, a larger evolutionary issue of adaptability. There are forces you just can't resist.

The Internet does not have to be right, if it's ubiquitous.

CONVERSATION OVERHEARD LAST week at 11 Madison (headhunter to job-seeker): "We'll definitely be able to get you an option package that will at least pay for your co-op. Now, have you ever bought anything online?"

"Not yet."

"Well, go home today and do some Christmas e-commerce so you have something to talk about in your interview."

BY NOW, AS THE E-DECADE CLOSES, we have certainly surpassed that critical-mass point—if you are still bricks and mortar, still old media, still in commerce rather than e-commerce, still back in the old economy, you're in deep panic.

The old economy is being abandoned. Every week now, I get the calls. People in the magazine business, in the television business, in the movie business (imagine that, the movie business is suddenly not glamorous at all), who want to go new media. I can create a composite here: Each and every one of these people has the fear in their eyes—fear that they are too late, that the world has passed them by, that in the equity decade all they will have is a salary, in the entrepreneurial decade all they will have been is employees.

"Venture capitalists would go so far as to say they like to see a failure or two on an entrepreneur's résumé."

And yet, nearly everyone save for the most messianic technology followers would freely admit that we are living in a moment of distorted reality. There isn't anyone with a modicum of conventional business experience who doesn't appreciate the weird and comical precariousness of the new economy, who doesn't understand that the entire playing field of Internet businesses depends upon the stock market's willingness (in old-economy parlance) to pour good money after bad.

It is, though, the messianic people, the true believers, who do rule, and whose passion is the most contagious. These are the people whom we look to, the people who are setting the agenda, the people who are writing the script, in fact making up the words (*monetize, drill down, aggregate, disintermediate, granularize*), the guys who are getting the girls (or their e-decade equivalent, because there is surprisingly little conventional fooling around in the Internet business).

San Francisco has even supplanted Los Angeles as the nation's party town. Now, I don't mean that in the shallow sense—San Francisco and the Valley are anything but Hollywood. These parties are painfully earnest, actually. But that's hardly the point. The point is that the true believers are in a partying mood. Why not? It is, and certainly should be, a celebratory and self-congratulatory moment. Everyone is willing to believe the true believers.

BUSINESS HAS BECOME AN EXISTENTIAL act. An adventure. The ultimate creative outlet. Think about your father coming through the door after his day at the office. Think about how he looked. How the corporation ate him alive.

So how in the world did a business life become so charmed?

It has to do, I believe, with the business plan.

If in the fifties and in the sixties, your creative types all had a novel they were working on, and in the seventies and eighties, a screenplay. Now, if you've got heart and imagination, in the e-decade, the Microsoft Excel decade (once only financial people could run numbers; and, prior to spreadsheets, even they couldn't run numbers all that well), you've got a business plan.

A business plan, of course, is an entirely made-up thing (I've never seen a business plan that wasn't at $40 million in revenue in its third year). It is pure theory. It is a story. Anyone will tell you the most important asset of a start-up business is a good story. Your business plan, like a novel or script, has to create a world based on a set of assumptions about people's behavior and aspirations and the way they respond to temptations and countertemptations. If you take that story and you go to investors and they say *Well, that's plausible, that could happen,* then it's a go. They let you try to turn your fantasy into reality.

This is where business really becomes like a movie: The VCs are the producers; the CEO is the director.

Indeed, a big part of the CEO's job is to hire—i.e., to cast. (Headhunters are, of course, the casting agents.) The CEO sits in the conference room, and the hopefuls come in; or the CEO is out to lunch, begging and pleading with potential stars to join his production.

And then, where there was nothing before, just an empty loft space, suddenly, on an Internet-time production schedule, the stage comes to life. The set is real. Overnight, there's an office—young people, workstations, whiteboards. Although the set, of course, is not reality. (Architects are suddenly in big demand—an Internet office has to look like an Internet office. You definitely don't want the new economy to look like the old economy.)

Others have argued that doing an Internet start-up is less like making a movie than it is like launching a political campaign. It's about putting together an organization, refining your issues, staying on message, and getting all those hearts and minds to follow. The Big Mo. All that adrenaline. All that junk food. And then, Election Day—standing on the floor of the NASDAQ. Watching the returns. Yes! Closing three times over the offer! A landslide victory.

Whether an Internet business is a pure intellectual exercise, a movie, or a political campaign, the one thing it does not much resemble is business.

OF COURSE, IT MIGHT JUST BE sex—oh, and e-mail. Everything else, when all is said and done, may be just baloney. Dot-baloney. But the sex, or not exactly, not conventionally, sex, instead some weird stylized version of sex, makes this the erotica decade. E-mail, profoundly changing the way we fill our days, is, of course, a primary instrument of e-sex.

In fact, the Internet, or the Internet business and culture, is a prudish place. Technological development depends, more or less, on a mind-body split (e-mail is the ultimate mind-body disjunction). We don't talk about screens that suddenly go dark when office doors are opened; we don't talk about the gigs of porno automatically backed up every night on DAT drives across America; we don't talk in real life about what they talk about on the Internet.

But here is a big development of the decade: The Internet has made the world safe for fetishes. The enema decade, then.

But perhaps this is starting to seep out. Fetishes are making it onto television shows—the other night, I saw a character on prime time with a crush fetish, that is, if I have it right, someone who is turned

Illustration by Zohar Lazar.

on by stepping on roaches. I have wondered about that newsgroup before; now I know. Sort of.

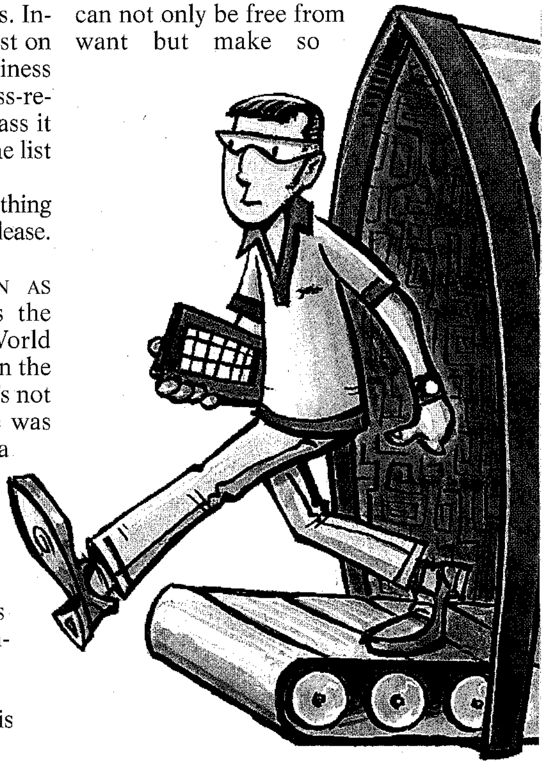
And then there is Patrick Naughton. He may become something of the Dreyfus of the Internet business. He is the executive at the Disney-controlled Infoseek (I've met him several times at conferences; people say he is arrogant, but he seemed just like a true believing Internet guy to me) who one evening a few months ago, arrived at his assignation with a chat-room 13-year-old on the Santa Monica Pier, only to get himself apprehended by FBI agents.

This has prompted numerous questions among Internet people. Among them: As a class, have we become reckless, arrogant, heedless? Has the Internet made us feel all-powerful? Do we, or do our friends and associates, have a sexual screw loose? Are our friends and associates possibly having weird and incredible sex? Or, are chat rooms populated mostly by FBI agents?

And then there are the more Jesuitical questions (there's often a similarity, especially if you've ever worked on programming a database, between Jesuitical and technological questions). What if Naughton wasn't going to meet a 13-year-old girl? What if he was going to meet someone who was pretending to be 13 years old? If no one is who they say they are online, a fact everyone but the most lust-beclouded knows, then who's to say Patrick Naughton's actual bent wasn't people playing at being 13-year-olds? I mean, in fact, his 13-year-old was not a 13-year-old, after all.

"Your job is to transform—and to be transformed. To be able to with

up evolutionary process. And, of course, to be one of the



As for e-mail, its pleasures (in addition to its prurience) are myriad. Instantaneous gratification for one thing; for another, we no longer have to spell, or compose, or even be pleasant. What's more, perhaps most profoundly, e-mail may be the most potent instrument of self-promotion ever extended to, well, everybody.

Jason Calacanis, a kind of Steve Rubell of the Internet (were this the late seventies instead of the late nineties, Calacanis would likely be in discos), publishes a chamber-of-commerce-type booster magazine about Silicon Alley. For the past few years, Calacanis has propounded a top-100 list: The hundred most influential people in Silicon Alley, or some such. This essentially comprises most everyone who has been in the Internet business for more than three years. At year's end, Calacanis sends an e-mail to the top 100, with each of these top 100 in the cc: line. In the ensuing days and weeks, each of the top 100 respond to the other top 100 congratulating each other on his or her appointment to the top 100. Following that, each of the 100 forward to each of the other 100 the various press releases that are inevitably and often issued by each of the members of the top 100. Press releases about new businesses, press releases about new accomplishments, new awards, even new babies. Invariably many of the 100 pass the list on to other people in the Internet business who are looking to add to their press-release lists. If even half of the 100 pass it on to two people who in turn pass the list on to two people . . . figure it out.

Surely, the Internet is the greatest thing that has ever happened to the press release.

THE INTERNET HAS BEEN AS good as the sixties, as the sexual revolution, as World War II. It's certainly been the best thing that's happened to me. It's not only the money (which in my case was hard to hold onto) but the time—a decade to call your own. What we wait for, what we are poorer without, is a transforming experience, that generation-shaping development we enter as one person and come out another. That process is enlightening, enlarging, entertaining, energizing.

It's a manic phase.

Who wants to be a millionaire? is the Price Club version of a profound and moving question. The real question, the real temptation, is not just about wealth but about wealth at a level never before imagined by the human race (this same human race whose entire four or five millennia of experience, in Saul Bellow's description, is about scarcity).

I am on a talk show telling the story of the moment (the most fleeting of moments) in 1996, when I am worth $100 million. A reporter from the *Wall Street Journal,* also on the show, feels compelled, however, to point out how $100 million would be considered, of course, a relatively small stake in a successful Internet enterprise.

While that appears to make no sense, or to have stepped up to a level of abstraction and fantasy where logic becomes unhinged and perhaps irrelevant, I think I know what the *Wall Street Journal* reporter means to say.

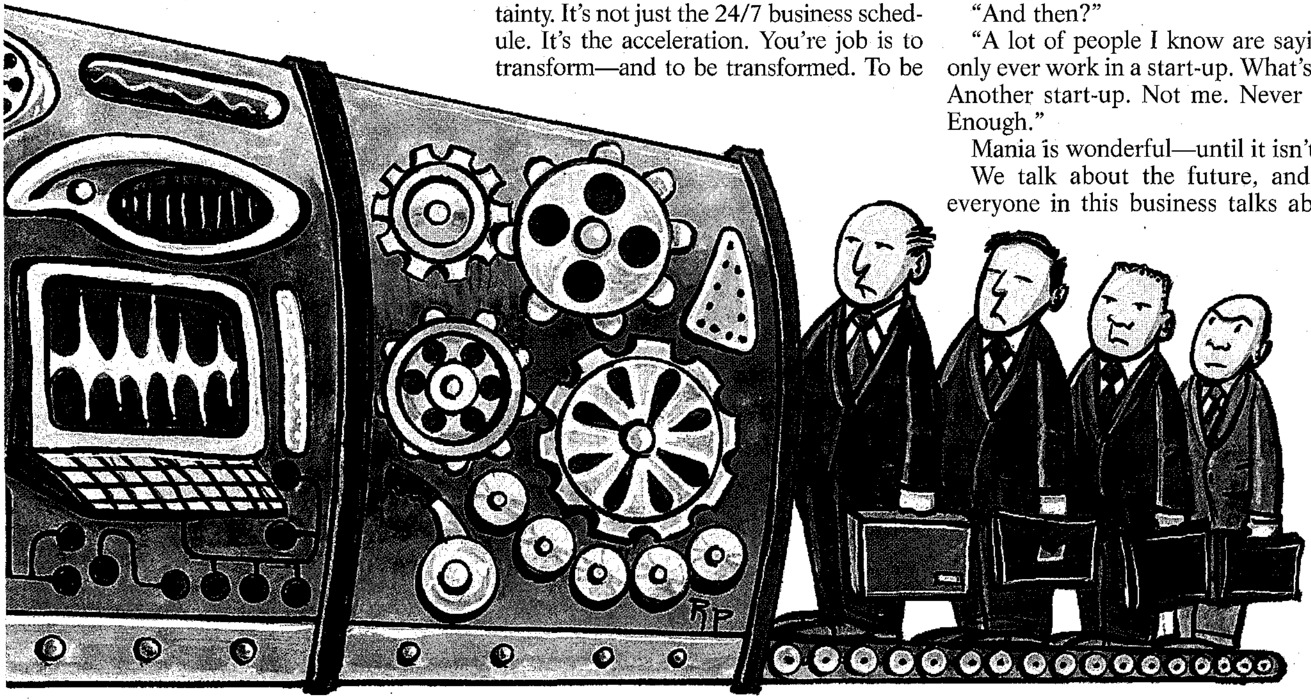
There is, at the elusive center of the e-experience, the fantasy that we might become free of economic laws. This idea is true on a business basis (companies that have no imperative to make more than they spend) and on a personal basis. All it takes to make otherworldly riches is the will and desire. If you are willing to believe in the Internet, you can not only be free from want but make so much money that it would be, practically speaking, inexhaustible for generations to come. And you can do this without capital, experience, training, or even employment history.

I'M HAVING LUNCH WITH GEORGE BELL, the head of Excite. We haven't met before, though I've seen him at conferences. Recently I'd seen him on a podium with his new merger partner, Tom Jermoluk, the head of @home (everywhere called T.J.—"Hello, T.J."; "As I was saying, T.J. . . ."). Although Bell seemed slightly subdued in his new role as T.J.'s sidekick, it's still easy to think of Bell as one of the luckiest men of the decade, and I do.

Bell exists as close to the center of the e-experience as anyone—it's not just the money, but the transformation. A Pygmalion thing, nearly. He's a documentary

Illustration by Robert Piersanti.

filmmaker who goes to work for Times Mirror magazines in the early nineties on multimedia development—CD-ROMs and such. In old-economy, old-media terms, he's got deep-rut middle-management written all over him. Which is why, in 1995, contacted by a headhunter, he's willing to take the job as the CEO of an eleven-employee start-up company founded by some recent Stanford grads, called Architext, which markets search software for librarians, and which, shortly, changes its name to Excite and relaunches as an Internet search engine.



tand some speeded-

urvivors.”

Bell, a man with modest business experience, or technology know-how, or Valley bona fides—“I'd never heard of Kleiner, Perkins”—rides the company from its handful of employees and zero value to nearly a thousand employees and a market capitalization of $7.5 billion in three years.

Fairly, I expect him to be one sort of fellow—a guy with $7.5 billion dollars worth of hubris and adrenaline.

But Bell, who is waiting patiently for me when I arrive late for our lunch at a midtown hotel, is pretty clearly on the other side of the manic phase. He has a net worth that has been as high $50 million (now on a down day only $35 million) but is weary, exhausted—actually, even thoughtful.

“It would,” he says, “be almost impossible to explain to someone who hasn't had the experience what my life has been like. I'm not saying that it has been bad, but that it's been—”

He can't explain.

It's not just the airplanes. It's not just raising money—endless amounts of money. (It's like drilling for oil, I've heard someone say: You're always look for new sources, new deposits, new fields.) It's not just looking at a vast payroll every other week at a company that is not able to reliably support itself. It's not just the uncertainty. It's not just the 24/7 business schedule. It's the acceleration. You're job is to transform—and to be transformed. To be able to withstand some speeded-up evolutionary process. And, of course, to be one of the evolutionary survivors.

This is the weirdest feeling—to be at one of the most successful companies in the decade's most successful business and to know that you might not survive.

That is the problem, after all, with there being no measure of success—it means you can't ever be a success, you can't ever rest on your laurels, or ever rest, period.

“I've lost the capacity,” he says, “to let my guard down.” He shrugs. I understand.

Excite is a company that was started to become something else. From specialized library tool to consumer search engine to media-content company to personalized software to portal play to e-commerce site to acquirer to acquired to cable play to broadband content to digitally ubiquitous platform (what the hell?) to, as is increasingly likely, the evolutionary detritus of the Internet age.

No doubt Bell wouldn't trade this experience—the ride—for anything. Of course not. This is what it's all about. “The total blur,” says Bell. Still.

He moved his family from the West side of Manhattan (we could have looked into each other's windows on Amsterdam Avenue) out to the Valley. Now Bell's wife, Carrie Minot, sister of the famously literary Minot sisters, has made him buy a house in Brookline, Massachusetts—among the more inconvenient locations for someone who works in Silicon Valley. Indeed, as far away as possible.

“I'm good for six more months.”

“And then?”

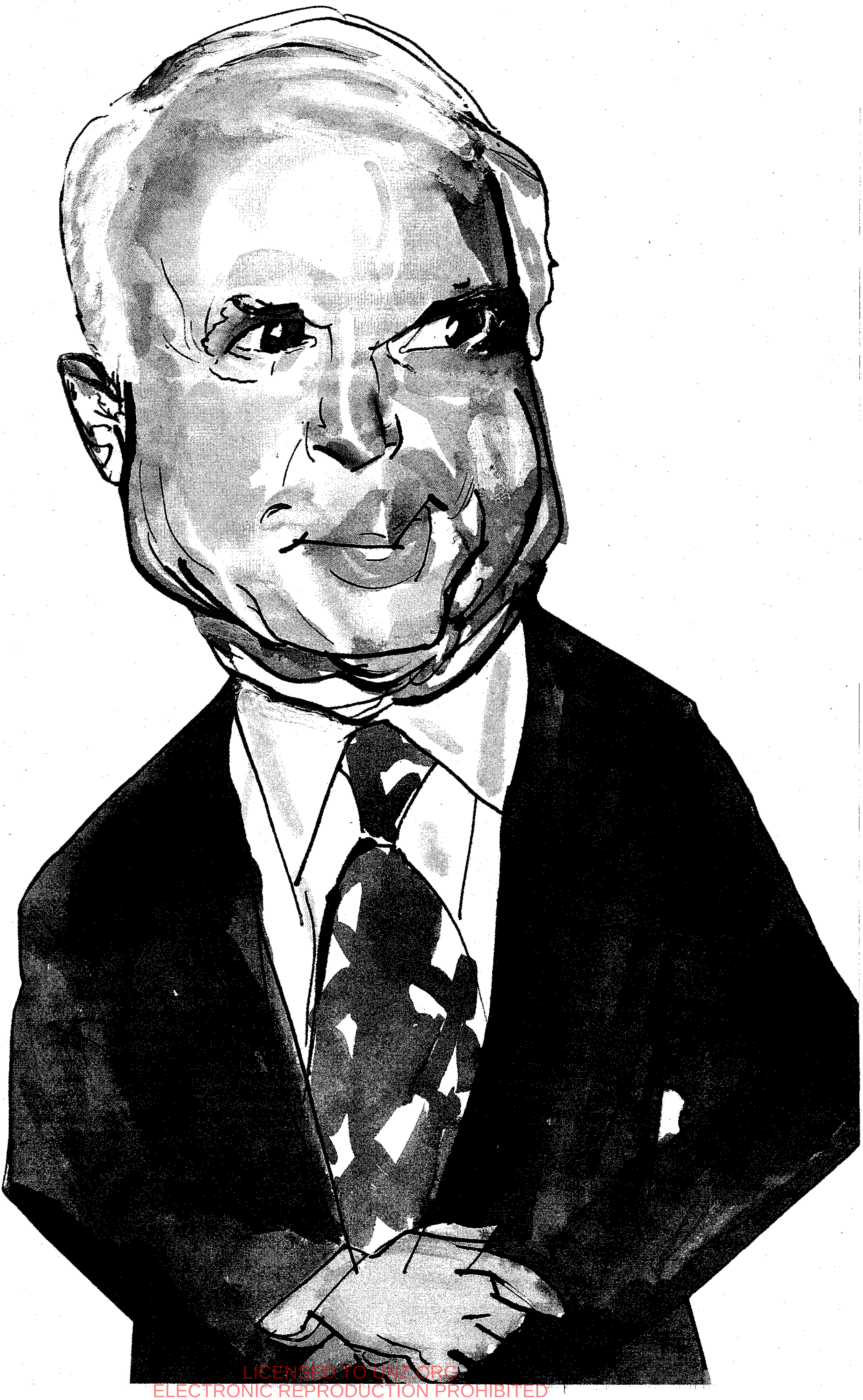
“A lot of people I know are saying I'll only ever work in a start-up. What's next? Another start-up. Not me. Never again. Enough.”

Mania is wonderful—until it isn't.

We talk about the future, and what everyone in this business talks about, which is the converse of boom—the hypothetical moment of bust. I've predicted that moment over several seasons now. No doubt Bell has, too—everyone with the slightest sense, or at least old-economy sense, has said it's coming soon, coming inevitably. In fact, many of us have called it so often that it begins to seem plausible that the e-boom is different from a regular boom. That, as the true believers say, the process of economic transformation has just begun—and such a transformation, such an explosion of human potential, and technological wherewithal, has nothing to do with a decade; that there's no reason it has to be finite at all. It's not a fad. Journalists create decades, but technology creates epochs, some West Coast genius recently told me, and this boom—regardless of my own failings and George Bell's weariness—is going to resound for years and years more.

Personally, I wouldn't count on it. But then, I have been wrong before. ▬

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com



The McCain Mutiny

In the backwash of the Clinton scandal, voters are more interested in the messenger than in the message, and that's made the freewheeling, straight-shooting John McCain a contender, even among Democrats. He may be against abortion and gun control—but at least he believes in something. By Craig Horowitz

BY THE TIME JOHN MCCAIN'S CAMPAIGN BUS ROLLED INTO Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, at 7:15 on a Friday evening two weeks ago, it had already been a very long day. Four town-hall meetings. An hour-long Q-and-A at a high school. Lunch with a group of supporters in Concord. And a two-block walk from the restaurant to the state capital building, surrounded by cheering, sign-waving supporters, to officially file for the New Hampshire primary.

Twelve straight hours of campaigning as a full contact sport. He shook hands, posed for pictures, held a few babies, listened to war stories, and signed copies of his best-selling book, *Faith of My Fathers*. Which is pretty much what all politicians do. What made this different from the usual speech-making, handshaking, photo-op swing through a primary state was McCain's uninhibited willingness to open himself up and give people an extended glimpse of who he actually is.

Want to know what he thinks about school vouchers? Health care? The Internet? Just ask him. Traveling from place to place without the usual ego-boosting bubble of security and staff that surrounds most candidates these days, McCain not only looks approachable—he is. At every stop, he engaged the voters in an open and freewheeling dialogue. And in often spirited exchanges, he gave them his views, talked about his mistakes, and let them know when he thought they were wrong.

On the second floor of the 100-year-old Wakefield Town Hall, a woman in a crowd of a couple of hundred fleece-and-denim-covered people stood up and said to him, "Even if what you're telling us is true, you'll never get your message out anyway, because the media is biased against Republicans and conservatives."

"I'm sorry, but you're wrong. It's not the media that's the problem," McCain replied without any edge in his voice.

"The Republican Party has lost its focus. It's become corrupted by special-interest money, and it's no longer connecting with the hopes and dreams and aspirations of the American people. Look, we can't even pass a patients' bill of rights. And yet I'm sure that if all of us in this room sat down for fifteen

Illustration by Philip Burke

minutes, we could figure out what's needed. I want to rid the government of the influence of big money and give it back to the people. And I will fight to do this till my last breath."

His bracing honesty and his eagerness to mix it up weren't limited to his public appearances. Between events, traveling from one town to the next, he spent every potentially quiet, private moment sitting in the back of his campaign bus surrounded by five or six reporters. Retrofitted like a country singer's tour bus with couches, easy chairs, and a small kitchen, he's christened it, with both hyperbole and accuracy, "The Straight Talk Express." Once we were on board, no subject was off limits, no question too outrageous. ("Senator, where would you like to be buried?") He answered hundreds of questions over the course of two and a half days on subjects as diverse as the mass killings in Rwanda and why *American Graffiti* is one of his favorite movies. He went off the record only once. (By the way, his father and grandfather are buried at Arlington, which is where he always thought he'd end up as well. But lately he's leaning toward Arizona.)

In an age of spin doctors, pollsters, handlers, alpha-male consultants, hostile press secretaries, and leery politicians who believe reporters simply want to "get" them, McCain is all access all the time. It's as if the clock has been turned back to the pre-sound-bite days of Harry Truman, before the relationship between politicians and the public and politicians and the media was poisoned.

One afternoon while riding from Nashua to Merrimack, McCain sat in his usual spot on the couch in the back of the bus. Sipping at his ever-present cup of coffee and looking content, he happily traded observations with reporters from *Time*, the Washington *Post*, *The New Yorker*, the Houston *Chronicle*, and me, as the beautiful lakes and small towns and mountains of New Hampshire scrolled by unnoticed in the big windows.

"George Bush talks a lot about being born again. How religious are you?"

"I believe that my faith is a private relationship between me and God."

"Have you had any religious epiphanies?"

"No."

"Not even when you were in prison?"

"No. I had no awakening or religious conversion in prison. A lot of the guys prayed for their release, but I never felt it was necessarily God's obligation to get us out. I am, however, the only presidential candidate who's conducted religious services," he said, smiling at his little revelation.

"I conducted a Christmas service in prison in 1971. The North Vietnamese gave me ten minutes with a Bible, and I copied down the story of Christ's birth. When we had the service, a couple of guys who'd been POWs for seven years had tears in their eyes."

The conversation ambled freely from the Balkans to books to the homogenization of America's cities ("With chains like the Gap and Chili's," the senator said, "there's only three unique American cities left: San Francisco, New York, and New Orleans."). Finally, Washington *Post* columnist Richard Cohen asked McCain what the rest of us had been thinking: Why does he do it? Why does he eagerly sit around sparring with reporters?

"Aren't you worried," Cohen asked, "that you might inadvertently say something you shouldn't?"

> When McCain invited Giuliani to the Fiesta Bowl, the mayor arrived with "two Suburbans, two limousines, and all these cops jump out. I said, 'Rudy, where do you think we are, Beirut? This is Phoenix.'"

"Not only do I worry about it," McCain said. "I absolutely know I will."

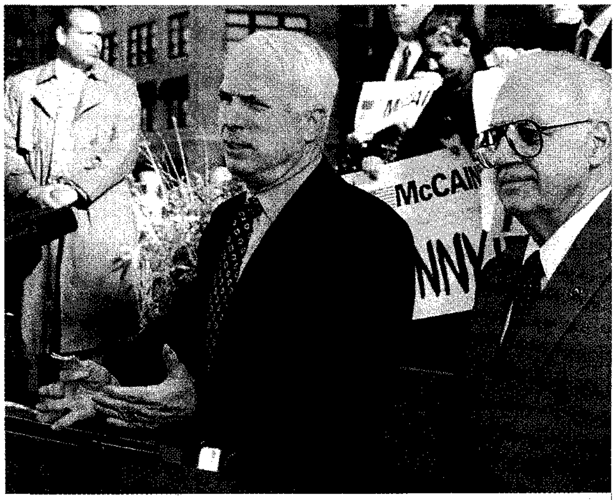
"So why do it?"

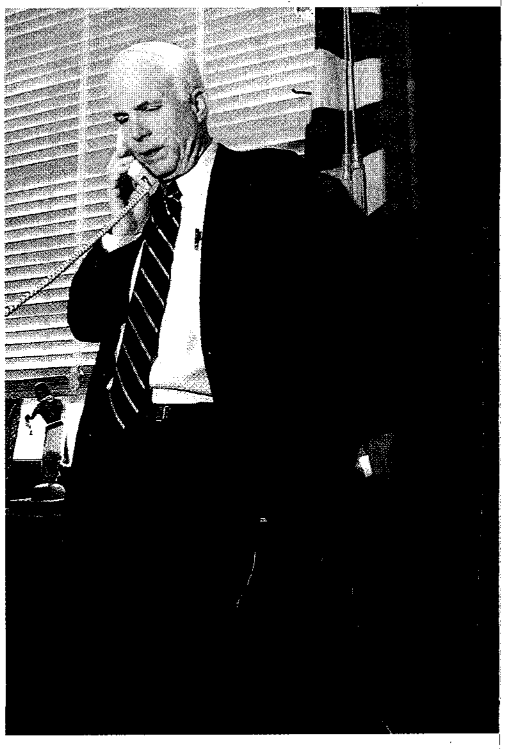
"Because life's too short not to. I can't be anything different than what I am. And besides, I really enjoy it. My option is sitting with Weaver and Dennehy," he said, referring to two members of his staff, and laughing. "And that's simply not an acceptable option."

CLEARLY, THESE ARE GOOD TIMES FOR the 63-year-old senator from Arizona. He entered the crowded race for the Republican presidential nomination as a long shot with little money and embarrassing Dan Quayle–and–Gary Bauer–level single-digit poll numbers. And while he is still a long shot to derail the $70 million George W. Bush express, he is surging so fast that he has turned the Republican race into a two-man contest. Most New Hampshire polls now put him in a dead heat with Bush.

Perhaps even more remarkably, he has become the Democrats' worst nightmare. A recent Quinnipiac College poll found that among New Hampshire voters he is the most popular of all the candidates, Republicans and Democrats. Though the poll showed Bush and Vice-President Al Gore about even in a head-to-head contest, it showed McCain beating Gore by nearly 20 points. Not bad, as he likes to tell the large crowds he now draws at every stop, for someone who only several months ago was "at 3 percent in a poll that had a 5 percent margin of error."

McCain and his small staff are loose





Photographs: clockwise from top left, Tina Fineberg/AP/Wide World Photos; Brooks Kraft/Corbis Sygma; Mark Peterson/Saba.

and having fun, and (consultants, take note) it's working. Appearing comfortable while campaigning has translated with voters as confidence in who he is and what he stands for. At every stop he made over several days in New Hampshire, all the voters I talked to seized on the same quality: honesty. Even those who said they didn't like him and didn't plan to vote for him were still certain he's a man who says what he believes.

What the McCain camp is doing is running an intense early-primary strategy, focusing its limited resources on the first couple of states in the hope that a few wins will build so much momentum that a grassroots upset becomes a self-fulfilling reality. "We're running," Weaver says, "like Bush is the incumbent. Given how much money he's raised and his 50-state organization, it's practically like he's got all the advantages of a sitting president. Except the experience. He's a one-term governor, and he's got no scar tissue."

MAKING THE CUT Clockwise from left, McCain with Guy Molinari at the Vietnam Memorial in New York, when Molinari announced he was joining McCain's campaign; McCain on the trail; McCain at his Washington office.

Front-runners Bush and Gore, on the other hand, have been perceived as tentative, often looking stiff and heavily scripted. Both have campaigned the way a football team plays when it's trying to nurse a fourth-quarter lead—afraid to do much on offense lest they make a mistake that could cost them the game. McCain, meanwhile, with nothing to lose, has grown more self-assured with each score. And, to extend the football metaphor, he's started to air it out, to throw the ball down the field with abandon.

Which doesn't mean that McCain is relying on a Hail Mary strategy. "We have to beat Bush somewhere early, that's crucial," says John Weaver, McCain's political director, laying out his best-case vision of the first four primaries. "We believe we can do it in New Hampshire. And then the next primary is in South Carolina, which has over 400,000 veterans, where we also believe we can win. Three days after that is Arizona, which we'll definitely take. Then Michigan becomes the fire wall for Bush, a state *he* has to win."

McCain's effort in New York, where the primary is on March 7, will be an arduous task, to say the least. The state's byzantine primary rules essentially allow the Republican Establishment to anoint a candidate. Those who would challenge the machine need to gather signatures in every congressional district in the state just to get on the ballot. "This is the most difficult political task I have ever undertaken," says Staten Island borough president and Republican stalwart Guy Molinari, who has switched allegiance from Bush to McCain and is responsible for the petition drive. "But this is a people's campaign, and we're going to get the signatures with volunteers."

The problem with using volunteers, of course, is that they're inexperienced in the process, and the petitions are open to legal challenges if every *t* is not properly crossed. "The Bush people sent a memo out around the state which set forth their game plan in seven stages," says Molinari, "and stage seven is the vigorous challenge of McCain's petitions."

Molinari says he switched to McCain, after several days of soul-searching, because he believes he's the right man, not because he was angry at Governor Pataki for moving too slowly in issuing an order of clemency for jailed cop Patricia Feerick. "I've heard reports that the governor has said he won't allow challenges to McCain's petitions, but I have my doubts," says Molinari. "Nevertheless, I'm doing this because you have to do what you believe is the right thing, no matter how difficult it is personally."

Mayor Giuliani, who has spent time with both Bush and McCain, formally endorsed the Texas governor nearly eight weeks ago. "You couldn't call us good friends," McCain says of Giuliani, "but I get along with him. I know he's got sharp elbows, but I like him."

Last year, Giuliani called McCain and said he'd like to go to the Fiesta Bowl, and McCain said sure, he already had some tickets. "I told him to come to my house around three and we'd head out from there," McCain recalls one evening on the bus, unable to contain his laughter.

"So sure enough, at three o'clock up our driveway come two Suburbans, two limousines, and all these cops jump out. I went outside and I said, 'Rudy, where do you think we are, Beirut? This is Phoenix, Arizona, for chrissakes.' So we go to the game with all these cops with us, you know. I didn't know if he was worried about all these irate New Yorkers coming to get him or what. But we had fun."

ONE SIGN OF MCCAIN'S INCREASINGLY good feel for what works on the stump was his decision to scrap the long, formal speech he was using early in the campaign. "It was serious, eloquently written, and even I could see their eyes glaze over," he says. He now uses a much shorter, more personal presentation. He talks for only about fifteen minutes, without a prepared text, telling a few stories, hitting a few policy high points, and then answering questions. It's relaxed, it's polished, and it's retail politics at its most effective.

McCain has also learned how to feed off the crowds. On that languorous Friday night in the white-clapboard New England town of Wolfeboro, he looked beat as he got off the bus. In fact, as he slowly walked toward the door, he barely seemed to have enough energy to bark the mock military orders he routinely, and jokingly, issues to his staff.

But inside the building, a small military museum with a World War II fighter plane suspended from the ceiling and a tank sitting in the middle of the main-floor exhibit space, his wan countenance brightened. "The qualities of a hero have sometimes been ascribed to me, but I am not a hero," he told the crowd, pacing back and forth in front of an enormous flag in his squishy-soled L.L. Bean oxfords. "It doesn't take any particular talent to get shot down. I have, however, been privileged in my life to serve with heroes and to witness a thousand acts of courage, compassion, and love. I don’t usually tell stories about my time in prison, but—maybe it’s because of this setting—it seems appropriate to tell one tonight.”

Clutching a handheld microphone, McCain said that for much of his first two years as a POW in Hanoi, he was held in solitary confinement: “They kept us apart to keep us from conspiring, and because they knew it made us stronger when we were together.” But eventually, he was put in a cell, a big room really, with about 25 other American POWs.

It was here, he told the crowd, that he met Mike Christian, a Navy bombardier-navigator who had been shot down in 1967, about six months before McCain had been. “Mike was a terrific kid from Alabama who grew up so poor he didn’t wear shoes until he was 13. But he had character. In prison we wore these short-sleeve blue shirts, pajama-type pants, and sandals made from old tires,” he said, pausing for a moment as if the memory had come unexpectedly rushing back.

McCain explained that the POWs were, in the waning years of the war, allowed to receive packages from home. Often these contained articles of clothing. “Well, Mike had managed to make a needle out of a piece of bamboo, and over time he’d taken scraps of red and white cloth and he sewed an American flag inside his blue shirt. And every evening we would take Mike’s shirt, hang it on the wall of our cell, and together we’d say the Pledge of Allegiance. No other event of the day meant as much to us.”

As McCain spoke, you could see his connection with the crowd begin to develop as clearly as if there were cables being strung. He has a surprising ability to articulate basic American values like honor, duty, selflessness, and devotion to a greater good movingly, without seeming either hokey or like he’s pandering for political gain. Though he doesn’t have the emotive powers to preach that Bill Clinton has, or the mastery of performance Ronald Reagan had to make the rhetoric of a prepared text soar, he has learned how to maximize the power of his extraordinary personal story.

“One day, the Vietnamese guards came in and searched the cell and they found Mike’s shirt. They took it, and then they came back later that evening and they took Mike. They beat him severely just outside our cell, where we could hear what they were doing. They broke several of his ribs and punctured his eardrum. When they were done, they dragged him back into the cell, bleeding and nearly senseless.”

McCain said he and his cellmates cleaned Christian up as well as they could. “In our cell we slept on these concrete slabs under a naked lightbulb,” he said, moving forward now toward the crowd, “and we got Mike onto his platform where he could rest. Late that night when I was trying to fall asleep, I looked over at Mike, and I saw he had managed to take his needle out. And even though his eyes were nearly swollen shut from the beating, he was starting to sew another flag. I witnessed many acts of heroism in prison, but none more courageous than this. He wasn’t doing it because it made him feel better but because he knew it made us feel better.”

SOUL SURVIVOR Lieutenant Commander John S. McCain, a POW for more than five years, greets well-wishers in 1973.

> “I have lived a very flawed life. My wife says I’m running for president because I took a few too many blows to the head while I was a POW.”

WHEN MCCAIN TELLS A STORY LIKE that, it is easy to forget or simply not care that he has a seventeen-year pro-life voting record in Congress. Or that he is essentially opposed to tougher gun control and routinely votes against federal funding for the arts. What happens is that any single position on a specific issue suddenly becomes significantly less important than the sense that this is a man with character. Someone you could depend on, someone who would, when the pressure’s on, when it matters most, do the right thing.

When McCain talks about selflessness and commitment, he is talking to people who by now know his history. They know that when he was shot down and taken prisoner in 1967, the North Vietnamese offered to let him go when they discovered he was the scion of a prominent Navy family. They know that McCain told his captors he wasn’t leaving unless they let the other prisoners, who had been there longer, go as well. And they know that as a result of his refusal to cooperate, he was routinely beaten and tortured during his five and a half years as a prisoner.

“Look,” says Bob Mack, a World War II veteran who took part in the Normandy invasion, “this is a guy who’s been tested. We know what he’s about.” Mack talks to me about McCain on Veteran’s Day, inside VFW Post 1670 in Laconia, New Hampshire. He stands amid the folding tables where breakfast has been set out for several hundred people on pink-paper place mats. McCain, who brought along several former POWs, has just finished answering questions. “I’m sure Bush is a good man,” says Mack, who’s actually a Democrat who voted for Clinton, “but what’s he done besides use his father’s name to get ahead? With McCain, it’s different. This is the first time in recent memory that I feel really good about a candidate.”

WHAT’S INTERESTING BUT of course difficult to determine is how much of McCain’s appeal, particularly among Democrats, is a reaction to the truly awful spectacle put on in Washington by both parties over the past seven years. With all of the time and energy McCain spends talking about alienation from the political process, and citing the diminishing and discouraging statistics on voter turnout, he is quick to point out to me that in nearly 60 town-hall meetings not one person—not one—has mentioned Monica Lewinsky or asked him what he thought about the scandal and how he voted on impeachment. (He voted for impeachment, he says, because the president lied under oath.)

But all the talk about McCain’s bedrock

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virtues seems, at the least, an oblique reaction to the Clinton years. He is, to put it plainly, everything Clinton isn't. And if McCain is filling a void, it's a void that can't be filled by Al Gore, because of his closeness to the president, or by George W. Bush, who has raised suspicions in some quarters that he is a kindred Clinton spirit.

Clinton in '92 was put forward as the first post–World War II presidential candidate, the first boomer to run for the White House (who can forget the Fleetwood Mac theme song?). But his lack of military service specifically and his dishonesty about that period of his life in general (he didn't inhale, he didn't try to avoid the draft, and he didn't protest the war while at Oxford) tainted the whole sixties connection. Indeed, the virulence of the relentless conservative attack on him all these years is, to a great degree, an effort to refight the social and cultural battles of that decade.

It may be McCain, however, who is the ultimate boomer candidate. He is the affable representation of the other half of the sixties. He went to Vietnam. He got shot down and taken prisoner. He refused early release and was beaten and tortured. And far from being damaged by the experience, he seems to have been strengthened by it. When he came home he didn't withdraw, he went into politics. And one of the first things he did was show forgiveness—both for those who protested the war and for the Vietnamese. He even publically endorsed normalized relations with Vietnam well before it became a widely accepted idea.

Broadening his baby-boomer appeal is his rebelliousness and his roguish propensity to screw up. Despite his Navy pedigree—his grandfather was at the signing of the Japanese surrender aboard the *USS Missouri,* and his father was in charge of all forces in the Pacific during Vietnam—there is the sense that he was always a renegade. He earned an impressive number of demerits and finished fifth from the bottom in his class at Annapolis in 1958, which included John Poindexter, Oliver North, Robert McFarlane, and James Webb.

He regularly broke curfew and went over the wall to go drinking—he and his buddies called it beating the machine—which midshipmen were forbidden to do. He showed up at a formal party with a somewhat underdressed date he refers to in his book as "Marie, the Flame of Florida." More importantly, he defied the long-established tradition of hazing lowerclassmen, often stepping in to stop the harassment. He crashed two planes. He cut power lines in Spain when he flew too low to the ground. And he admits that when he came home from Vietnam, he caused the breakup of his first marriage by running around.

"I have led a very flawed life," McCain often tells audiences, and indeed it is his fallible, regular-guy humanity and refusal to take himself too seriously that makes his life story—and his candidacy—that much more compelling. "I intercepted a surface-to-air missile with my plane" is how he describes getting shot down. "My wife says I'm running for president because I took a few too many blows to the head while I was a POW," he likes to say. Whenever he mentions his staff, he says most of them are "out on work release." And every admiring reference to the heroic Orson Swindle, his best friend and fellow POW, is prefaced with the assessment that he's "the ugliest man alive."

"Sometimes, the Republicans are like Wile E. Coyote, and Bill Clinton is like the Road Runner. When we get right up next to him, the dynamite explodes, and he just goes right by. *Beep! Beep!*"

I AM WHAT I AM McCain presses the flesh in Sacramento.

McCain spent the early sixties happily disengaged from politics. Like most career servicemen at the time, he believed, the same way his father and grandfather did, that there should be a kind of wall between politics and the military. He remembers that it was almost impossible to even vote if you were at sea.

For him, the Vietnam War, which he entered in 1966 before the protest movement had any steam, was really an opportunity for adventure, to do what he was trained for, and to follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather. He was the insouciant fighter jock. In his book he says that before he went to Vietnam, he thought glory was the object of war and that all glory was personal. However, prison changed everything.

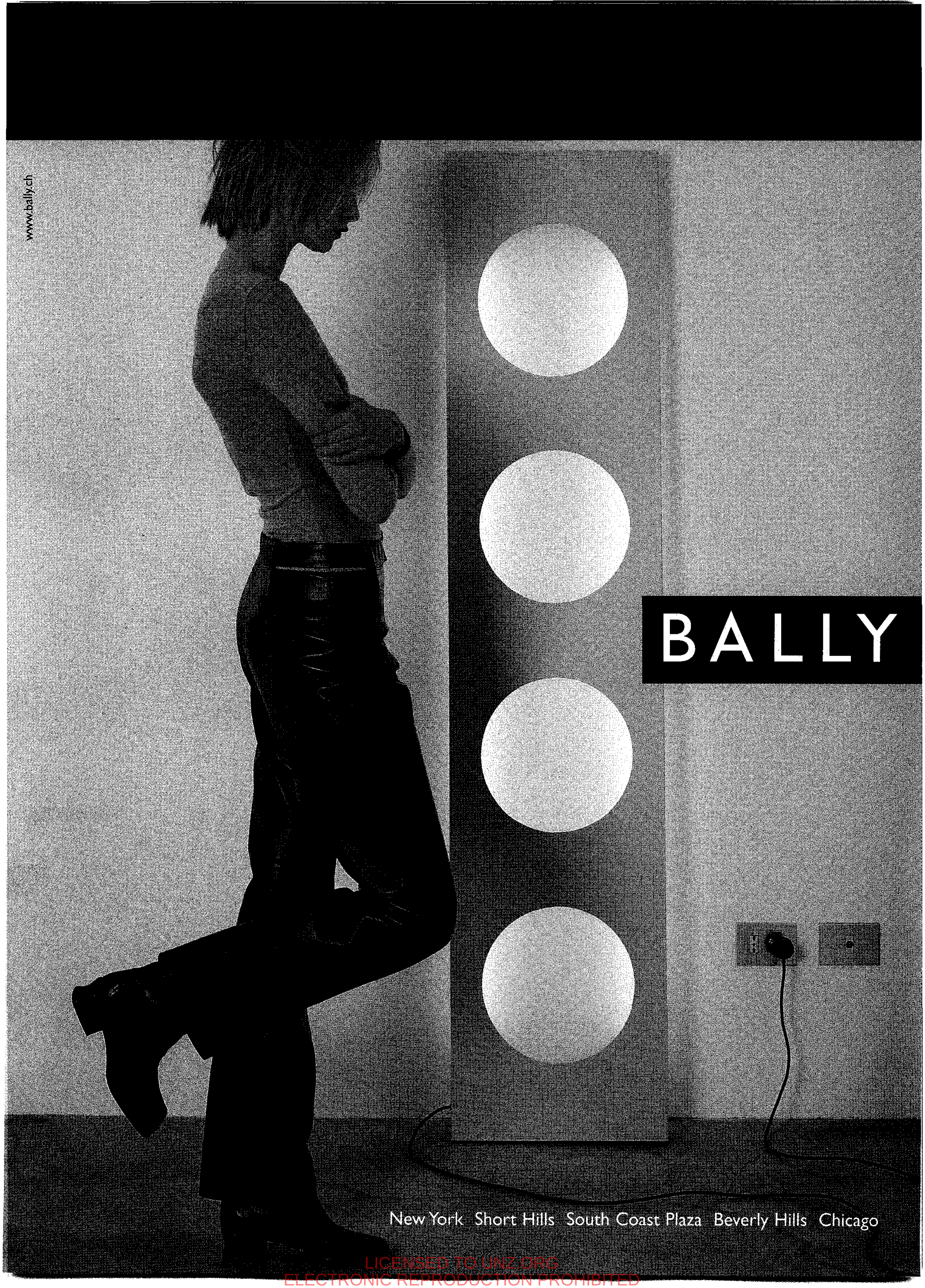
The watershed event in McCain's political life occurred when his career was nearly destroyed during the savings-and-loan crisis. He was investigated for his involvement with Charles Keating, the Arizona S&L executive convicted of fraud. McCain had accepted campaign contributions and several trips to the Bahamas from Keating. When Keating was being investigated for the failure of his bank, which cost taxpayers more than $2 billion, he wanted McCain to intercede on his behalf. McCain refused, and was ultimately cleared by a Senate ethics committee of any wrongdoing.

It was an excruciatingly difficult and humiliating experience, especially for a man who took seriously the military code of honor he inherited from his father and grandfather. He learned that the appearance of impropriety is often as damaging as actual wrongdoing. He also learned that the Senate is no longer the collegial body it once was.

Though it was clear early on that McCain had done nothing wrong—ethics committee special counsel Robert Bennett recommended McCain be dropped from the inquiry—he believes he was dragged through the process, rather than exonerated quickly, because of partisanship. He was the only Republican of the five senators—known as the Keating Five—who were investigated. This experience hardened his resolve to be his own man and to fight for campaign-finance reform even though the battle has earned him the wrath of many other senators, including those in his own party.

MCCAIN'S PUCKISH, OFTEN SELF-deprecating manner can, at times, mask his deep seriousness about the issues. He is voluble on foreign policy and national se- *(continued on page 121)*

Photograph by Axel Koester/Corbis Sygma.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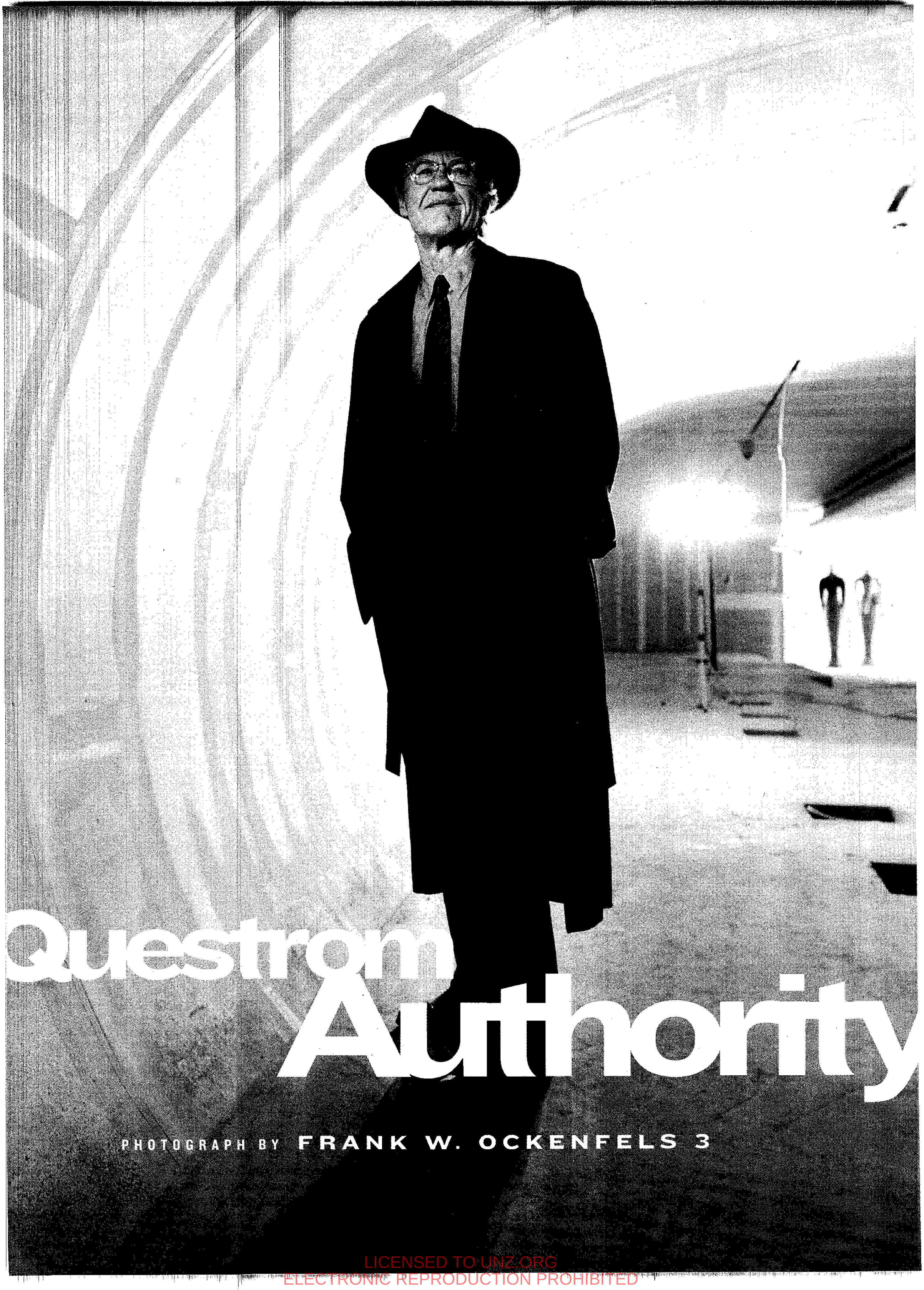


Questrom Authority

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK W. OCKENFELS 3

Can master retailer Allen Questrom discipline Barneys, a store known best for its ultrahip excesses, while competing in the boutique world the fashion-forward emporium invented?

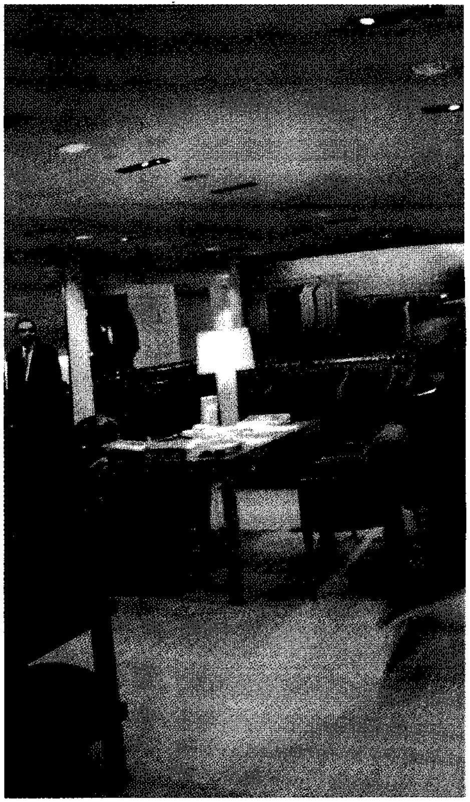
By Maura Egan

WHEN THE BARNEYS FLAGSHIP ON MADISON AVENUE WAS BUILT IN THE EARLY NINETIES, the eighth floor was earmarked for Gene Pressman's exclusive health club—a place where Barney Pressman's high-flying grandson could perfect his much-admired abs and the store's most elite clientele could find well-appointed refuge. But as the Pressman era at Barneys recedes into a cautionary tale, this week the vacant top floor finally goes into service in a more populist cause: as the site of an ambitious $3.5 million expansion of the Co-op, the store's seventh-floor mecca for young designers—and equally young customers—and the first major initiative of Barneys' new CEO, Allen Questrom. • Simon Doonan, the store's in-house stylist-provocateur and its creative director, is fiddling with one of the Co-op's dressing rooms: a sheet of Plexiglas that holds row upon row of multicolored Tic Tacs. "We want to be kitschy and hip, but nothing too forced. None of that anal-retentive hip. We want theater and humor and a little bit of *trouvé*." • Doonan regularly peppers his utopian fantasies with French *mots* as he explains the inspiration for the whimsy and drama that has made Barneys, well, Barneys. For the Co-op, the "found object" was an airbrush poster of a budgie that Doonan discovered in a Long Island souvenir shop, which prompted him to hang vintage birdcages inhabited by live parakeets along the iron and glass stairwell connecting the seventh floor to the eighth. • His other muse for the Co-op project is the 1954 Rock Hudson film *Magnificent Obsession*, set in a glowing, full-Technicolor hospital. "We'll have blue walls and rubber plants and surgical lamps. It will be a chic-looking clinic. But we won't upset the customers." • Customers are, of course, top priority for Questrom, as the veteran luxury-retail executive moves to transform Barneys from bankrupt glamour palace to profit-making institution. And the Co-op, the once-quirky lab for unknown designers, has evolved into an exploding junior-miss style market, where sales are growing at twice the rate of the rest of the store's—accounting for nearly a quarter of revenues in the women's department. • Doonan sketches a pyramid to illustrate the breakdown of the store's sales, pointing to a wide middle section where the Co-op is grabbing the lion's share of shopper dollars. "And here's the bottom line." He draws two perpendicular lines at the bottom of the triangle, and then appears perplexed by his own picture. He shrieks, "My God! I've just drawn a Noguchi lamp." • Perhaps it is best that Doonan leave the business plan to his new boss. "Allen Questrom," Doonan intones with something between reverence and relief. "There are not too many fabulous people in retail. We are lucky that we got one." • He may not know just how lucky. Allen Questrom was two years into his fourth retirement when he was approached by Barneys last spring. Tom C. Shull, an interim CEO, had spent a year dousing stores and cutting debt. In January, he'd finally pulled the troubled fashion empire out of bankruptcy. With Barneys emerging from the transition period in a healthier state, the company's two major holders, Whippoorwill Associates and Bay Harbour Management, went looking for a new leader.

"I was on the company board at the time," Questrom says with characteristic matter-of-factness, "and everyone agreed it was in the best interest for me to take over. So I decided to see if I could help them out."

In fact, it had taken a few months of nudging to persuade the much decorated CEO to reenter the fray. Questrom had been busy skiing and biking his way around the world since he completed the spectacular turnaround of the Federated Department Stores chain in 1997. He had logged 200 days on the slopes during one recent global hop, cutting the trip short only reluctantly, because his wife, Kelli, missed their two Labradors.

Questrom likes to say that Kelli—"the quintessential Barneys shopper," as one friend describes her—actually made the decision for him. "My wife basically kicked me out of the house." He is leaning back in his seat at the round conference table in his Fifth Avenue office, popping lozenges cautiously. Tall and trim and bespectacled, he is a study in English tailoring. His urbane but guarded pose—not to mention a Boston accent as heavy as a Kennedy's—evokes more politician than *shmatte* magnate. And despite running references to himself as "just an old man," Questrom looks a decade younger than his 59 years. Teasing self-deprecation is part of his shtick, and it's how he charms the employees, customers, and creditors alike. Which is what he needs to do if he wants to make Barneys a little less fabulous and a lot more profitable.



THE MOST SEASONED CEO MIGHT BE daunted by the task at Barneys, but Questrom seems unruffled. He's game enough to forfeit a salary in favor of an undisclosed amount of equity in the company—which could be a gold-rush payoff if the talk of taking Barneys public turns out to be more than speculation.

Questrom, after all, is no stranger to a high-stakes turnaround. In 1990, he was known as the $12 million man for the amount Federated offered him—$2 million a year for five years (plus a $2 million signing bonus)—to turn the overleveraged department-store dinosaur into a powerhouse. He did it in three years. Under him, Federated was transformed from a $15 billion, 400-plus-store white elephant into a retail leviathan. For an encore, he snapped up the competitor R.H. Macy & Company.

This was the crowning achievement for a man who, until then, had spent nearly his entire career at Federated. Questrom started out on the training floor of the A&S store in Brooklyn 35 years ago. He moved up quickly though the ranks, reviving the Brooklyn flagship in the process. A&S is also where he met Kelli, the pretty, pixieish girl he would later marry.

For his work in Brooklyn, he was anointed Federated's turnaround guy and sent around the country to nurture the ailing and orphaned divisions. His first executive stint was presiding over Rich's, a family-run department store in Atlanta, where he settled squabbles among feuding factions and turned the struggling division into the corporation's most profitable one.

A dramatic success to his credit, Questrom was ready to leave the South and head for a bigger challenge. When the board couldn't provide one, he took off on his first self-imposed sabbatical. He came back when Federated offered him the chairmanship of Bullock's, a glitzy department store in Los Angeles, which he turned into the premier shop in the city. More than triumphing in business, the Questroms found a cultural home in Hollywood Hills. The couple embraced the Southern California lifestyle as social diplomats, becoming regulars on the gala circuit (Questrom loves to dance; a department store executive says, "He and Kelli are the first ones on the dance floor—and sometimes the only ones"). They sat on boards like that of the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art, headed up charity foundations, and collected contemporary art.

Kelli is an astute collector, as Questrom attests: "My wife was collecting Basquiat two years into his career. She has a great eye." Kelli, who worked as a marketing director at Ralph Lauren, has a reputation for cutting-edge taste. As one fashion buyer gushes: "Kelli is so elegant—she is one of the few women who can pull off Romeo Gigli, which is not easy."

In 1988, Questrom's charmed life took a very erratic turn when Canadian real-estate tycoon Robert Campeau gobbled up Federated in a hostile takeover—once called "the biggest looniest deal ever." Divisions were broken up and sold off. Questrom, watching in horror as years of work unraveled, said good-bye and set off for his next retirement. Days later, Neiman Marcus called looking for a leader to guide the legendary Texas store. Questrom spent the next two years expanding it into a luxury chain until Federated's desperate directors dangled the $12 million and begged him to return to the fold.

"We would be seated at the Thierry Mugler show," recalls former Neiman Marcus VP Ron Frasch, "and he would be quizzing us on how many pieces we sold in Fort Worth."

THOUGH HE PREFERS TO TREAT HIS latest turnaround job as nothing more than a retail tune-up between skiing vacations, the stakes are high—if not for Questrom himself, then certainly for Barneys.

The Pressman sons, who had served as co-executives, had been muscled into one-year "consulting" positions. Gene Press-

HE WEARS IT WELL Questrom in the Barneys men's department.

man, who recently assumed a contributing-editor position at *Vanity Fair,* describes his present relationship with the company as "mellow." Brother Bob is applying his well-known accounting methods at Newmark Retail Restructuring, which provides advice for troubled real-estate companies.

Despite the shuttering of the Costa Mesa store and four off-site outlets, and the reduction of losses from $11 million to $7 million, the chain still carries a large debt load. As of May of this year, there was a revolving loan of $65 million from Citibank; another $61 million is owed to Isetan (the spurned Japanese partner from the ill-conceived Pressman-era expansion). Isetan, the landlord of the Madison Avenue, Beverly Hills, and Chicago stores, also collects $15 million in annual rent; the rent accounts for up to 7 percent of current sales in those stores, compared with the 2.8 percent a store like Neiman Marcus pays. Still, sales were up by 10 percent for the first half of this year.

Though he's only been in charge for six months, when Allen Questrom speaks of Barneys, he uses the familial "we" utterly comfortably, invoking a stepfather who's so secure in his authority that the family's dysfunctional past is forgotten or forgiven. A longtime friend of Questrom's, Loews CEO Laurence Tisch, believes it's a perfect marriage of merchant and store: "Barneys is where Allen should be. He is a first-class businessman, and his native ability will make it succeed."

For the childless Questroms, it really is a family affair. Allen jests about it, but his fashion-savvy wife (legendary on the Dallas benefit circuit for pairing a Chanel motorcycle jacket with a ballgown) may have wanted her husband's last act in the retail world to be something she could relish. One front-row fashion player and friend of the couple suggests, "She's whispering in his ear a lot." During the spring collections in September, Kelli sat beside her husband at every show. "She's always liked the avant-garde designers. She and Allen have shopped at Barneys for a long time," explains Ron Frasch, the head of GFT (USA) who worked for Questrom at Neiman Marcus.

During his first weeks as the new chief, Questrom seemed to be everywhere at once: He visited the stores, chatted with floor managers and sales assistants, and sized up his new quarters.

Questrom's secret is that he does not sleep. Frasch recalls, "He wakes up at four in the morning, and he takes a walk or bikes, and then he does all his paperwork—so when he arrives at the office, his desk is clean, and he's ready to *work.*" And for him, work means getting out on the selling floor.

Rose Marie Bravo, who ran I. Magnin when Questrom was at Neiman Marcus and now heads up Burberrys, understands her colleague's approach: "He's a people person. At Barneys, he will figure out four or five initiatives, and he'll see them through. He won't get bogged down."

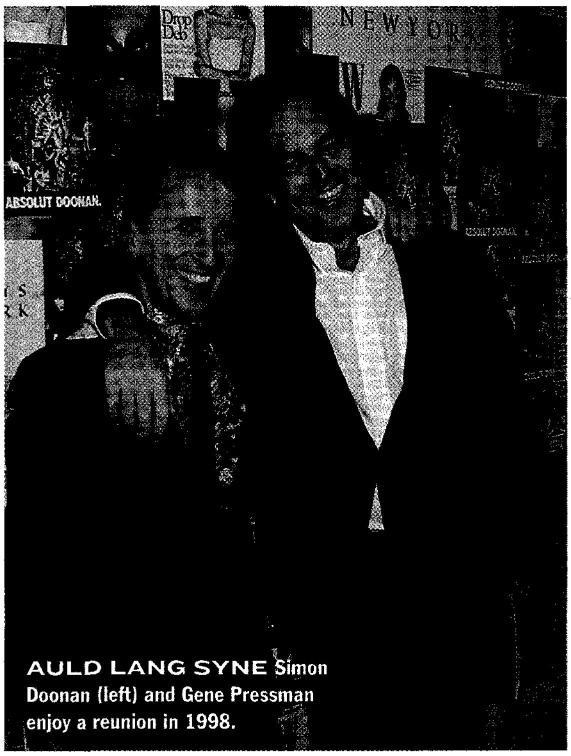
Questrom freely dismisses Barneys' employees' notorious "igloo effect," pointing out: "They may not be so friendly when you first come to the store. But once they get to know you, *our* people are more knowledgeable and more educated about the product."

Questrom has a lot of affection for his people, no matter how unruly they might seem to others. He is especially proud of the merchandising team. The general manager of the men's division, Tom Kalendarian, has been with the company for more than twenty years. "He can not only select the finest-quality product—he could probably make the suit. He grew up in the business," marvels Questrom, who delights in this kind of old-fashioned-work-ethic nostalgia. If the men's department impresses him, he is in awe of the women's buying team, headed up by cool-hunters Judy Collinson and Julie Gilhart. Collinson has been snapping up new designers for fourteen years. She's got the sartorial eye of a Gene Pressman and is legendary herself for launching and building esoteric design careers like Susan Cianciolo's and Gregory Parkinson's.

Questrom continues the pep talk: "This is a great store," he declares, "and people want to work here. It's like being part of the New York Yankees—a team that has had 25 championships in 100 years. There's a bit of magic."

But if he's a proud father, he's an exacting one, too. "Allen won't go in and shake things up and bring in his own people. He'll keep the core team," says Ron Frasch. "He was the most demanding boss," Frasch recalls of the hard-line Neiman years. "We had all been quite comfortable in our glamorous environment, but when he came in, he made us cut our support staff in half. Now all of the executives had to share assistants, and we were running divisions. We were all angry, but there was no room to argue, and he told us to figure it out amongst ourselves. He put that money directly into the sales floor. We figured it out and we got our work done. He made us better managers—but he was tough."

Frasch reports that Questrom was the first Neiman chief to accompany buyers to the European collections. "No chairman had ever done that. We were terrified. On the plane ride over, he drilled us nonstop, for nine hours. And then when we finally arrived at the shows, while everyone else in the front row chatted away waiting for the show to begin, Allen would ask us how the show's designer was doing in our stores. It was torture. We would be seated at the Thierry Mugler show, and he would be quizzing us on how many pieces we sold in Fort Worth. So for the next collections, we came prepared. I lugged two heavy binders of our numbers all over Europe. While we waited for the show to begin, we would tell Allen exactly how many Dolce & Gabbana skirts were sold in Fort Worth that month."



AULD LANG SYNE Simon Doonan (left) and Gene Pressman enjoy a reunion in 1998.

Counting couture pieces only solves part of the problem. Questrom is also focusing on growing markets. In the first week of January, a new bridal shop housed in the Co-op's swank penthouse setting, complete with a terrace overlooking Central Park, will open. The atelier will offer daring designs from Azzedine Alaïa, Olivier Theyskens, and Josephus Thimister as well as a custom-veil-maker. Ellen Carey, who worked at Barneys and is now a retail consultant, applauds the strategy: "It's genius, because with their reputation and their ideas, they'll do it better than anyone else and it's a good market to go into. It's like the fur salon at Bergdorf's. It's meant to be there."

There is also a private-label maternity line, Procreation, the brainchild of Collinson and Doonan. Questrom is excited to show off the clothing's sweet pink label. Expectant moms can opt for leather pants and jeans with expandable waists. "As far as maternity wear went," Barneys' P.R. chief, Jason Weisenfeld, snickers, "the only thing we sold was Kiehl's baby products . . . maybe." The old Barneys simply would not have considered these blooming (and moneymaking) markets.

But the new 9,000-square-foot Co-op is the main arena of Questrom's sales-boosting plan. And it isn't just the size of the department that makes it different from the old days. In another break with the Barneys formula, the clothes will have a lot more color. "I think Bonnie Pressman did the all-black thing," teases a competitive fashion executive. "Maybe if they had done more color back then, Barneys would have been profitable."

Questrom hopes to cash in on the appeal to younger buyers; sales at the Co-op are projected to grow by 40 percent in this year. "It will be very item-oriented and have a quick and constant turnover rate of new pieces by young designers," he says. (Questrom was known at Federated for his "20 percent policy": no more than 20 percent of the merchandise on the floor can be more than three months old.)

Questrom describes the customer the Co-op targets. "It's for a more confident and educated shopper who is not afraid to mix and match—who shops across the market."

"We're thinking Sarah Jessica Parker's character on *Sex and the City*: Dolce & Gabbana top, ripped Levi's, Fendi baguette," Weisenfeld offers. Questrom adds, "Because now women wear a jean jacket with the designer dress," identifying the twentysomething uniform. "And people shop across the market." Gap sweater sets are paired with pashminas; $140 Helmut Lang T-shirts are worn with a pair of Canal Street cargo pants.

"Our customer will buy designer items on the fifth floor," Questrom predicts, "and then come up here for weekend pieces—like for the beach." Within the Co-op, the seventh floor will feature accessories as well as higher-end downtown designers like Prada Sport and Daryl K, while the eighth floor will carry a more casual tier of Juicy Couture and Three Dot T-shirts (not to mention Bond's T-shirts, the Australian undershirts the store can't seem to keep in stock). The eighth floor will also have a twenty-foot denim bar displaying Earl jeans and more obscure dungaree labels from abroad. "There is a denim thing happening right now," Weisenfeld informs, "with that Gucci-feathered-jeans phenomenon." In Gene Pressman's day, capitalizing on last season's Gucci trend, long after the elite fashion house has moved on, would have been as blasphemous as carrying a size 12.

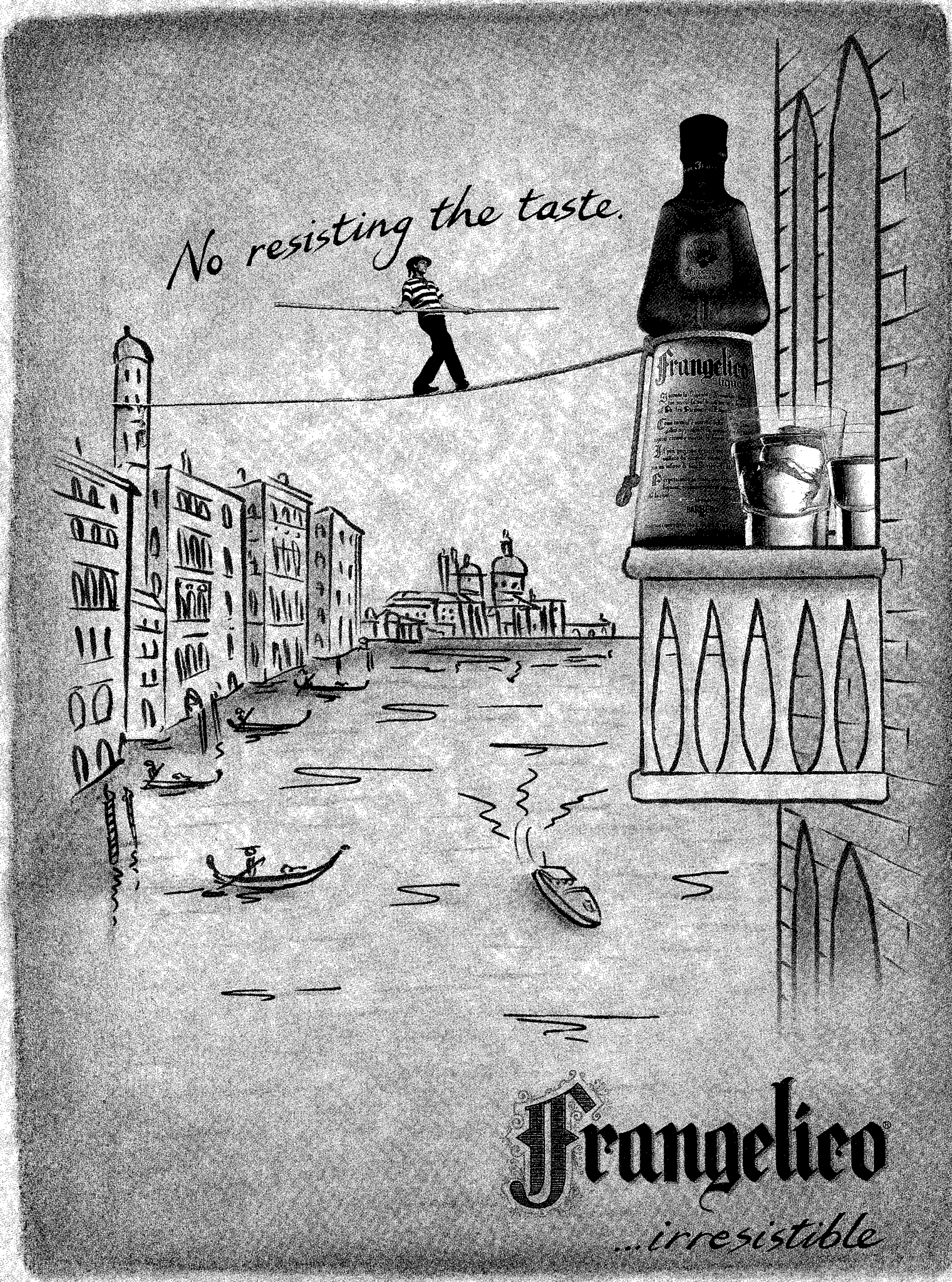
"My friends were telling me," Questrom goes on, "that their daughters were looking for less-pricey designer clothes. At the Co-op, they can find both casual items and career." Weisenfeld quickly interrupts: "I'm sorry; we don't refer to it as *career*," politely modifying his boss's slip into Federated-style retail-speak.

Questrom, however, has no intention of rolling racks of Charter Club business suits onto the Barneys sales floor. In fact, he has an acute understanding of the Barneys edge, despite some mispronunciations: "We've got Maharachi," Questrom garbles the Maharishi label—a wildly popular London-based sportswear line that Barneys carried months before Saks Fifth Avenue got it and a year before Old Navy created its $24.99 knockoff version. He knows what's hot and, more important, what sells. "There's an accessories revolution going on in the industry right now," he observes. "There was no interest in handbags or jewelry before; now it's all about beads and fringe and patchwork," all of which will be well stocked in the Co-op.

"Look at Fendi—three years ago that company couldn't get arrested, and now, with the baguette, it's the hottest company around. We were quick to get on that. The lifeblood of this business is new ideas, but you don't have to always have the *first* idea."

Questrom is grown-up enough to recognize a profitable idea—and isn't

Photograph by Patrick McMullan.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ashamed to exploit it, either. One colleague recalls bumping into him in Paris recently: "I was wandering around the Left Bank one afternoon and ended up in this remote section, and I walk down the quiet alley and there's Allen in the only shop open, holding a pile of pashmina scarves, trying to broker a deal with the owner—in English."

Questrom says he's not worried so much about the competition from the recent crop of Madison Avenue hypermarts like DKNY and Nicole Farhi—lifestyle destinations with sleek in-house cafes and iMac stations.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS RETIREMENT Questrom with Polly Mellen at her party in September 1999.

"I'm more interested in what they are doing downtown than on Madison Avenue," he says.

"Downtown has more innovation, but most of them are just copying Colette." He knows the Paris shop, with its obsessively edited selection of accessories and clothes, is worshiped by fashion's international set. "I visited the store two years ago when it first opened. I liked it a lot. It had a wonderful display, but it was not well executed. If you wanted to purchase the Japanese high-tech camera and walk out the door with it, you had to wait for a sales assistant to get one from the basement. It took forever."

Questrom enjoys pointing out the trouble spots. He ticks off from a similar mental checklist when he visits the Manhattan boutiques. On Jeffrey, the meatpacking fashion emporium owned by former Barneys shoe-buyer Jeffrey Kalinsky: "I think he has talent, and I respect that he is taking a chance on opening a store in such a remote location. It's not such a nice area at night. The friendly service can be a little overbearing—I can take it in doses." On Kirna Zabête: "It's nicely edited. They've gotten a lot of press. But it's too soon to tell with any of them."

BUT QUESTROM ISN'T ONLY taking notes. Impressed by the explosion of trendy boutiques opening below 14th Street, he's upping the ante and returning to the old neighborhood, to steal back some of the thunder Barneys lost when it shuttered its 17th Street store.

The latest strategy, which emerged two weeks ago, is to convert Barneys' 17th Street warehouse, just a block west from the original store, into a freestanding Co-op shop. Slated to open this spring, it will offer its lower-priced collection of clothing and accessories as well as some men's items. Barneys buyers were scrambling last week to increase their orders enough to fill the new store.

"Stores come and go. Look at Charivari," Questrom points out. "The ones that survive are the ones with new designers. We are very good at finding the nobodies."

Kalinsky professes to welcome his former mentors back in the neighborhood—though the Barney's annex, carrying some of the same vendors, will be only a few blocks north of his store. "I think it's great news," he says.

Questrom sounds like the old retail hand he is when he puts the boutique boom into perspective. "It's no different from in the seventies or eighties. Stores come and go. Look at Charivari. The ones that survive are the ones with new ideas and new designers. We are very good at finding the nobodies."

And according to Questrom, the shops in question only represent one point of view in fashion, while Barneys' offers a fuller scope. Steven Alan, who pioneered the downtown lifestyle-boutique movement when he opened his Wooster Street shop in 1994 and who sells clothing lines to Barneys, agrees: "Kirna Zabête and Zao and some of the NoLIta shops are catering to one shopper. I call it the *Face*-and-*iD*-magazine-lifestyle point of view. Barneys knows how to curate a collection, and even if another store sells the same designer, Barneys will buy it differently. Most shops buy deep and shallow—lots of pieces of one or two styles. But Barneys selects pieces in order to create a story and not dismiss the designer."

This is the reason why designers still kill to get a spot on the Barneys sales floor. "Questrom understands this," Alan continues, "and he won't 'Federate' the store." Questrom knows his core customer and will not push out any Gucci Jackie bags to make room for cut-rate khakis.

"It's still the best department store," Sarah Hailes, co-owner of Kirna Zabête, spins, knowing full well that Barneys is a specialty retailer, not a department store, "with the best selection, best designers, best layout."

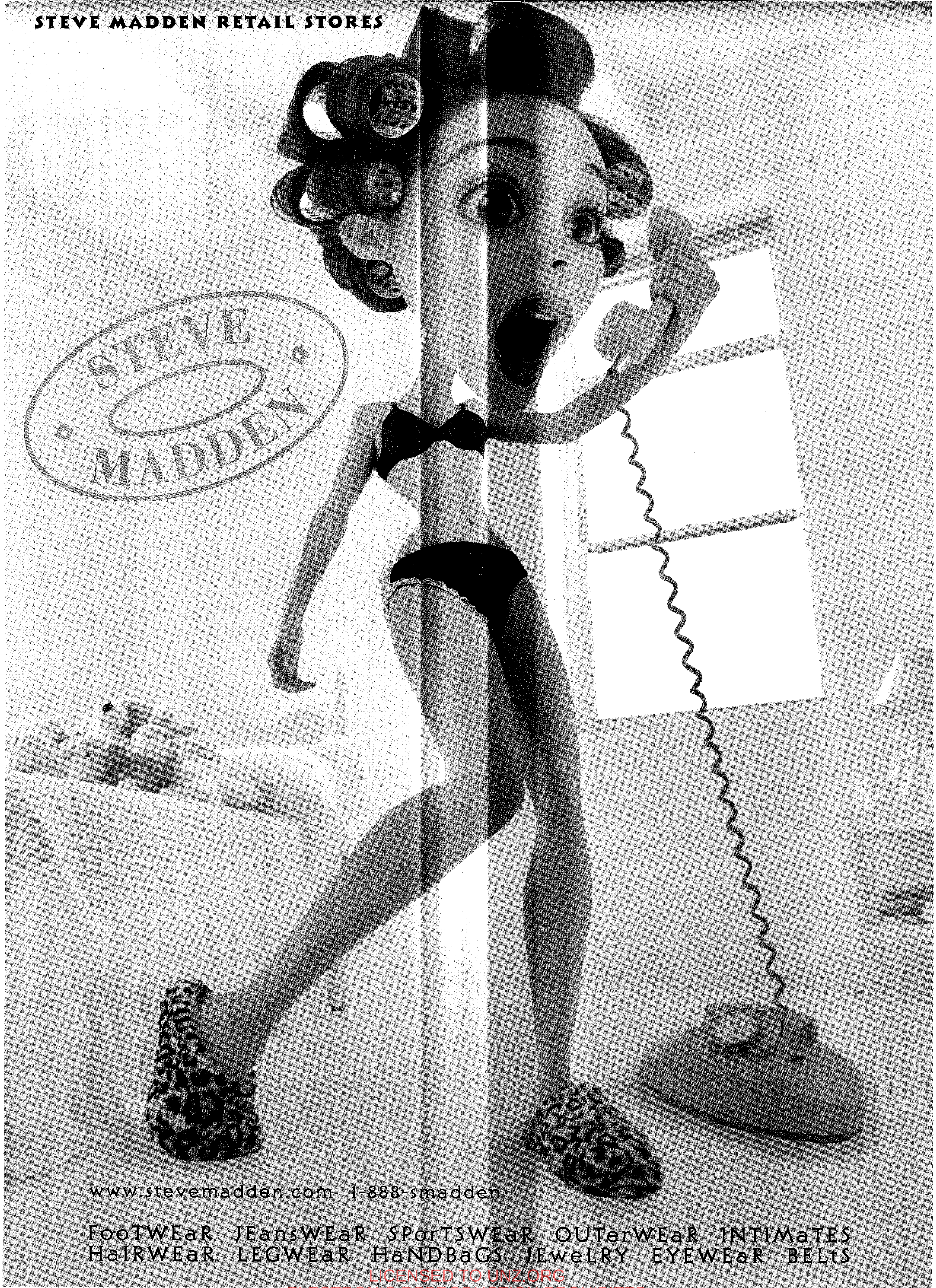
Another downtown fashion doyenne gushes: "I love Barneys—it's the most beautiful store." But then she pauses and admits, "I went there a few weeks ago on a Monday night, and it was dead as a doornail. Fine—it's midtown on a weeknight—but across the street DKNY was jumping. Don't get me wrong, I adore Barneys: I dropped $3,000 that night, and I buy most of my clothes wholesale."

So it goes. The extravagant Barneys that won the hearts of the fashion world must now compete in a fashion-retailing universe it helped create. No one seems to recognize this better than Questrom and his peers.

"There's been a lot of backlash against the place," the fashionista admonishes, "but God forbid Barneys wasn't around. What would we do? They educated the retail world." ■

Photograph by Patrick McMullan.

STEVE MADDEN RETAIL STORES



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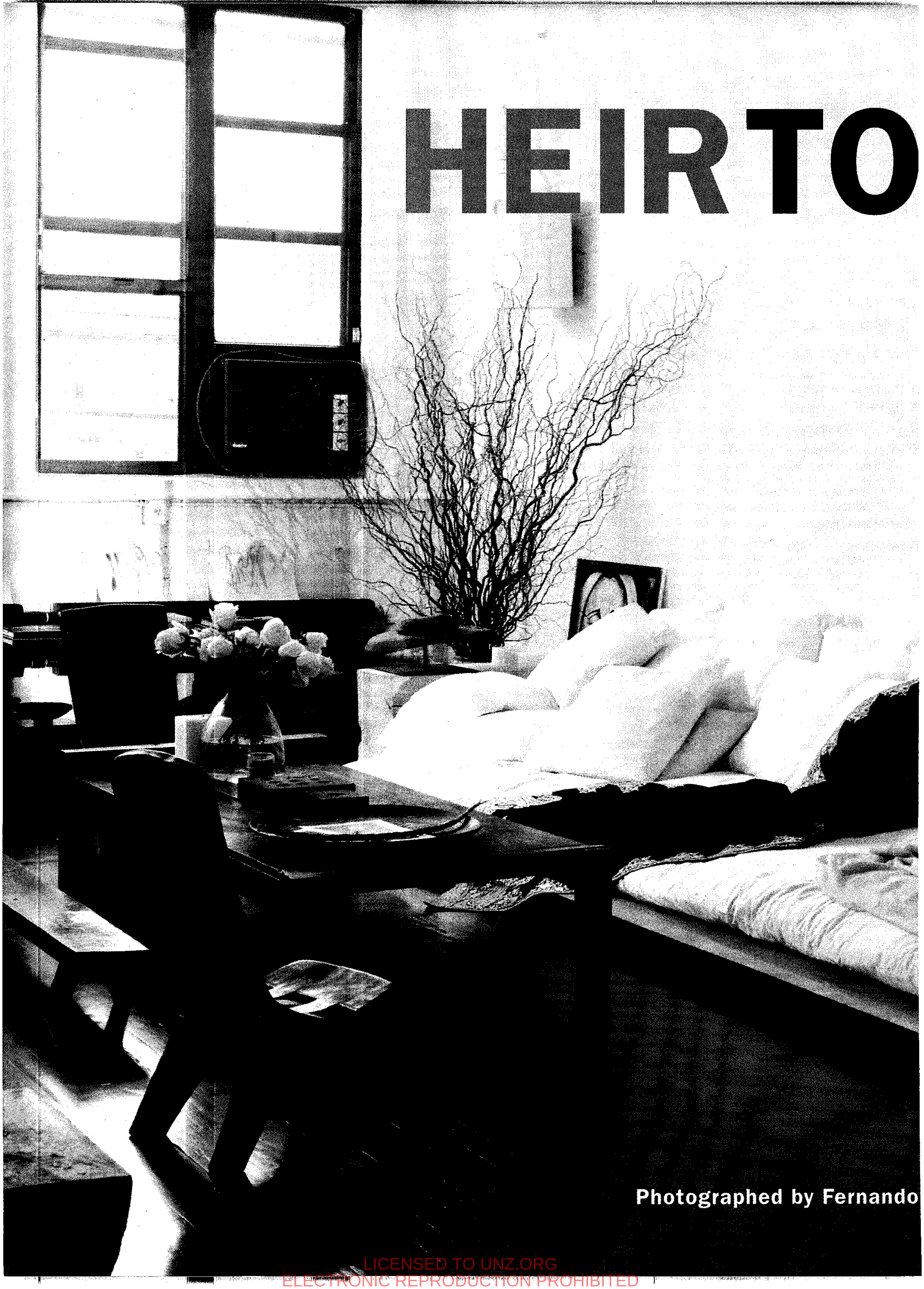


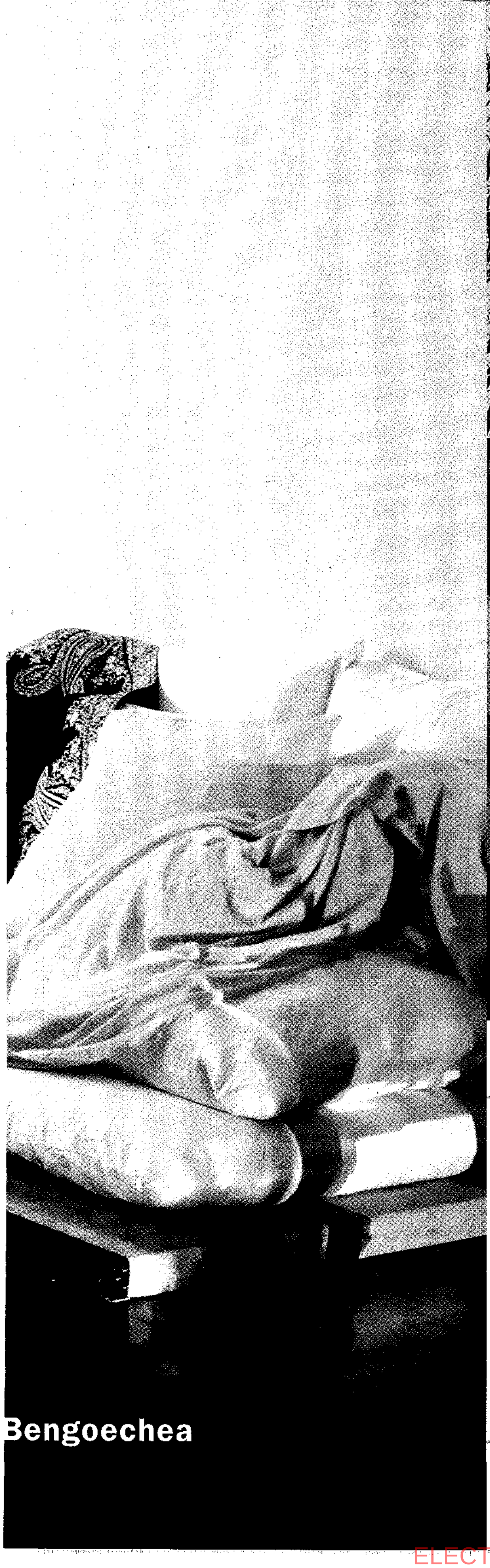
HEIRTO

Photographed by Fernando

THE SPARE

Futons on tatami mats, teak benches, and a Zen palette help Gabby Karan stay grounded in her SoHo loft.

By Wendy Goodman



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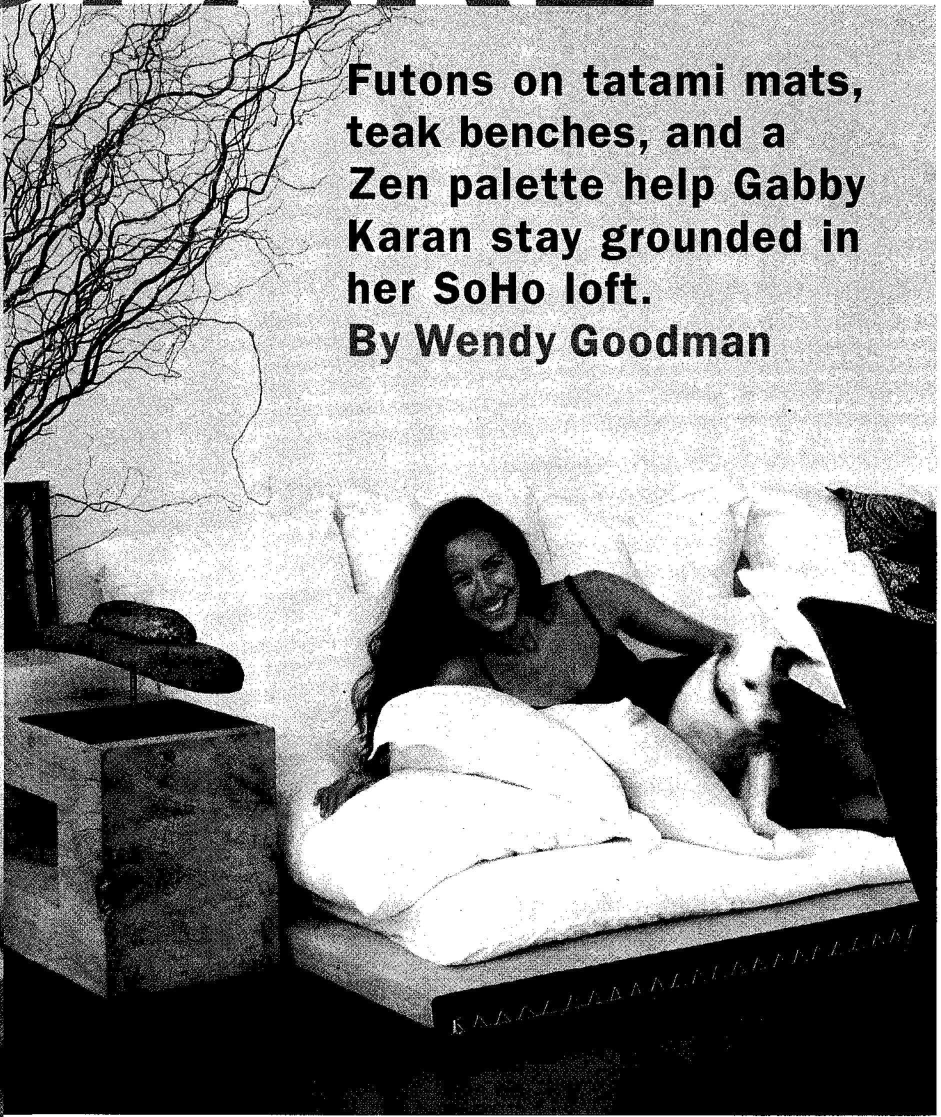
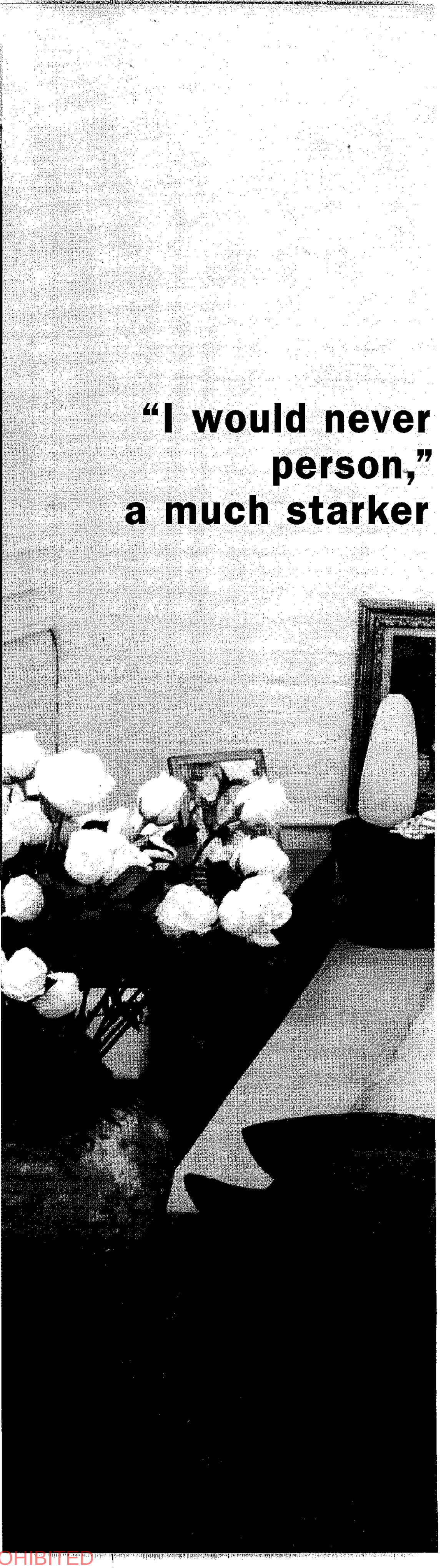


GKNY Above, Gabrielle Karan relaxes with Pete, her Jack Russell terrier. The carved-wood table was once a stool at the juice bar inside DKNY on Madison and may be ordered at the store; flipping it 90 degrees, Karan gives new meaning to the words *side table.* Left, ebony-stained wood floors are the yin to the yang of a cotton-slipcovered futon-couch, whose back is an avalanche of fifteen or so linen pillows. Miya Shoji on West 17th Street made the two futons and four tatami mats upholstered with straw; Karan *mère's* Upper East Side apartment has similar low banquettes, "but what she did was really expensive," Gabby says. The table was originally a birthing table from the Philippines; the chair in the foreground is African. Karan's collection of textiles is the source for the embroidered wool shawl from New Delhi.

Hair by Juan Carlos for Oscar Blandi Salon/Cameron Management; makeup by Berta Camal for Jed Root, Inc.

Nan Goldin
Dr. Seuss



“I would never
person,”
a much starker

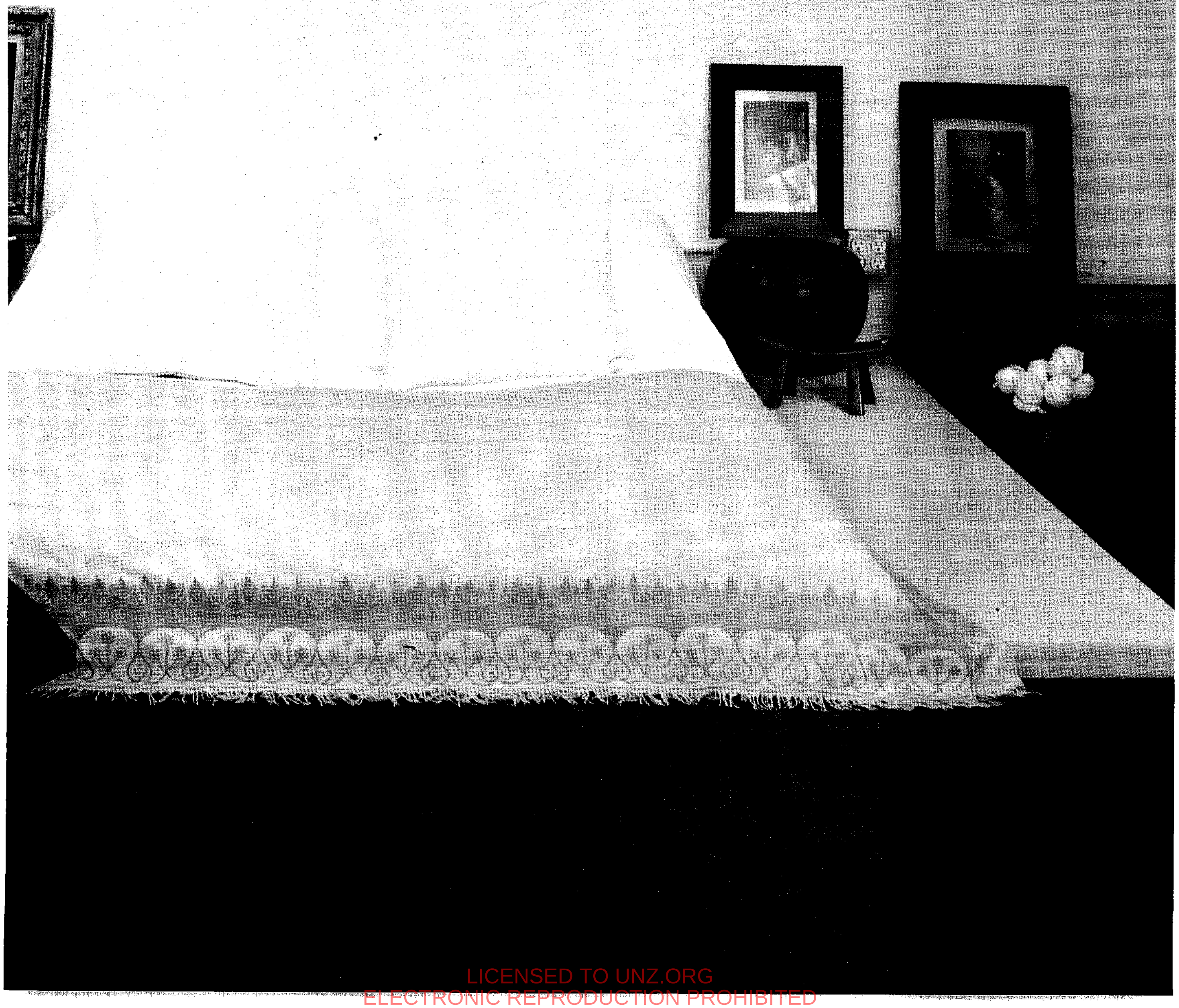
WHEN SHE WAS GROWING UP, SAYS FREELANCE STYLIST Gabby Karan, she had more say than most kids when it came to what entered her Upper East Side bedroom. “I had to have the four-poster canopy bed, and then, after a trip to New Mexico, I suddenly was like, that’s too *girly,”* she remembers. Mom—fashion’s minimalist matriarch Donna Karan—was happy to indulge her only daughter with a platform bed and brightly stuccoed walls. But now, at age 25, Karan is out of her mother’s nest, feathering her own SoHo loft. And she’s just as particular as ever—especially since she got heavy into yoga and decided that a pared-down retreat was simply the sanest way to live.

“A loft is really one big room, which is why I love it,” says Karan, whose stylish genes wasted no time expressing themselves here. She merely has to dismantle the dining table—two teak planks on a pair of Balinese barrels—and unfurl a mat to create a yoga zone with a ten-girlfriend capacity. The low-slung futon couch comes in handy for impromptu sleepovers. “What’s modern here is that the space is multipurpose,” she says.

Karan admits she didn’t get the twenty-foot ceilings that she was looking for in this typical starter loft. But low tables and chairs introduce that kind of enviable volume. Living horizontal was never easier; flat floor cushions from Madison Avenue’s new DKNY store make functional dining-room chairs. And the bedroom futon was further inspiration: “ ‘You know what? This is really comfortable,’ I said to myself. ‘Why don’t I make my couch out of it, too?’ ”

FLOOR PLAN This page, the futon's coverlet is an embroidered pashmina from New Delhi; the tatami mats were custom-made by Miya Shoji. "Each week, I have a new way of dressing my bed, because it's become the only way to decorate my room," says Karan. Red Chinese trunks from Macao once used as luggage and a Balinese basket topped by a Japanese paper lamp purchased in SoHo are down-to-earth bedside tables: The wooden fish swam here from the Philippines. Opposite, in her previous apartments, Karan stacked two teak benches from Manila to create a bookcase; the new low-altitude scheme demanded that the benches instead be placed end to end, which has a way of widening the narrow room.

see myself as a minimalist
says Gabby Karan. "But I really enjoy having
space. I'm living a purer life."



“After the move,
“A clutter-free

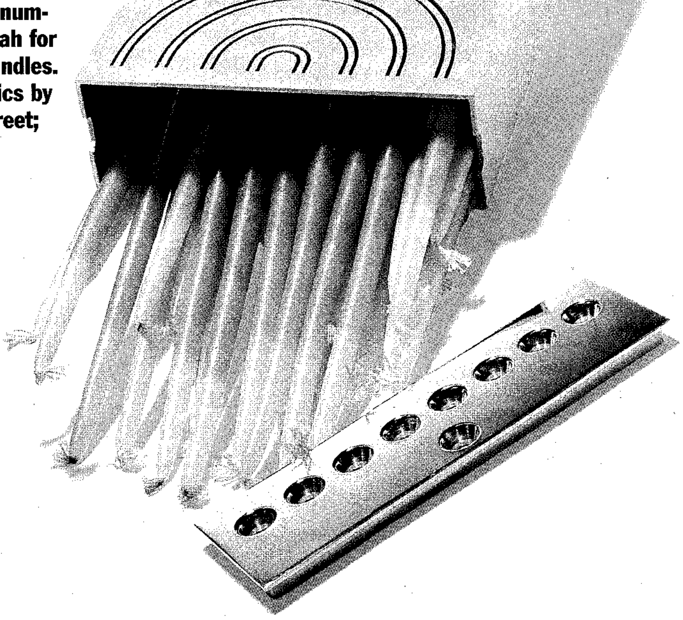
I think I got more creative," says Karan. environment is sort of a clutter-free mind."

BEAUTY AND THE EAST Left, a Chinese table, throne chairs, and a Balinese basket karma up the kitchen so it works better with the dining area. Above, the teak planks and ancient barrel bases came from Tucker Robbins. Felt floor pillows are from Donna Karan Home, and their high stylishness is squared by the addition of batik Philippine pillows. The chaise, slipcovered in black cashmere, was once a prototype for Donna Karan Home; the ladder is from the Philippines. Walls remain, for the most part, unadorned: "You have so much stuff outside your apartment; you don't *want* to bring it into your home," Karan explains.

BEST BETS

Unconventional but swank trappings for celebrating the Festival of Lights

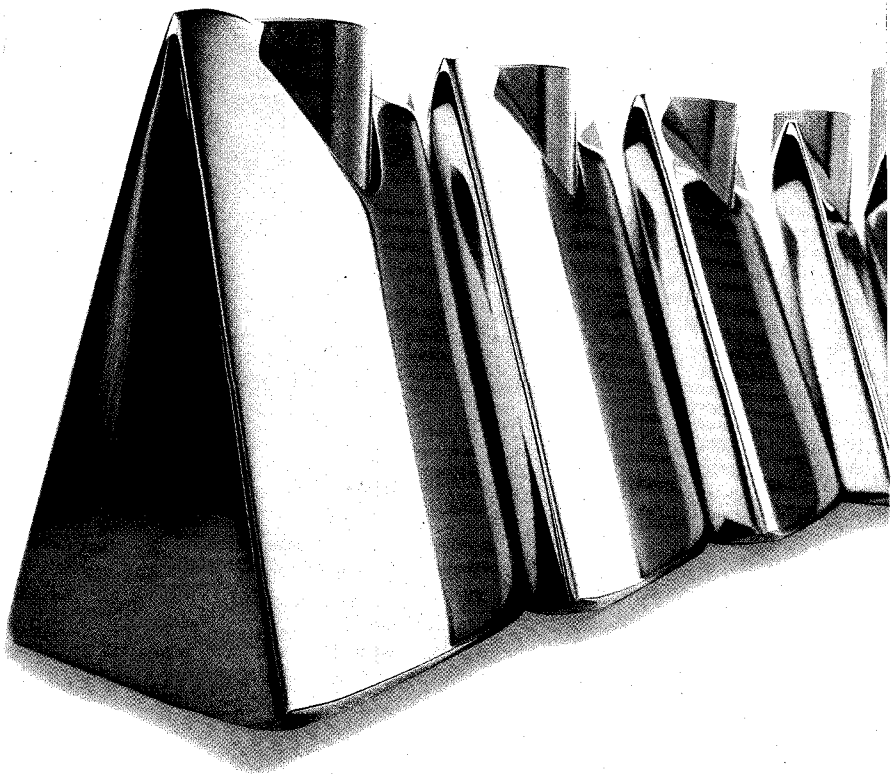
BY CORKY POLLAN



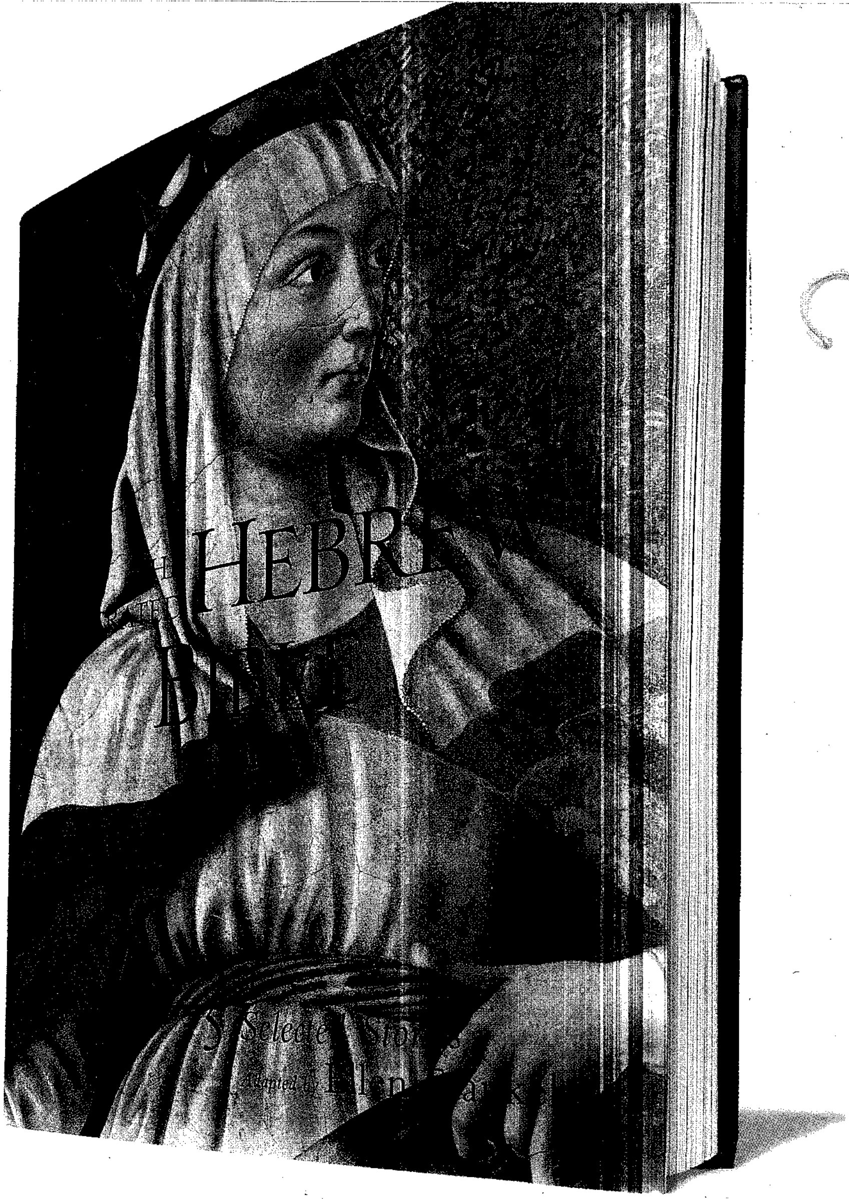
Shenfeld's anodized-aluminum-and-silver-plate box menorah for traveling comes with 44 candles. It's $320 at Judaica Classics by Doina (125 East 85th Street; 212-722-4271).

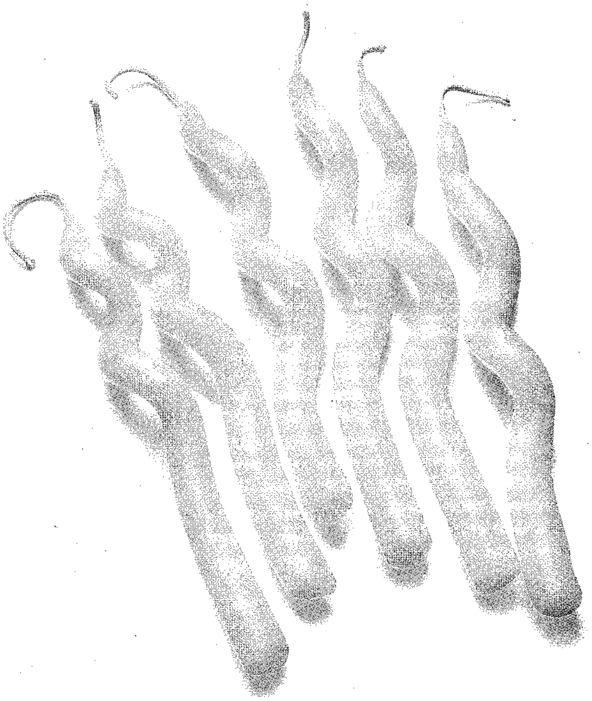
HAPPY CHANUKAH
HAPPY CHANUKAH

JET Magna Dreidel (magnetic wooden dreidels with metal discs) are $3 each at the Jewish Museum's Cooper Shop (1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street; 212-423-3211) and West Side Judaica (2412 Broadway, near 88th Street; 212-362-7846).



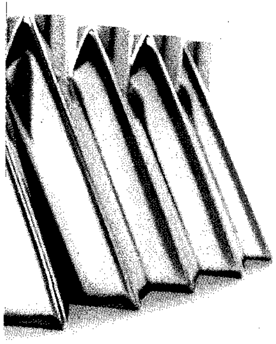
Product NV polished-aluminum Turret menorah is $250 at Celebrations—The Jewish Museum Design Shop (1 East 92nd Street; 212-423-3260).

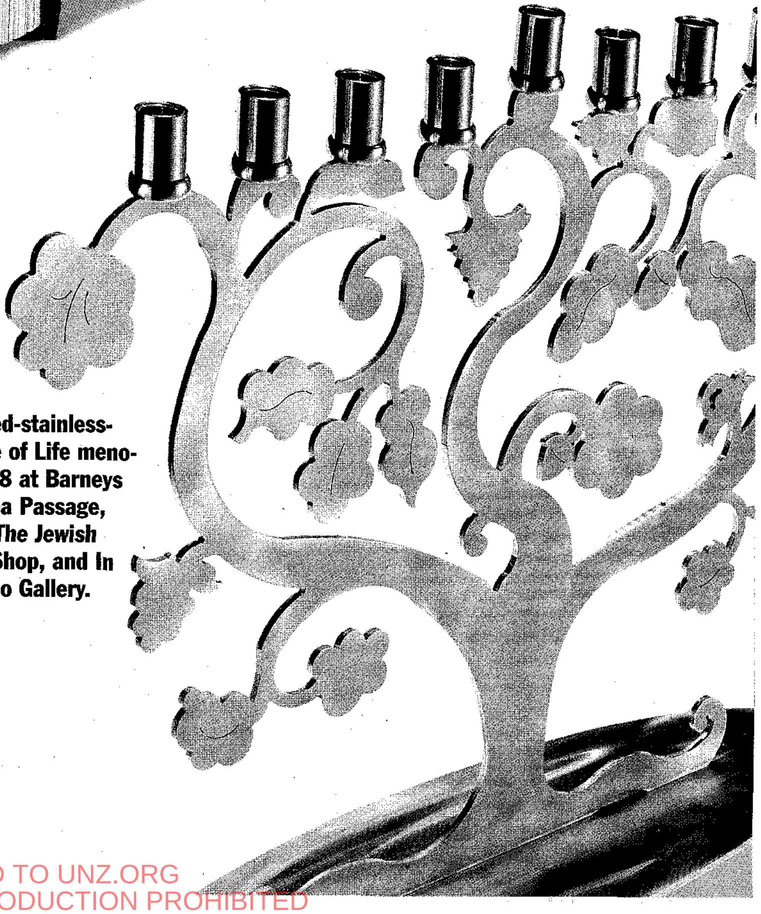




Wax Poetic hand-dipped long-burning Ripple wax candles are $36 for a set of 45 at the Jewish *Museum's Cooper Shop.*

The Illustrated Hebrew Bible, **adapted by Dr. Ellen Frankel and published by Stewart Tabori & Chang, is $50 at In the Spirit Studio Gallery (460 East 79th Street; 212-861-5222).**





Amy's Ark brushed-stainless-steel, laser-cut Tree of Life menorah is around $188 at Barneys New York Chelsea Passage, *Celebrations—The Jewish* Museum Design Shop, and In the Spirit Studio Gallery.

Photographed by Steve Wisbauer

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

SMARTCITY

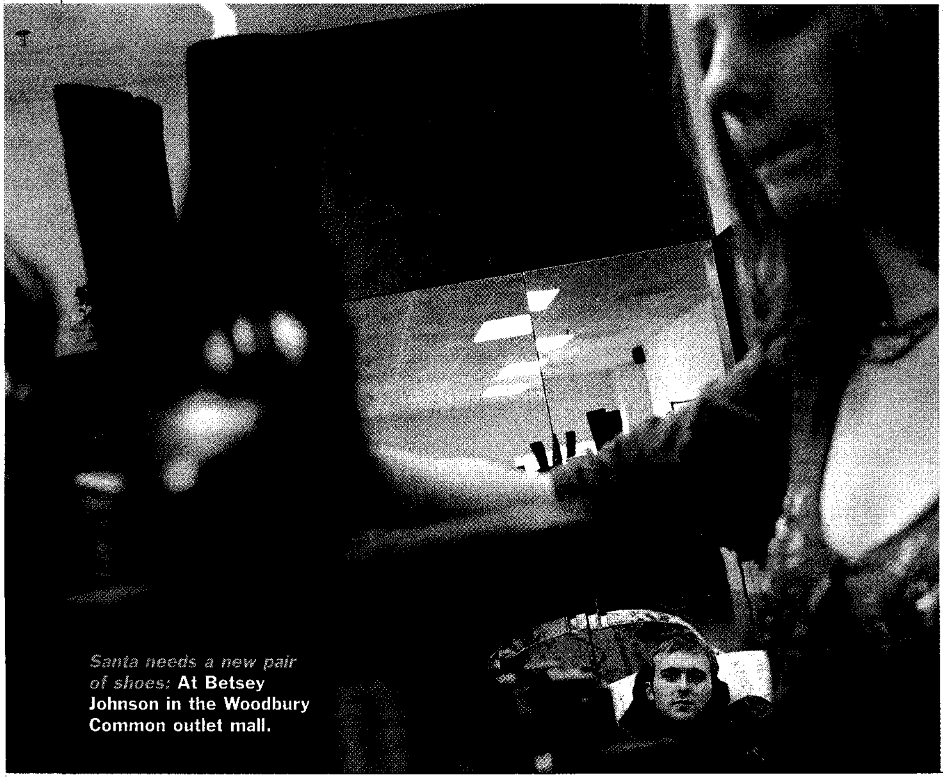
Oh, Christmas Spree

Ring in the holidays at the local outlet malls, where you can hit everyone on your list—including yourself—and never pay retail. By Sarah Bernard

THE MANY-HEADED HYDRA KNOWN AS the holiday gift list is upon us again. (Is it any wonder that psych wards fill to capacity each December?) The good news is, these days every SoHo flagship has a less-expensive stepchild outside Manhattan, where the same brand names are sold at a discount. Of course, for many New Yorkers, the words *outlet mall* conjure images of bins of irregular tube socks and garish sweaters even Bill Cosby would be ashamed of. It's true that outlets inevitably stock a fair number of last season's trends, but for anyone who has experienced the unparalleled frisson that comes with snagging a coveted designer bag at a hundred-dollar discount, that only adds to the thrill of the chase. Persevere and you can make some record-setting buys *and* save enough for a pair of Gucci stilettos for yourself.

Uncommon Bargains

Woodbury Common Premium Outlets (914-928-4000), an hour north of the city in Central Valley, now looms alongside the Empire State Building and Central Park in the imaginations of foreign tourists. And for good reason. The 220 shops in the quaint "Colonial-style" village have the world's highest concentration of marquee labels centered around a single parking lot. The major draw is the Prada and Miu Miu outlet—the cheapest way to dress expensive aside from a free ticket to Florence. Sandwiched between Max Mara and Christian Dior, the store bears the deceptively banal name "Space." Inside, Japanese teenagers fill suitcases with red-and-white patent-leather Miu Miu heels and nylon wallets. While Woodbury also offers plenty of housewares and gift bargains, it's really all about the clothes. A recent excursion could have scored you a gray herringbone pantsuit from Marc Jacobs, a cashmere turtleneck from Céline, $50 orange driving loafers from J. P. Tod's, or any number of goodies from TSE, Malo, Club Monaco, or the trendy teen catalogue dELiA*s. Seasonal sales abound—Versace, for example, is offering 50 percent off selected merchandise until the end of the year. Additional discounts can be had by shuttling up there on the Short Line bus from Port Authority (212-736-4700; $33 round-trip) or by simply clicking onto the Woodbury Website (www.premiumoutlets.com).



Santa needs a new pair of shoes: **At Betsey Johnson in the Woodbury Common outlet mall.**

Lookat Photo

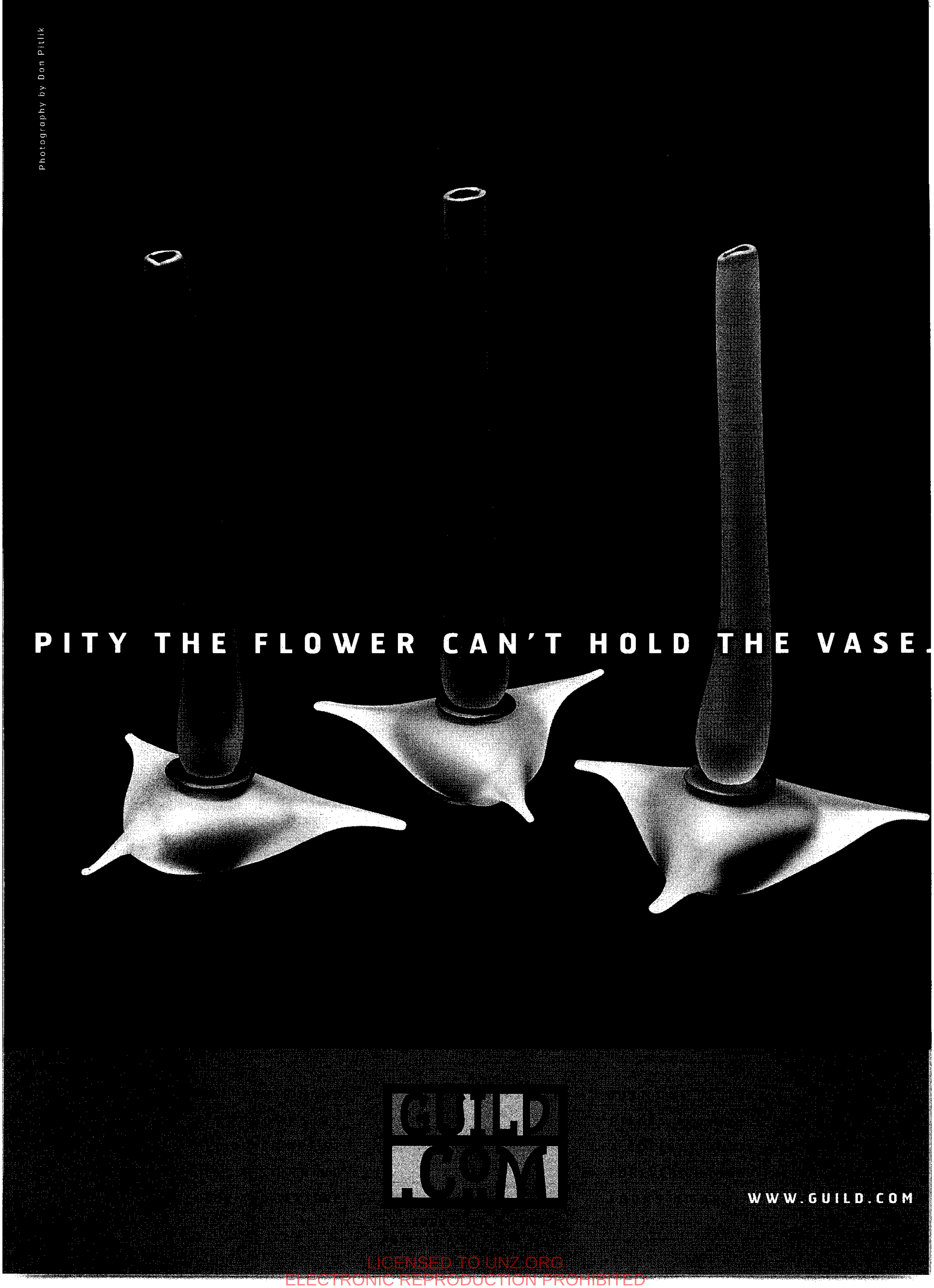
L.I. Confidential

The **Tanger Outlet Centers** (800-407-4894) in Riverhead, Long Island, are no secret to Hamptons weekenders. Just as 495 ends, the oasis of 170 stores miraculously appears. Magnets include Barneys, Coach, Calvin Klein, and Kenneth Cole. But Tanger is especially great for beefing up your gym wardrobe, as Fila, Nike, Adidas, and Reebok Factory Direct are all represented. Benetton, Nautica, and Old Navy are some of the other featured players. A Pepperidge Farm outlet comes in handy for the ride home. (And no, the cookies aren't factory seconds.) Sunrise Express Bus (800-527-7709; $29 round-trip) makes pickup and delivery stress-free.

I ♥ NJ

Just last month, the **Jersey Gardens** outlet mall (877-SAY-VALU), large enough to house 38 Meadowlands-size football fields, opened across from the Ikea in Elizabeth. Despite pleasingly anachronistic touches like skylights, topiaries, and Adirondack-style chairs courtesy of architect David Rockwell—who also did Nobu and the W New York hotel—it still feels like a giant suburban mall, thanks to the airport-size food court, *two* Auntie Annie's Pretzels, and the Rainforest Cafe's annoying P.A. system. Tax-free shopping at 200 stores, however, changes your perspective on such things. (Sbarro, any-

Photographs by Robert Huber.


Photography by Don Pitlik
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Shoppers [illegible] Always a parking space at Jersey Gardens.

one?) Off 5th–Saks Fifth Avenue Outlet and Last Call Neiman Marcus are great opening acts, but it's the headliners like BCBG Max Azria, Tommy Hilfiger, Brooks Brothers Factory Store, Banana Republic, and a warehouse-size Gap that make you love, or at least really like, New Jersey. Academy Bus Lines buses (212-971-9054; $15 round-trip) depart from Port Authority every two hours.

Less Is More

Outlet shopping often means delving into downmarket trappings in order to come up with treasures you didn't even know you wanted. Remember this as you pull up in front of the decidedly unfabulous **Secaucus Outlet Centre** (800-358-2373). Inside, upmarket brand names await (as well as amusing eighties throwback Gloria Vanderbilt). The crown jewel is the Gucci store, where wild-eyed city girls fight over microscopic white bikinis (modestly priced at $99). There's a decent selection of men's clothing, but the best deals in the house are in women's shoes. Metallic-blue sandals and stiletto half-boots can be had for the price of a midtown lunch. Other draws are Donna Karan and Searle. And at Calvin Klein, shoppers line up at the register holding armloads of underwear. The No. 129 bus from Port Authority (973-762-5100) is itself a bargain, at $3.80 round-trip.

Philadelphia Freedom

It sounds like a hike, but the **Franklin Mills** (800-336-6255) outlet in Philadelphia (also tax-free) is actually only an hour and a half away. With more than 200 bargain opportunities, it's the largest indoor mall in the Northeast. There are masseuses on hand at the Relaxation Station to help the weary recover after navigating the "neighborhoods," which are divided by color (blue for designer apparel, yellow for children's wear, etc.). This month there will also be psychics on hand to help divine what your all-black-wearing, Nine Inch Nails–listening teenage nephew might like to see under the tree. Only a handful of high-profile names have their own locations (Donna Karan, Polo Jeans, Ann Taylor), but anchors like J.C. Penney, Off 5th–Saks Fifth Avenue Outlet, and Last Call Neiman Marcus make it worth the trip. Academy Bus Lines has a 9 A.M. shuttle, Saturdays only, for $24.95 round-trip.

Let It Snow

If you're headed up to the Stratton or Bromley ski resorts, schedule a detour to a few of the 80 boutiques at the **Designer Factory Stores** (800-955-SHOP) in nearby Manchester, Vermont. Calling the main number in advance will get you passport coupons for additional discounts. After a fruitful pass through Joan & David, Escada, and Armani, would-be woodsmen will want to check out the Barbour jackets and Battenkill canvas duffels at Orvis. Anyone, however, can appreciate a few marked-down champagne glasses from Baccarat to help ring in the new year. ▬

NAVIGATOR

Q: Holiday shopping, which usually gives me a warm, fuzzy rush, has left me feeling cold, empty—and broke. I need an injection of holiday spirit.

A: If buying tickets for Carnegie Hall feels too much like shopping, take solace in this short list of free concerts that will fill washed-up consumers with glee.

- At Lincoln Center's annual tree-lighting ceremony, bass Samuel Ramey joins Big Bird, Telly Monster, and jazz-vocalese icons Jon Hendricks and Annie Ross. Also featured: Jamaican drummers, Ernest Borgnine, and new music by Tania León and Tom Cabaniss. (December 3 at 7 P.M.; Lincoln Center Plaza, Broadway at 63rd Street.)
- Cantors Rebecca Garfein, mezzo-soprano, and Jennifer Frost, soprano, lead excerpts of Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus,* the 1746 oratorio about the hero of the Hanukkah story. (December 10 at 6 P.M.; Congregation Rodeph Sholom, 7 West 83rd Street.)
- George Steel conducts the VOX Vocal Ensemble in "An Italian Renaissance Christmas," with works by Palestrina, Philips, Dering, and Clemens. (December 14 at 6 P.M.; Casa Italiana, Columbia University, 1161 Amsterdam Avenue, at 116th Street.)
- The St. Francis Singers perform "Christmas Favorites," including works by Geoffrey Ballet, Guillaume Costeley, William Billings, and Robert Smith, and carols from England, France, Germany, and America. (December 16 at 1:15 P.M.; Church of St. Francis of Assisi, 135 West 31st Street.)
- The Manhattan Chamber Orchestra and Choir of Sacred Music perform "Treasures of Christmas Past," including Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 2, Saint-Saëns's *Christmas Oratorio,* Vivaldi's "Winter," and Handel's *Messiah.* (December 17 at 7:30 P.M.; the Church of the Holy Innocents, 128 West 37th Street.)
- Experimental-theater group DZIECI presents *A Fool's Mass,* a musical tale of bereft village idiots during the Plague. It features one dead pastor and an innovative mass with comic audience participation along with sacred medieval hymns. (December 23 at 1:15 P.M.; Lower Church, Church of St. Francis of Assisi, 135 West 31st Street.)

ERIKA KINETZ

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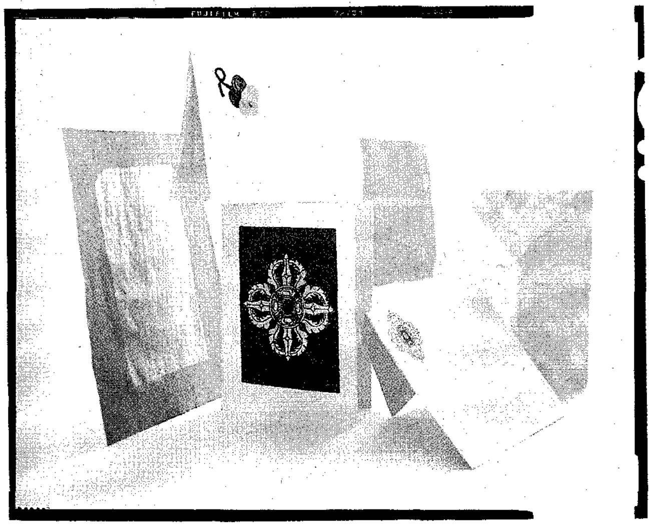
SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Stars From the East

You've got mail: *Handmade papers and quirky holiday cards from East Asia that won't get lost in the* **holiday paper trail.**



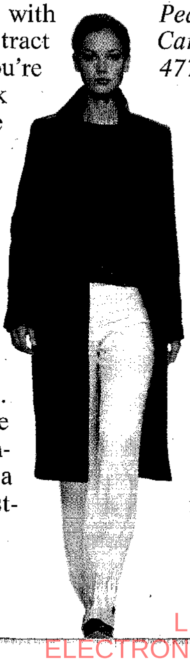
Treeless paper: Holiday cards without the evergreens and snowmen.

WHEN SHOPPING FOR holiday stationery, it's temptingly easy to fall prey to the Hallmark blahs—and it's even natural to want to show the world that your family trip to the Grand Canyon last summer wasn't all tears and tantrums. But if you're over predictable cheer, save the name brands for your closet and take a more artsy-craftsy approach. Handmade Asian note cards always come in festive reds, greens, and golds, and they won't fade out on crowded holiday mantels. You can concoct cards yourself with a bit of glue and a few sheets of tinted rice paper from Kate's Paperie, but they can be had premade for a song—and at this time of year, you're busy enough.

At **Vision of Tibet**, $8 buys a set of four beige and four purple cards with contrasting appliquéd decoration and matching envelopes. **Tibet Arts & Crafts** offers individual note cards printed with traditional Buddhist good-luck symbols—they're $2 each, but you can arrange a deal if buying a bunch. **Potala**, a midtown source for Tibetan rugs, curios, and papers, has a box of minimalist beige rice-paper cards with fifteen envelopes for $12, which you can embellish with rubber stamps in delicate, abstract patterns ($25 for twelve). If you're in the mood to splurge, pick multilayered cards with Zen-like tone-on-tone leaf decoration or hand-glued yellow paper flowers ($10 for five).

For elegant, understated invitations and thank-you notes, **Pearl River Mart** has stacks of ultralightweight paper embellished with earth-toned washes and metallic detail at ($2 to $4.50, pictured). Make letters stand out in the mailbox with calligraphy brushes (from $1.50)—if you botch a few sheets, you won't have wasted a lot of cash. Inexpensive greeting cards here are a bit on the kitschy side (think Hong Kong–movie-style), but higher-end ones with glued-on origami pandas and flowers may even inspire recipients to keep them past the holidays ($3.50 each).

Vision of Tibet, 167 Thompson St. (212-995-9276); Tibet Arts & Crafts, 144 Sullivan St. (212-529-4344) and 197 Bleecker St. (212-260-5880); Potala, 9 E. 36th St. (212-251-0360); Pearl River Mart, 277 Canal St. (212-431-4770).

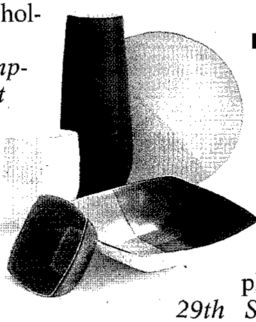


Picks of the Week

Susan Lazar's sharp, urban basics (pictured) are at least half off at the sample sale: Dresses are $80–$200, leather stuff is $100–$500, coats are $200–$500, and cashmere tops are $75–$150. Sizes 2–12. *275 W. 39th St., third floor (212-302-5888); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–6; 11/29–12/3.*

DKNY for men, women, and kids is all half price at the sale. Jackets and dresses are about $200–$250, sweaters are $75–$125, handbags are $65–$200, overcoats are $228–$300. There are also a few things from the Donna Karan New York collection. *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St. (212-741-2660); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Fri. 8–6:30, Sat. 9–5, Sun. 10–5; 11/30–12/5.*

Trussardi is clearing closets full of hip Italian fashion for men and women—think leather pants, bright cashmere sweaters, and lots of streamlined handbags and luggage. Prices are all half off, from $65 for a leather wallet to $375 for a wool suit to $1,400 for a crocodile jacket. Women's sizes 2–12, Men's sizes 38–40. *745 Fifth Ave. near 58th St., suite 601 (212-906-9133); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed.–Fri. 9–6, Thurs. till 7; 12/1–12/3.*



Daniel Levy's neutral-toned porcelain and ceramic dinnerware (pictured, sold at Barneys and Michael C. Fina) is up to 75 percent off at the studio sample sale. Vases are $35–$85, platters are $40–$95, bowls are $45–$90, and plates are $15–$20. *155 W. 29th St., third floor (212-268-0878); Fri.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. noon–6; 12/3–12/5.*

Area's luxury Swedish-designed bed and table linens come in classic mix and match shades and are sold at ABC, Felissimo, and Portico. Here, leftover stock is 50 to 80 percent cheaper: Duvet covers and sheet sets are $30–$100, pillowcases

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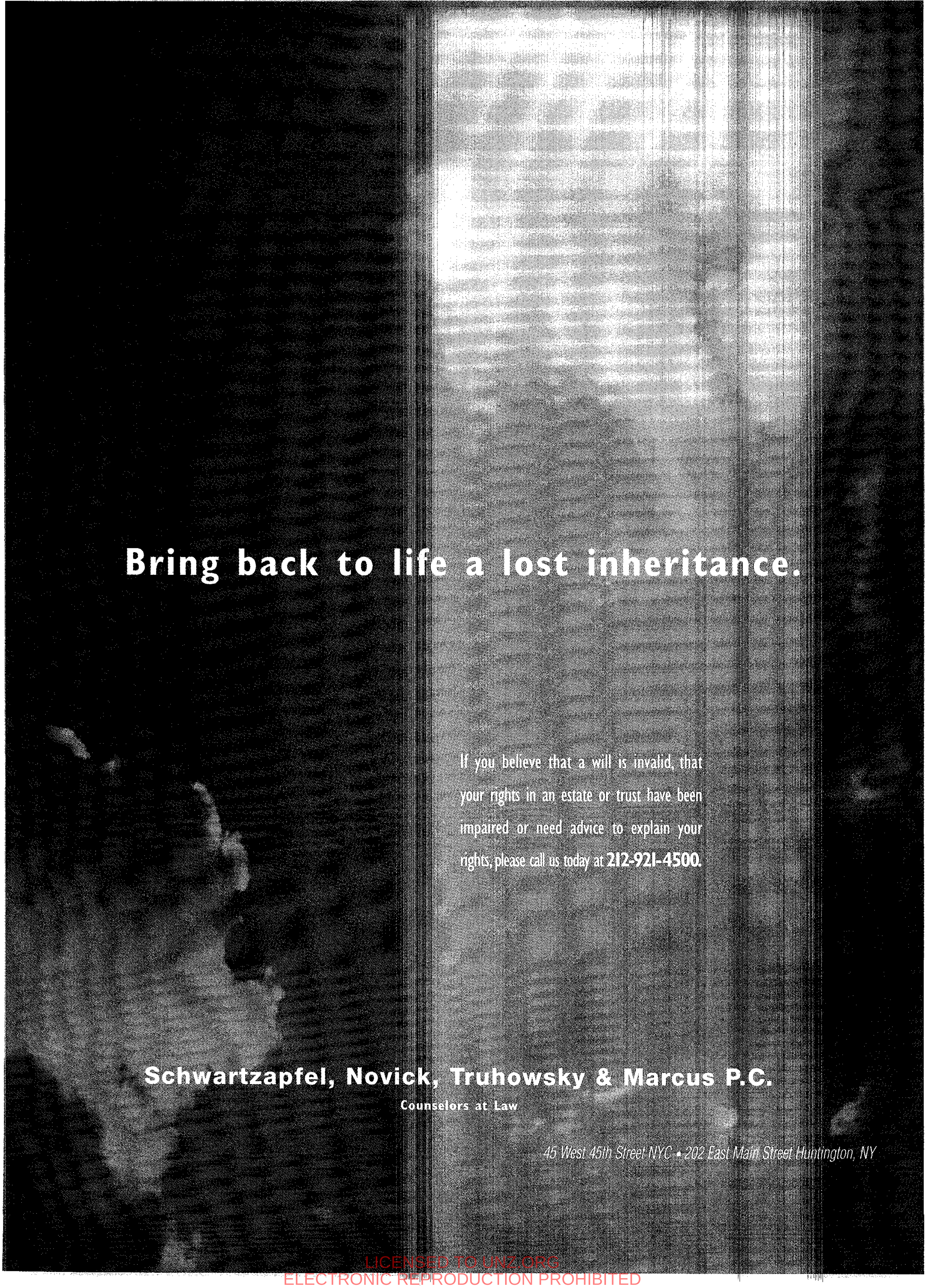
DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photographs: Clockwise from top, Joe Scafuro; courtesy of Daniel Levy; courtesy of Susan Lazar.



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and curtain panels are $10–$40, table linens are $3–$7. On your way out, drop by the eighth floor, where Meryl Waitz's sleek pewter bath accessories, picture frames, and jewelry are $75 and under (call 212-675-7224 for more info). *Area, 180 Varick St., ninth floor (212-924-7084); checks accepted.; Wed.–Thurs. 10–8, Fri. 10–6; 12/1–12/3.*

Nan Swid Design, formerly known as Swid Powell, makes the kind of streamlined, high-end tableware that you've seen both under Swid's own label and in designer home collections we're not allowed to mention. At the sale, leftovers and samples are up to 75 percent off. Silver-plated bowls, picture frames, and trays are $5–$50; dishes are $3–$10; wooden bowls and servers are $5–$50; flatware sets and glass vases are $5–$25. *55 W. 13th St., second floor (212-633-6699); M.C., V.; Thurs. 8:30–6:30; 12/2.*

Maxx, New York's sharp, simple totes and evening bags are sold at stores like Bloomingdale's and Macy's. At the sample sale, fall and holiday styles are 40 to 60 percent off, from $35 for a cheetah-print *faux*-fur handbag to $100 for a large leather tote. Small accessories are $20–$30. *385 Fifth Ave., at 36th St., tenth floor (212-679-3220); A.E., M.C., V. for purchases over $100; Mon.–Thurs. 9–6, Fri.–Sun. 11–5. 12/3–12/10.*

Roberta Chiarella's jewelry (sold at stores like Henri Bendel and Bergdorf Goodman) is a steal at the sample sale, where everything's $5–$50. The selection consists mainly of pretty crystal- and semiprecious-stone-encrusted earrings, bracelets, necklaces, and hair pins. *320 E. 53rd St. (212-888-6070); cash only; Tues.–Wed. 11–7; 11/30–12/1.*

Meg Cohen's bright, striped cashmere scarves (pictured) and throws are sold at stores like Bergdorf Goodman and Paul Smith. At the sale, they're half off: a muffler is $85, a double-fringed scarf is $145, and a huge multicolored stole is $260. Home stuff is from $70 for a table runner to $350 for a blanket. Cohen supplies gift boxes, so your presents won't scream "sample sale." *920 Broadway, Suite 905 (212-473-4002); cash only; Mon.–Wed. 11–7; 11/29–12/1.* ▬

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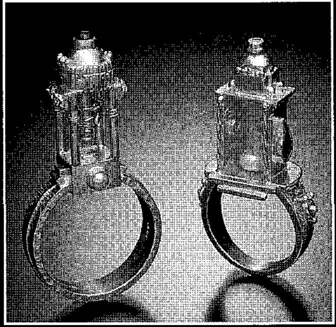

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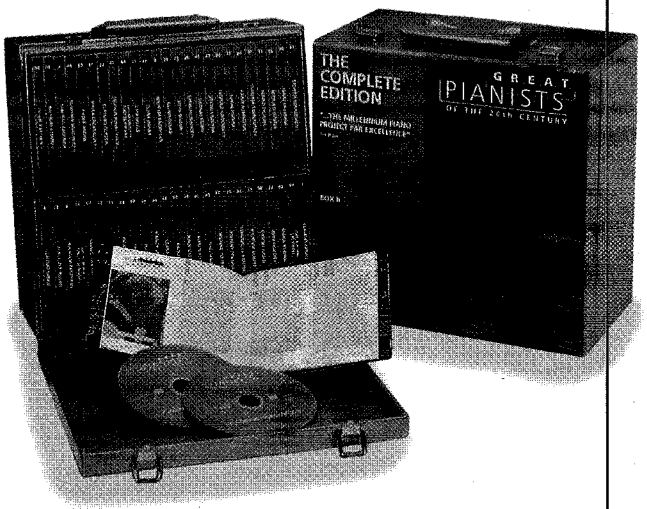
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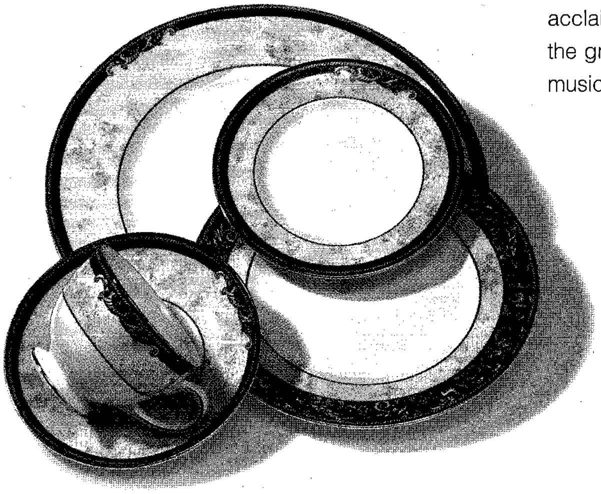

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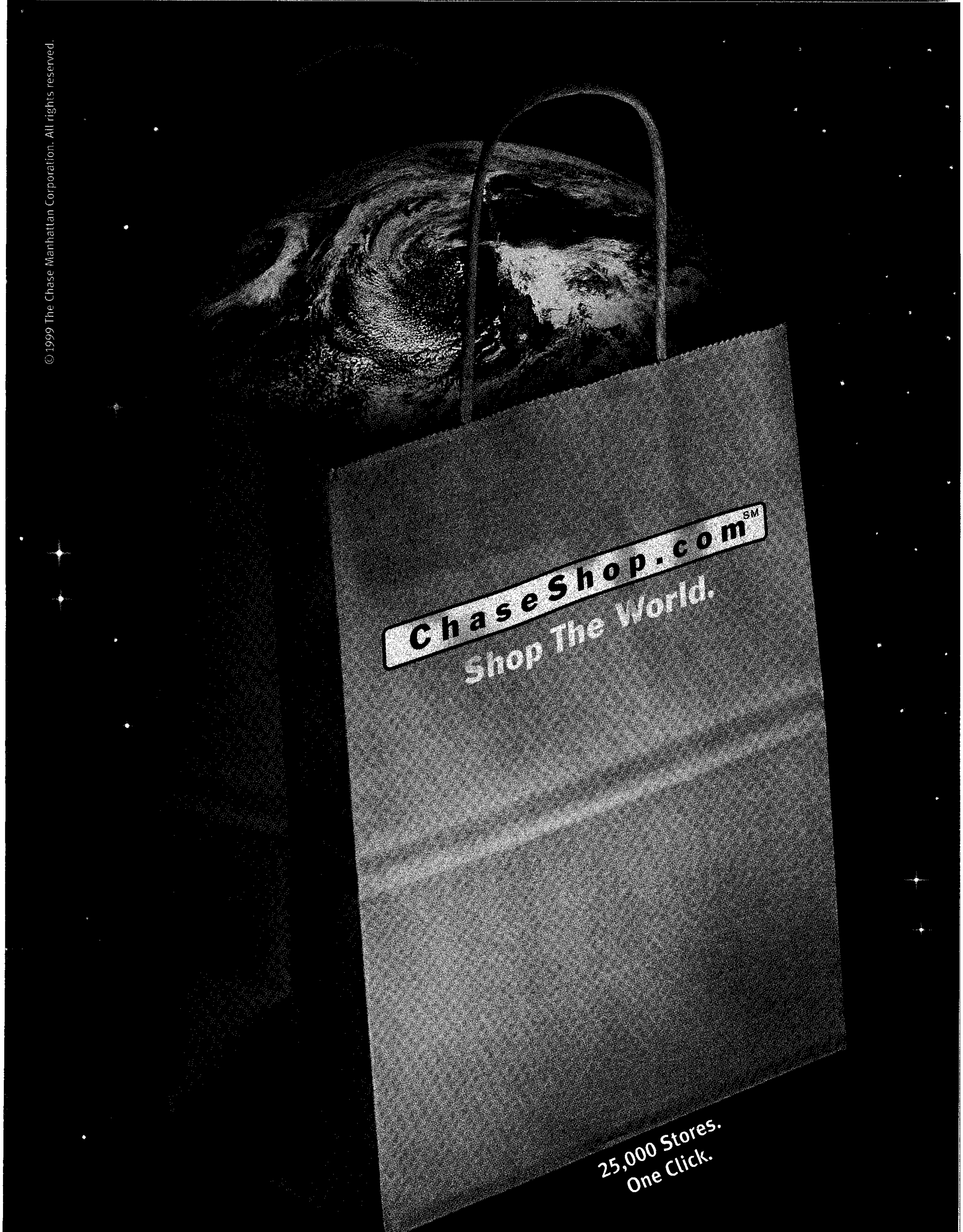
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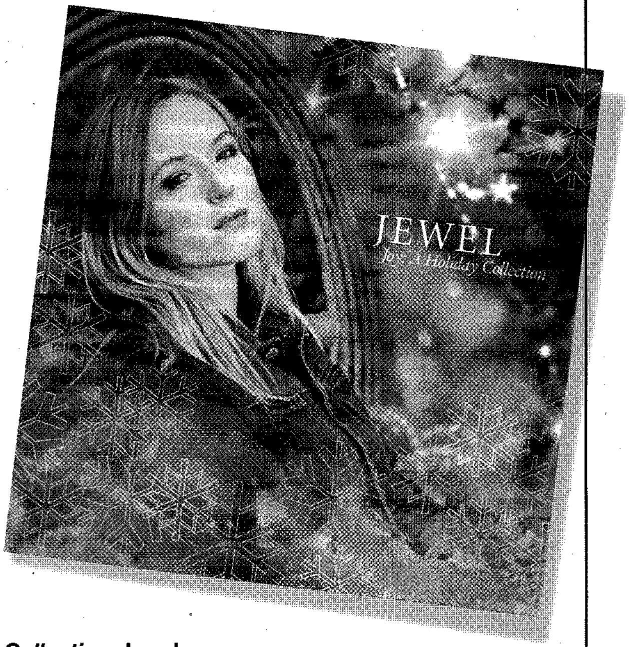

***Joy: A Holiday Collection*, Jewel**

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Grand Central Terminal Holiday Fair – Mozayiks

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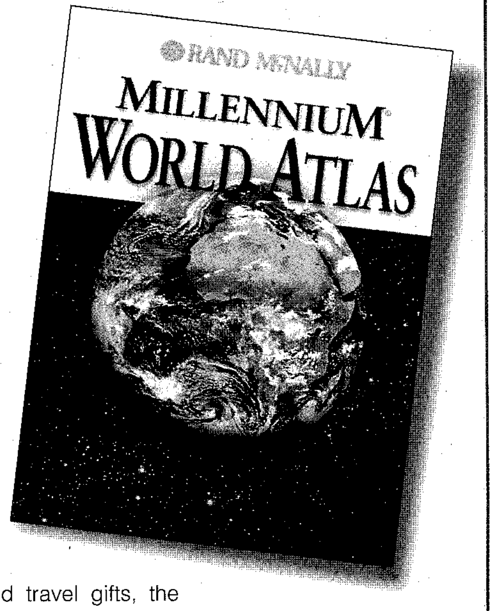

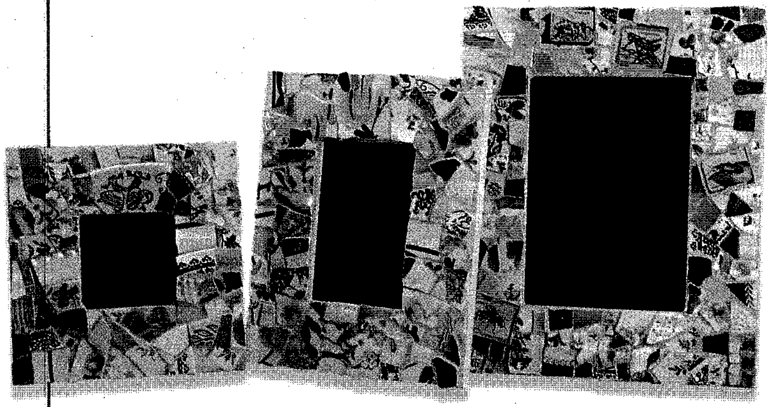

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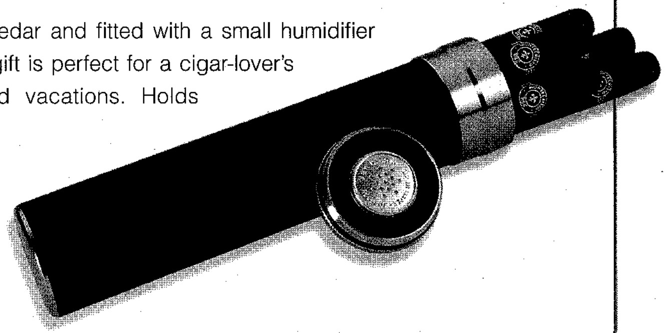
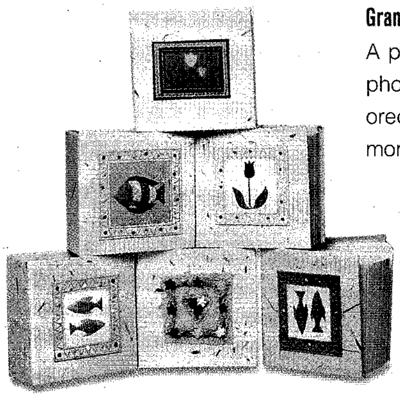
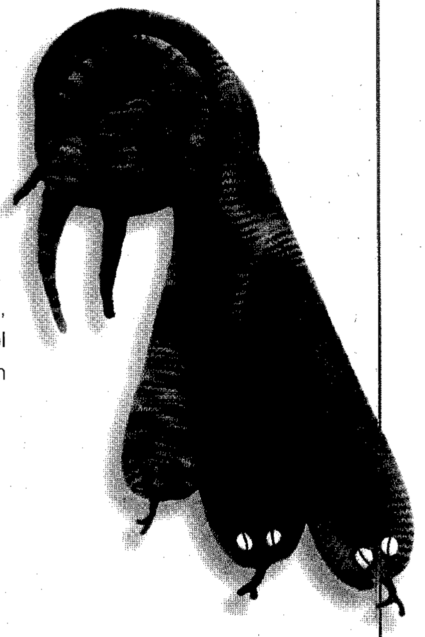
Lined in Spanish cedar and fitted with a small humidifier inside the lid, this gift is perfect for a cigar-lover's business trips and vacations. Holds three to five cigars.





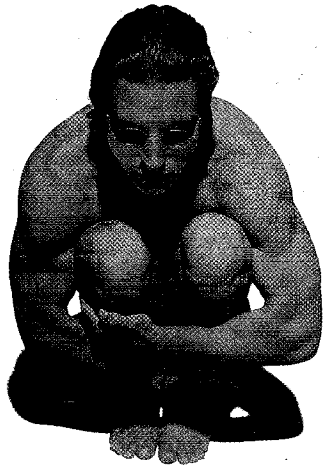
Handcrafted Paper Note Cubes
Grand Central Terminal Holiday Fair – Woopa Crafts

A perfect gift or accessory to keep by the phone or computer. The natural cream-colored and textured paper is available in more than 12 different designs.



Snake Scarves
Grand Central Terminal Holiday Fair – Morehouse Farm

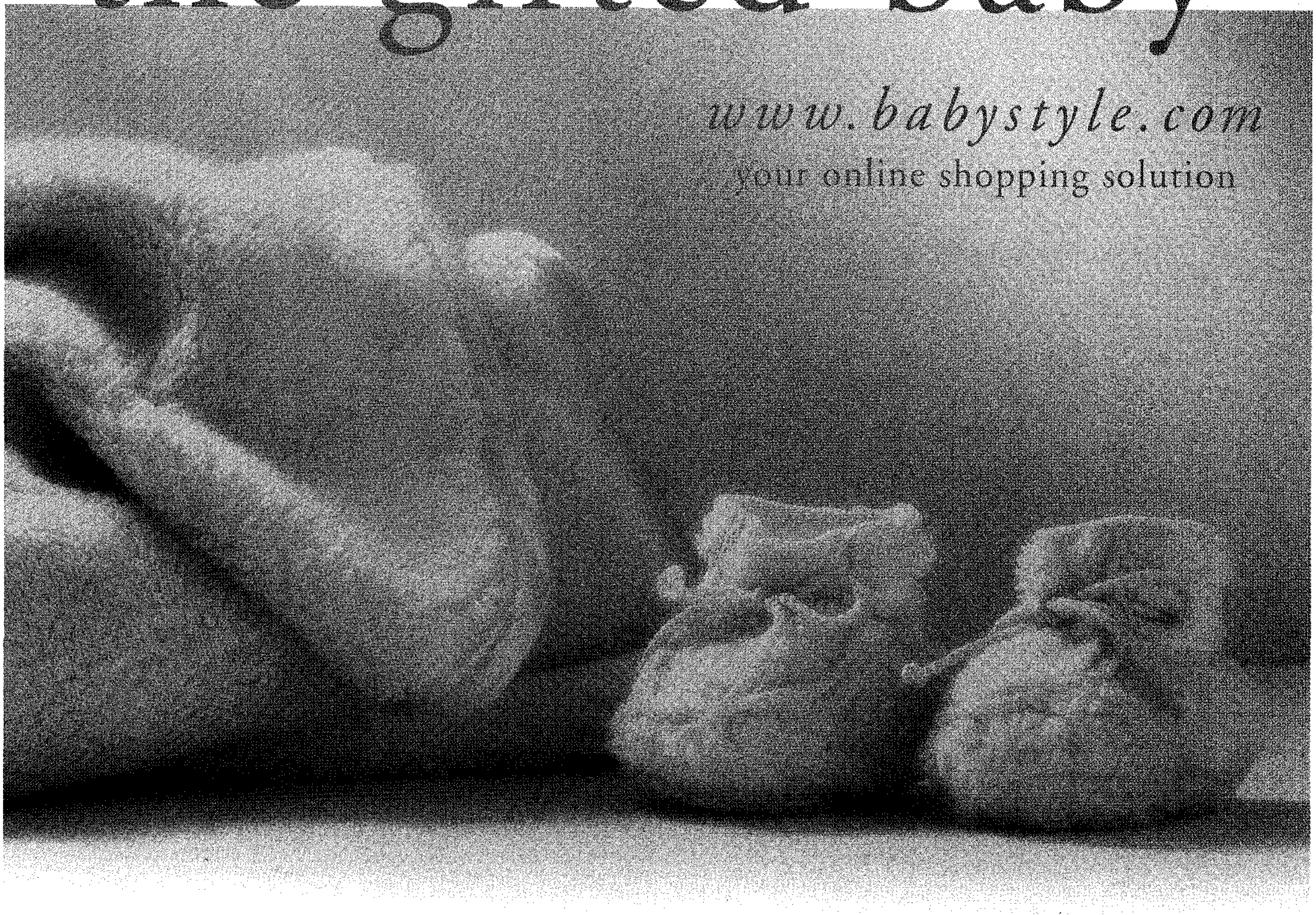
These charmingly unique neck warmers, hand-made at Morehouse Farm out of wool from their own flock of Merino sheep, come in three wild color choices.



Designer Sunglasses
Union Square Optical

A pair of Versace, Gucci, Dita, or Matsuda sunglasses in the newest 2000 styles makes a wonderful gift.

the gifted baby



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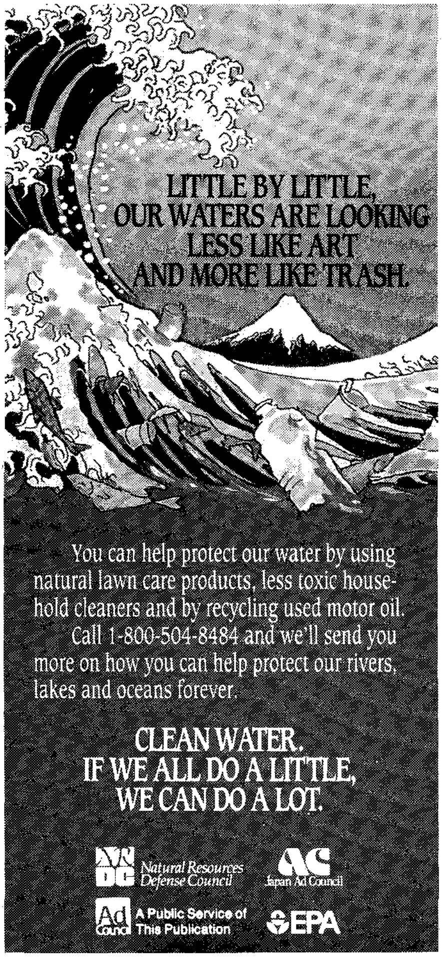

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THE BEST OF THE SEASON

The "Bliss" Ring

Gallery Eclectic

Part of hot designer Catherine Angiel's new collection, "Bliss" is a platinum, diamond petal-shaped ring that is open and airy. A stylish gift of love.

Dolce & Gabanna for Women

ChaseShop.com

The perfect gift for a special woman, the opulent 3.4 oz EDT spray Dolce & Gabanna for Women – introduced by the design house of EuroItalia – is a delicate, floral fragrance that is ideal for the evening. (Not pictured.)

Michael Crawford
A Christmas Album

Michael Crawford: A Christmas Album

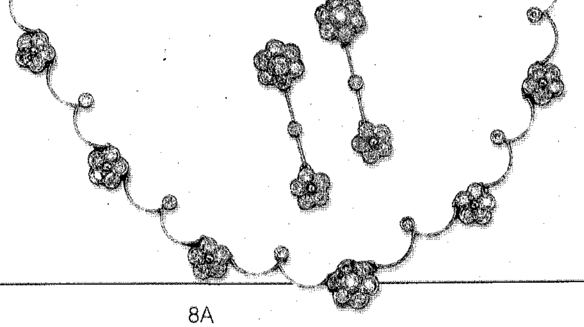
Atlantic Records

This Tony Award-winning star brings his magic touch to holiday favorites including *O Holy Night* and *Angels We Have Heard on High/Joy to the World.*

A Dainty White Gold and Diamond Necklace

Wedding Ring Originals

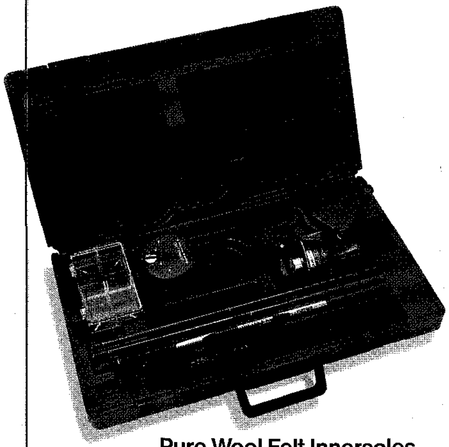
The "in" jewelry gift this winter comes in two styles: a single diamond in a bezel setting or several stations in designs, such as flowers, hearts, or stars.



THE BEST OF THE SEASON

Wooden Ride-on-Loco
babystyle.com
All aboard! The Wooden Ride-on-Loco will have your little engineer making tracks around the playroom for hours. Recommended for ages 18 months and up. (Not pictured.)

The Essential Baby Jacket
babystyle.com
A warm, cuddly cotton faux lambswool jacket will be a wardrobestaple. It slips easily on and off and keeps your little one toasty. It's sized at six months. (Not pictured.)



Executive Travel Pack Spinning
ChaseShop.com
If he or she loves freshwater fishing, they'll love this handy fishing rod that compresses down into the handy travel pack and can be thrown in the suitcase on a business trip or kept in the trunk of the car.

Pure Wool Felt Innersoles
Grand Central Terminal Holiday Fair – Morehouse Farm
A great stocking stuffer, the soft wool innersoles are the best cure for sore and cold feet and come in seven cheerful colors. (Not pictured.)

JBL WRKW1000 Wireless Speakers
ChaseShop.com
With compact two-way powered speakers and a long-range transmitter, your music can now go anywhere – up to 100 feet from your stereo – and still sound great. (Not pictured.)

Bucky Neck Pillow
Rand McNally
A comfortable travel neck pillow, perfect for the plane, train, bus, and car! Machine-washable and available in two textures and a variety of colors. (Not pictured.)

Half-Day of Beauty
Lia Schorr Skin Care
The ultimate in holiday decadence includes a European facial, paraffin manicure and pedicure, full-body massage, and foot reflexology. And it's on sale until December 31.

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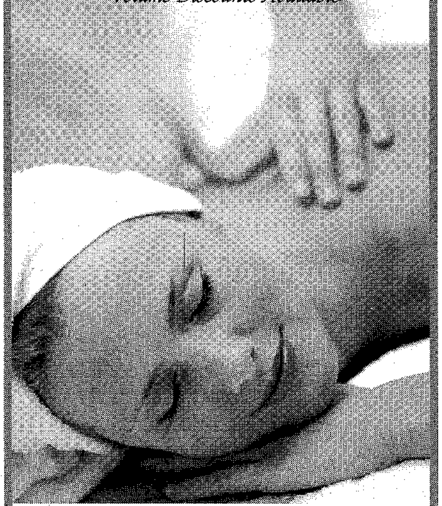

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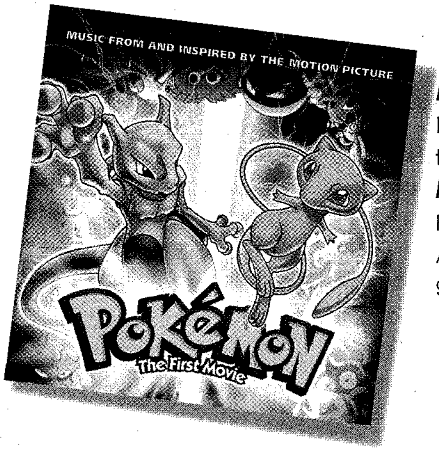
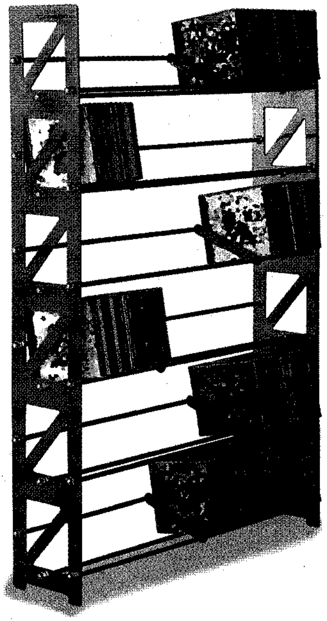
THE BEST OF THE SEASON



***Pokémon the First Movie* Music from and Inspired by the Motion Picture**
Atlantic Records
Featuring songs by Christina Aguilera, Britney Spears, 'N Sync, 98°, M2M, B*witched, and more.



The Penguin CD Storage Unit
cdholdings.com
With a capacity of 420 CDs, 230 DVDs, or 110 videos, this sturdy unit makes a wonderful no-risk gift for that music-lover on your list – and takes the pressure off you to choose the perfect artist and album! Available in black and burnt sienna and three other sizes. (Standard unit shown.)

A Diamond from The Diamond Co.
The Diamond Co.
Whether in the form of an engagement ring, anniversary present, or simply a spectacularly unique and unforgettable millennial surprise, diamonds make wonderful presents and, with The Diamond Co.'s first ever Weather Sale, it could be the least expensive gift you've ever given. (See directory for details.)

The Body Enhancement

Lia Schorr Skin Care

Pamper yourself or a loved one with a beauty package that includes a full-body massage, seaweed body wrap, and scrub and foot reflexology. On sale until December 31.

Eyewear Gift Certificates

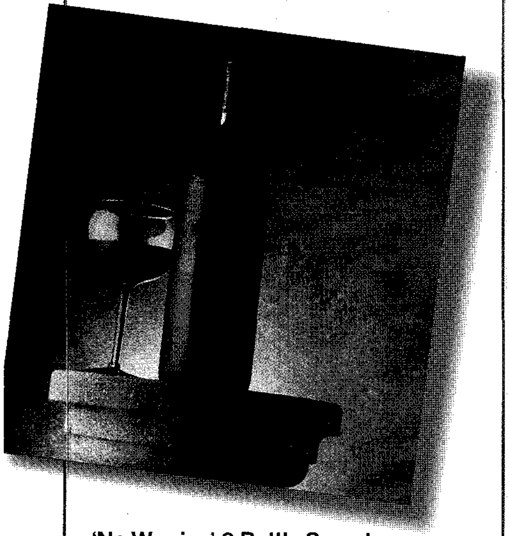
Union Square Optical

Give a choice of new designer frames, lenses, or even the latest sunglasses. You can purchase gift certificates with end-of-year 1999 Flexible Spending Accounts.

Rand McNally StreetFinder®/GPS Bundle

Rand McNally

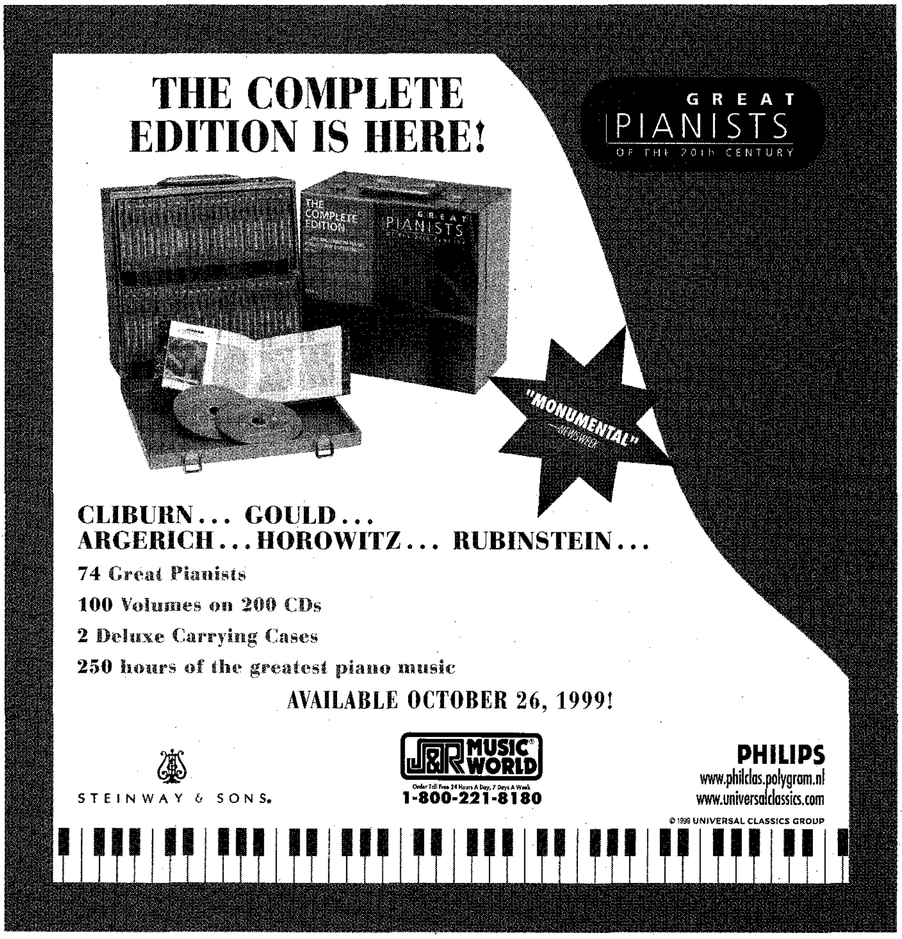
A Global Positioning System (GPS) unit bundled with Rand McNally's award-winning StreetFinder® Deluxe, for use with your laptop computer. (Not Pictured.)



'No Worries' 6-Bottle Sampler

K&D Wines & Spirits

A selection of everything you need to pour at your next fine dining or entertaining soiree, including champagne, apéritif white wine, white and red dinner wines, port and dessert wine. Also available in a premium package.



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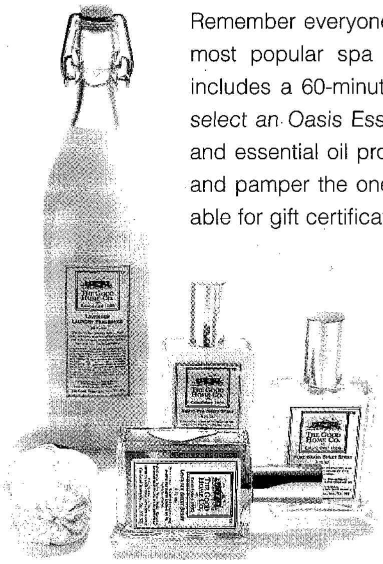
THE BEST OF THE SEASON



Oasis Gift Certificates

Oasis Day Spa

Remember everyone on your list with a visit to Oasis. Their most popular spa package is the Half-Day Spa, which includes a 60-minute massage, facial, and body wrap. Or select an Oasis Essential Gift Basket, featuring bath, body and essential oil products, guaranteed to relax, rejuvenate, and pamper the one you love. Volume discounts are available for gift certificates.

Profiles & Contours Gift Certificate

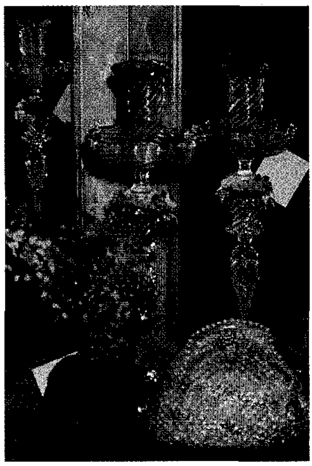
Profiles & Contours

An intimate gift for a special loved one, there's nothing more generous or rewarding than supporting someone in their choice to face the new year with a new face, a new body, and a new outlook. Accompany someone to their free consultation or simply contribute to support their decision. Not shown.

Beaded Vintage Evening Bags

Wohl Antiques

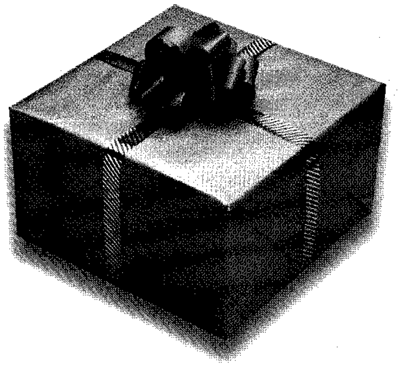
The next retro rage, these authentic Art Deco or floral French handbags from the '20s, '30s, and '40s lend any outfit the perfect flair – especially the wide selection of beaded eveningwear that's also available.



Pommery Brut Champagne Royal

K&D Wines & Spirits

Wine Spectator's best bet is this "easy-going, posh style of Champagne that nevertheless has plenty of vibrant apple and vanilla flavors, a soft, inviting texture, and a long finish."



Give Me The Three Piece To Go

babystyle.com

Cotton legging, onesie, and cap to go. Sent in a Chinese food box. Wontons not included. (Not pictured.)

DK Top 10 of Everything 2000

Rand McNally

A list-lovers dream come true! Over 900 top-10 lists in this popular holiday favorite! (Not pictured.)

Cassiopeia e-100

ChaseShop.com

Ideal for the techie on your list, this cutting-edge palm-size PC's big color display enables users to surf the Internet in vivid color, view movies with rich stereo sound or run multimedia programs – all in the palm of your hand. (Not pictured.)

Universal Gift Certificate from Visa

Visa Gift Card

Valid at millions of locations throughout the world, the new Visa® Gift Card is the perfect present for that hard-to-shop-for person on your list. Available in six denominations from $25 to $500.

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One Size. Many Styles.

Here's how to please all of the people on your gift list all of the time - give them the gift that always fits - music. Just choose the style that best suits their tastes:

JEWEL

JOY: A HOLIDAY COLLECTION

An album of holiday classics as only Jewel could sing them. Includes "O Holy Night," "Winter Wonderland," and "Ave Maria" plus a Christmas version of her hit, "Hands."

Pokémon The First Movie

MUSIC FROM AND INSPIRED BY THE MOTION PICTURE

featuring songs by Christina Aguilera, Britney Spears, *N SYNC, 98°, M2M, B*Witched and more

Michael Crawford

A CHRISTMAS ALBUM

Tony Award-winning star brings his magic touch to holiday favorites including "O Holy Night," "Angels We Have Heard on High /Joy to the World"

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Perfect for the holidays, K&D offers a variety of festive gift packages, available from $150!

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Available wherever music is sold.
www.atlantic-records.com
Afro-Cuban All-Stars, Brandy, Collective Soul, The Corrs, The Brooklyn Tabernacle Choir, Placido Domingo, the Gypsy Kings, Jewel, Kid Rock, Kurt Masur, Matchbox 20, LeAnn Rimes, Sugar Ray, The Chieftans, and much, much more. CD's are the perfect gift for everyone on your list and Atlantic Records has something for everyone.

babystyle.com
www.babystyle.com
This fantastic Web site is a hip, stylish one-stop shop for new and expectant moms and their family and friends. It offers exclusive maternity and baby fashions, designer nurseries, must-have baby gear, gorgeous gifts, toys you won't find anywhere else, and a full-service registry.

cdholdings.com
www.cdholdings.com
The storage solutions for all the latin, rock, classical and hip hop music you can handle, cdholdings.com offers a large variety of CD racks, CD holders, compact disc storage cabinets, and compact disc storage towers in many sizes and styles. The collection ranges from classic designs to novelty shapes.

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ChaseShop.com provides convenience, savings, security, and fun, giving you direct access to over 25,000 stores on one Web site. In addition, Chase credit and debit card customers receive a 5% discount on thousands of products. Consumers can apply for a Chase credit card online, get a decision in less than two minutes, and have $250 of their credit line available for immediate shopping.

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Gallery Eclectic
43 Greenwich Ave.
212-924-4314
Monday – Saturday noon – 7p.m.,
Sundays 11a.m. – 6p.m.
Hip design meets timeless elegance at Gallery Eclectic with its welcoming atmosphere, friendly and discerning staff, and wonderful collection of jewelry and home accessories. Loyal clients such as Christian Slater and Courteney Cox have already nabbed many of hot designer Angiel's newest pieces, so you'd better hurry!

Holiday Fair at Grand Central Terminal
42nd Street and Park Avenue
Grand Central Terminal, Vanderbilt Hal
212-340-2210
www.grandcentralterminal.com
Monday – Saturday, 10a.m. – 8p.m.,
Sundays noon – 6p.m. through December 24
Grand Central's Vanderbilt Hall transforms into a traditional holiday bazaar with more than 70 vendors offering unique and inspiring gifts including everything from children's toys to clothing, imported art to handmade crafts, holiday trimmings to year-round necessities.

International Hair Salon
560 Fifth Avenue, 3rd Floor
212-869-1147
(call for locations outside NYC)
Tuesday – Friday 9a.m. – 7p.m.,
Saturday 9a.m. – 5p.m.
International Hair Salon specializes in helping women with thinning, problem hair, and hair loss, offering a variety of solutions that go beyond wigs. Expert techniques range from adding additional hair to styling existing hair in innovative ways. Professional therapies include hair extensions, volumizing techniques, weaving/bonding, and scalp treatments. Treat that special someone with a gift certificate for a fashionable hairstyle.

K&D Wines & Spirits
1366 Madison Avenue
(between 95th and 96th streets),
212-289-1818;
www.kdwine.com
Monday – Friday 9a.m. – 9p.m., Saturday 9a.m. – 8p.m.
K&D offers a tremendous selection of wines, champagnes, and liqueurs coupled with the highest level of service – all at competitive prices. Whatever your needs, K&D's experienced staff will offer selections to satisfy your taste, fit your budget, and complement your menu. Special gift packages and wine accessories are available, as is speedy delivery.

Lia Schorr Skin Care
686 Lexington Avenue
212-486-9670, 1-800-782-7212
www.liaschorr.com
Monday – Friday 9a.m. – 8p.m.,
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A revitalizing full-service day spa offering exceptional treatments for both men and women. Many of their most popular beauty packages are on sale until December 31. Beautifully-wrapped gift certificates are available for all services including facials, full-body massages, and the manicure or pedicure of your dreams.

Oasis Day Spa
108 East 16th Street, 2nd Floor, 212-254-7722
www.nydayspa.com
Monday – Friday 10am –10pm,
Saturday and Sunday 9am – 9pm
Named Best of New York by *Vogue*, *Allure*, and *New York*, Oasis combines a peaceful, beautiful setting with a highly trained, friendly staff to provide complete relaxation in the form of advanced spa services and products. Oasis prides itself on having the best massage therapists and estheticians in New York. The LaStone massage, Vitamin C facial, and Nourishing Seaweed wrap have received numerous awards.

Profiles & Contours
800 Fifth Avenue, 212-861-4100
www.profilesandcontours.com
Monday and Thursday 9am –7pm, Tuesday and Friday 9am – 4pm, Wednesday 9am –5 pm
The Board Certified surgeons at Profiles & Contours have helped thousands of men and women look and feel their best and are trained experts in all cosmetic procedures including face-lifts, nasal refinement, liposuction and collagen and botox injections. They offer free consultations with computer imaging so you can get the information you need to decide if cosmetic surgery is right for you. Call to learn more about fees and medical procedures.

Rand McNally – The Map & Travel Store
3 NYC area locations:
150 East 52nd Street , 212-758-7488
Monday – Friday 9a.m. – 7p.m.,
Saturday 10a.m. – 6p.m., Sunday noon – 5p.m.
555 Seventh Avenue (between 39th and 40th streets), 212-944-4477
Monday – Friday 8:30 am – 7p.m.
The Mall at Short Hills (NJ),
1200 Morris Turnpike, 973-379-1800
Monday – Friday 10a.m. – 9p.m.,
Saturday 10a.m. – 7p.m., Sunday noon – 6p.m.
www.randmcnally.com
Great gifts abound at Rand McNally – The Map & Travel Store, with three locations in the New York metro area! New games, gift items, and a huge selection of globes are on sale just in time for the holiday season!

Tanger Outlet Center, Riverhead
I-495 East, Long Island Expressway, Exit 72
631-369-2732, 1-800-407-4894
www.tangeroutlet.com
Monday – Saturday 9a.m. – 9p.m.,
Sundays 10a.m. – 7p.m.
The Tanger Outlet Center is a one-stop shopping mecca where you can purchase a variety of leading designer brand name products for the whole family directly from the manufacturer at substantial savings. Gift certificates are available for the entire center, giving that special someone almost 200 retail outlets from which to choose their perfect gift.

Union Square Optical
9 West 14th Street, 212-242-0314
Monday – Friday 10a.m. – 7p.m.,
10a.m. – 6p.m.
An "uptown-style" optical boutique in a convenient 14th Street location, Union Square Optical offers brands including Matsuda, Bada, Okio, Face a Face, Versace, and Gucci at significant savings over Madison Avenue prices. The store, which has been around for 15 years, accepts all corporate vision plans and Flexible Spending Accounts. Mention New York for a free eye exam.

Universal Music Group/Philips Classics
www.umusic.com
Universal Music Group has CDs for every taste. In addition to the brand new Complete Edition of Great Pianists of the 20th Century, their huge roster includes Erykah Badu, Cecilia Bartoli, Beck, Mary J. Blige, Andrea Bocelli, Boyzone, The Cardigans, Sheryl Crow, B.B. King, Patti LaBelle, Reba McEntire, Shania Twain, The Wallflowers, and Trisha Yearwood. Available wherever music is sold.

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www.888extramoney.com
(150 character customized message available with Web orders only)
The brand-new Visa® extramoney^{sm} Gift Card universal gift certificate allows the recipient to purchase anything anywhere the Visa card is taken. It comes in six amounts from $25 to $500 and is sent directly to either the recipient or purchaser in an attractive holiday package bearing their name and a choice of greeting.

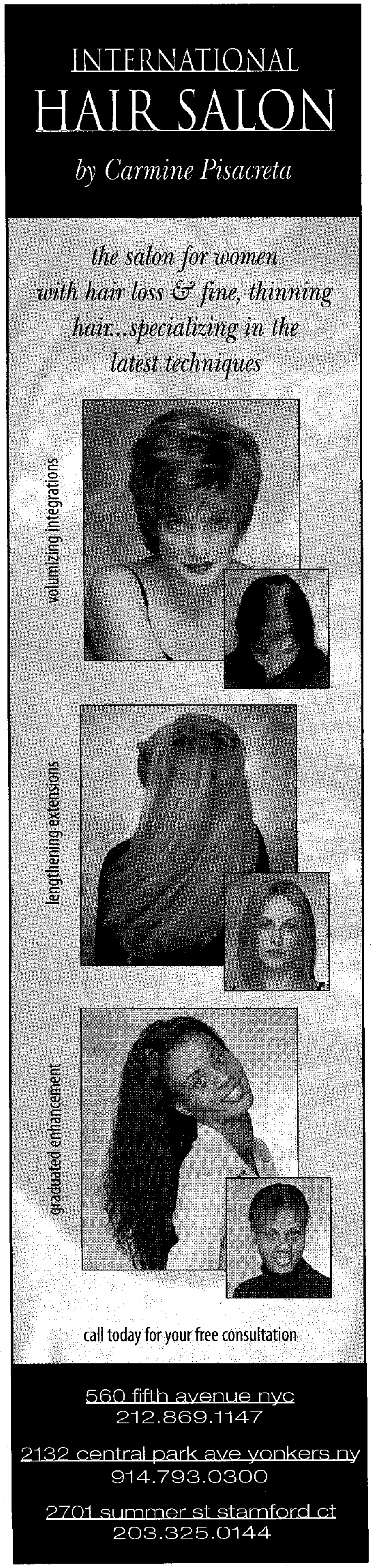
Wedding Ring Originals
674 Lexington Avenue
212-751-3940, 1-800-522-1175 (outside NY)
www.weddingrings.com
Monday – Friday 10:30a.m.–6:30p.m.,
Saturday 10: 30a.m. – 5:30p.m.
Wedding Ring Originals knows that a wedding band is not just another piece of jewelry and offers one of the largest, most unique collections of wedding rings in the world. They employ both old world and modern methods to create a range of one-of-a-kind pieces of jewelry.

Wohl Antiques
860 Lexington Avenue
212-472-0191
Monday – Saturday 10:30 am – 6p.m.,
Sunday 1p.m. – 4p.m.
(Call for extended holiday hours)
The romantic ambience of this French-style antiques salon speaks volumes about its rich offerings. Painted vanities from the '30s, antique French furnishings and Venetian chandeliers, vintage French couture and beaded eveningwear from the '20s through the '40s, exquisite jewelry from the Edwardian through the retro periods, and a wonderful display of antique art glass and crystal perfume bottles in Art Deco and other styles.

WINTER ACTIVITIES

Here's a select list of festive activities that will help you celebrate the season with spirit.

New York Botanical Garden
Continuing Education Department
718-817-8747
www.nybg.org
Through December
Hands-on classes on how to make holiday centerpieces, herbal wreaths, and festive ornaments.



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HOLIDAY HAPPENINGS

Predictions for the New Millennium
Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue Gallery
212-736-3100
www.esbnyc.com
Through January 10
A collection of thoughts about the future from more than 250 celebrities and world leaders.

A Victorian Holiday
New York Botanical Garden
718-817-8700
www.nybg.org
Through January 9
A 25-foot tree twinkles inside the nation's most glorious Victorian glasshouse, the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory. Outside, a world of brilliantly lit holiday wreaths and boughs create a classic scene.

Laser Lights Fill the Sky Ceiling
Grand Central Terminal
212-340-2210
Through December 24
Every hour on the hour, six different light shows will run in rotation 125-feet above the crowds in the newly renovated main hall, transforming the entire room into a giant laser snow globe.

The New York Armory Christmas Antiques Show
Seventh Regiment Armory at Park Avenue
and 66th Street
212-472-1180; 212-472-0590
December 8 – 12
One of New York's most famous antiques shows.

Paul Winter's 20th Anniversary Winter Solstice Celebration
The Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine
212-662-2133
www.stjohndivine.org
December 9 – 11
The Grammy award winner is joined by Mickey Hart to celebrate the beginning of winter.

In His Solitude: The Sacred Music of Duke Ellington
Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts
212-875-5244
December 9 – 12
The Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra performs with a gospel choir.

Handel's *Messiah*
The Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine
212-316-7540; 212-662-2133
December 17, 7:30 p.m.
Experience the Messiah in the magnificent Cathedral, with combined choirs, soloists, and orchestra.

Kasha Varnishkes and Klezmer: Ratner's on Christmas
92nd Street Y
212-996-1100
www.92ndsty.org
December 25
An evening of Jewish nostalgia that begins with a delicious meal at Ratner's and ends with some foot tapping to the Metropolitan Klezmer band.

Masquerade Parade & Midnight Run
Begins at Tavern on the Green @ 67th Street & Central Park West
212-860-4455
www.nyrrc.com
December 31
The parade begins at 11p.m.with cash prizes for the most creative designs. A festive 5K race begins at midnight.

Ye Olde Greenwich Village Tour
Big Onion Walking Tours – Washington Square Arch
212-439-1090
www.bigonion.com
December 24 , 1 p.m.
A Christmas Eve walking tour through the Village's streets, former home to artists,writers, and radicals.

Christmas Eve Midnight Mass
The Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine
212-316-7540
www.stjohndivine.org
December 24, 10:30p.m.
Choirs, organ, and brass music with a sermon and candlelighting.

Annual Christmas Weekend Jewish East Side Tour
Big Onion Walking Tours – Begins at S.E. corner of Essex and Delancey streets
212-439-1090
www.bigonion.com
December 26, 10:30a.m.. and 1:00p.m.
In its ninth year, this special walking tour takes you through a half-century of Jewish immigration and settlement.

Sandra Bernhard
Town Hall
212-307-4100
December 31
The comedian in concert.

Celebration 2000
Jacob K. Javits Convention Center
1-877-556-2000, 1-800-872-8997, 212-563-2266
www.celebration2000.com
December 31 – January 1, 6p.m. until 6a.m.
Twelve hours of nonstop entertainment with tour stages including performances by Sting, Andrea Bocelli, Aretha Franklin, Tom Jones, Enrique Iglesias, Joan Rivers, and Chuck Berry. Jean-Georges Vongerichten will oversee the food.

Sail-of-the-Century Cruise
World Yacht
212-630-8100
www.worldyacht.com
December 31, 8:30p.m..
Cruise the City while enjoying a five-course dinner dance and fireworks.

FAMILY FUN

Bring grandma, bring the kids. These festive attractions are fun for the whole family.

Radio City Christmas Spectacular
Radio City Music Hall
212-247-4777
November 24, 1999 – January 24, 2000
The 66th anniversary of this holiday favorite includes major surprises that will enchant the whole family.

Bronx Zoo Holiday Lights
718-367-1010
Through January 2 (Closed December 24)
Over 100 giant-sized illuminated animal sculptures in this evening display. Weekends and the entire week of December 27th feature ice carving demonstrations, storytelling, music, and more.

Annual Tree Lighting At Lincoln Center
212-875-5108
December 3, 7p.m.
Featuring Big Bird and his friends from *Sesame Street*, The Project Youth Chorus, and Ernest Borgnine as Master of Ceremonies.

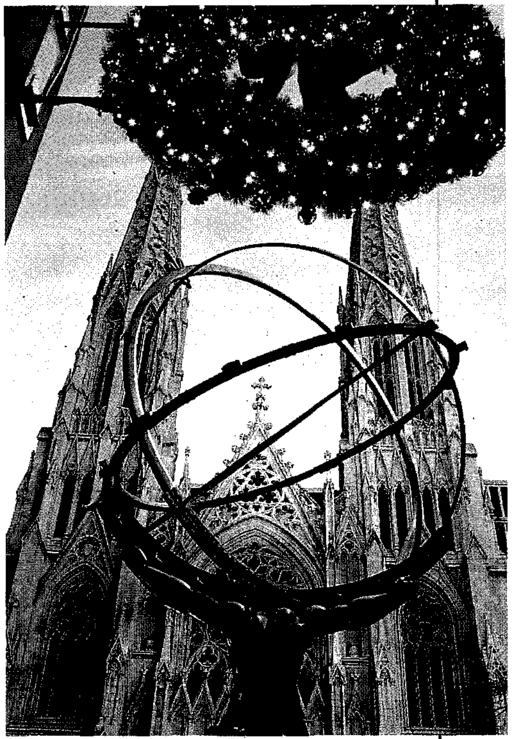
Lighting of the Giant Hanukkah Menorah
Grand Army Plaza, Fifth Avenue (at 59th Street)
718-778-6000, 212-736-8400
December 4 – 11
Each evening of Hanukkah a new flame is lit atop a 32-foot menorah.

Christmas in Richmond Town
Historic Richmond Town, Staten Island
718-351-1611
December 5
Tour the homes and shops, authentically decorated for the holidays. Buy handicrafts, unusual decorations, and homemade baked goods.

Hanukkah Performance
The Jewish Museum
212-423-3200
www.thejewishmuseum.org
December 5
The Brothers Grinn, an improvisational theater group, performs lively stories, fables, myths, and songs about Hanukkah with audience participation.

The Morgan Library
212-685-0610
www.morganlibrary.org
December 5
The library's holiday celebration begins with a special one-hour reading of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* (for ages 12 and up). Visitors can also view one of the library's greatest literary treasures, the original manuscript.

Annual 19th Century Holiday Party
Merchant's House Museum
212-777-1089
www.merchantshouse.com
December 8, 6 p.m.- 8 p.m.
Enjoy "the best 19th century holiday party in town" says *The New York Times*. Music, refreshments and plenty of holiday spirit.



Holiday on the Hudson
Chelsea Piers Sports & Entertainment Complex
212-336-6881
www.chelseapiers.com
December 10
An evening of enchanted figure skating and holiday music (free).

Reel to Real for Kids
Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts
212-875-5108
December 11
Features silver screen classics with live performances.

Holiday Puppet Theater
New York Botanical Garden
718-817-8700
www.nybg.org
December 11 –12 , 18 – 19, December 26, January 1, 2, 8, 9
Puppet master Ralph Lee presents a whimsical,interactive theater creation of *The Little Engine That Could.*

Presents to the Polar Bears
Central Park Wildlife Center
212-439-6527
December 11 – 12, 18 – 19, 25 – 26, 1 p.m.
The zoo's three polar bears – Gus, Ida, and Lily – receive holiday treats from their keepers. Gift boxes contain food and toys to help the bears celebrate the holiday season.

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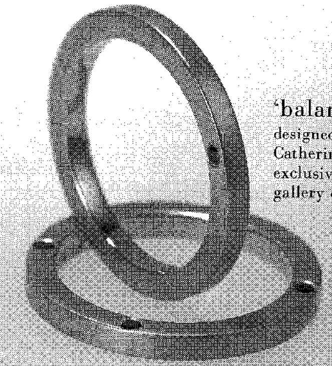

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Carnegie Hall
212-247-7800
www.carnegiehall.org
December 12
The world-renowned choir of young singers will grace the state for this one-time-only New York appearance.

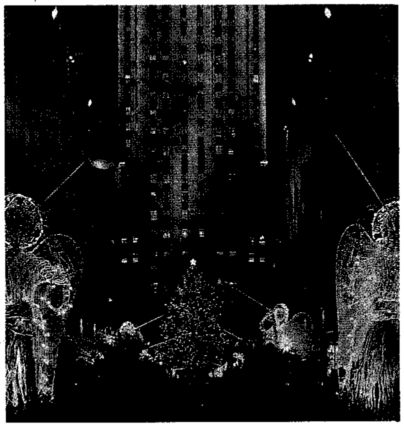
Holiday Window Shopping
Fifth Avenue at 58th Street to Fifth Avenue (at 39th Street)
Through early January
Walk the Avenue to see the wondrous Christmas windows that begin with Bergdorf Goodman at 58th Street and goes all the way to Lord & Taylor at 39th Street

Origami Christmas Tree
American Museum of Natural History
212-769-5250
www.amnh.org
Through early January
Kids can learn how to fold their own origami *around the tree from special instructors.*

Kwanzaa Fest
Children's Pavillion
Jacob K. Javits Convention Center
718-585-3530
December 18-20
The world's largest celebration of African-American culture. Live entertainment and much more.

New Year's Eve Fireworks
Grand Army Plaza, Prospect Park, Brooklyn
718-965-8999
December 31
The biggest of the city's New Year's Eve fireworks display along with live music.

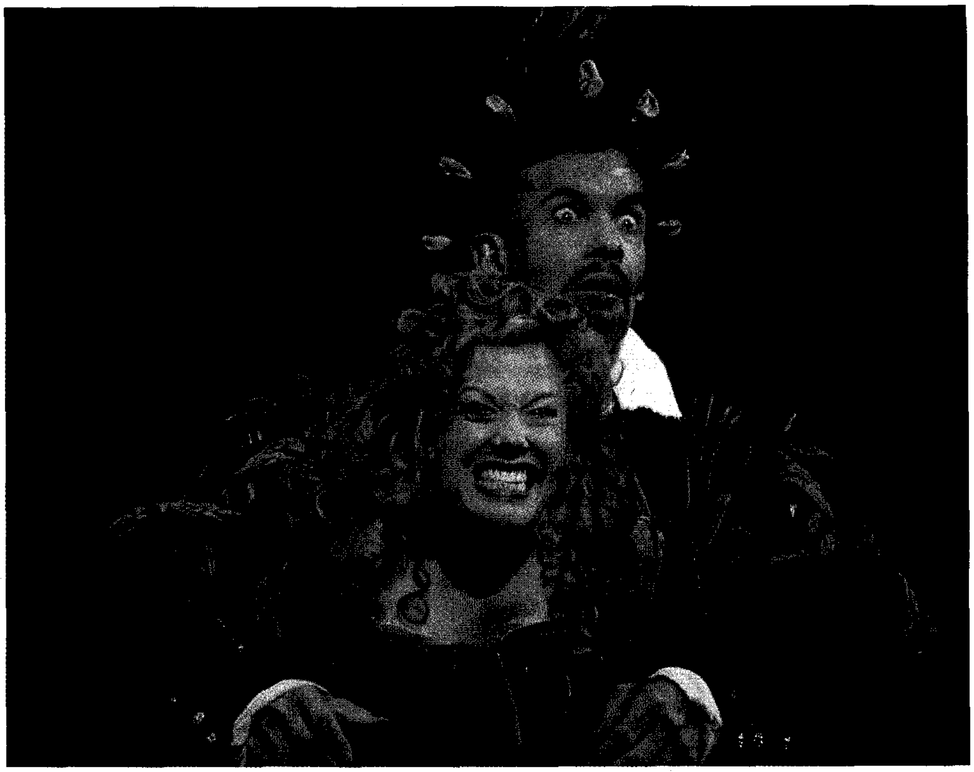
Kids Night on Broadway
The Broadway Line
212-302-4111, 1-888-BROADWAY (outside NY)
January 25 Through February1
Broadway tickets for selected performances are free to kids aged six-18 when an adult purchases a full-priced ticket.



THEATER JOHN SIMON

Wunderpar

Peripheral pleasures are the best a revival of Porter's 'Kiss Me, Kate' has to offer; Sondheim's 'Putting It Together' pretty much falls apart.



Shrew of us: Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie at loggerheads in *Kiss Me, Kate.*

Kiss Me, Kate, OPENING IN DECEMBER 1948, racked up 1,077 performances and was Cole Porter's biggest hit, but not his best work. Sam and Bella Spewack's book concerns a famous acting couple, the now-divorced Fred Graham and Lilli Vanessi, doing a musical version of *The Taming of the Shrew* on a hot June night in Baltimore and fighting equally offstage and on. This was based on something that really happened to Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. But the Spewacks' book was only moderately funny, and its current refurbishing by Anonymous is scarcely better. He is said to be one of our leading playwrights, who may have reasons transcending merely legal ones for his incognito.

The book never established Fred and Lilli as living legends against which their present bickering would resonate dramatically. The Spewacks' idea of a funny name for the ingenue was to steal Lois Lane from *Superman*. For Lilli's other man, they devised a stodgy Republican congressman who plans his day to the minute. Anonymous (who seems to share initials with John Galsworthy) comes up with a lumbering parody of Douglas MacArthur, complete with his corncob pipe inflated to the size of the sledgehammer with which jokes are driven home here.

I wonder whether the Spewacks' real inspiration came not from the Lunts but from a 1937 movie, *It's Love I'm After*, starring Leslie Howard and Bette Davis and much funnier than *Kiss Me, Kate.* Cole Porter's score is nice but spotty. The famous "Wunderbar," meant to be both parody of Viennese operetta and delightful in its own right, suffers from split personality. Kate's "I Hate Men" is also a takeoff on Teutonic tankard-banging songs, and not much else. Poorer yet is Kate's final number, "I Am Ashamed That Women Are So Simple," where Porter used Shakespeare as his lyricist and evidently found him less congenial than himself.

Other songs are superior, notably the ballad "So in Love," although its reprise, played for Fred's self-pity, falls flat. Petruchio's "Where Is the Life That Late I Led?" was *wunderbar* when the great Alfred Drake did it in 1948 with one foot on a stool and with minimal theatrics but maximal artistry and charm. It loses a lot when the charmless incumbent wallows on a tabletop like a demented gymnast. Brian Stokes Mitchell, our Fred, better at Coalhouse than at Cole, is competent and assiduous but lacking the magnetism sufficient to fasten a recipe to a refrigerator. (Today only Kevin Kline could make this part his own.) As Lilli, the attractive Marin Mazzie similarly lacks Patricia Morison's poise and comic expertise. She sings well but opens her mouth peculiarly, like a garage door going up while its mirror image goes equally squarely down.

The ingenue, Amy Spanger, is interesting only insofar as she keeps one guessing how she got the part. Unencumbered by any special talent, she does, however, have a face a nutcracker would envy. The juvenile, Michael Berresse, performs one stupendous acrobatic feat, albeit more appropriate to a circus. Otherwise, he exudes a blend of spinelessness and sleaze to send Lois Lane panting even after Clark Kent. As the MacArthur caricature, Ron Holgate recycles his Miles Gloriosus from *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, an act of self-plagiarism that never pays off.

The true virtues of the revival are peripheral. As the gangsters hounding Fred who get hooked on the Bard and sing (however out of character it is) "Brush Up Your Shakespeare," Michael Mulheren and Lee Wilkof practically hijack the show, earning by far the biggest ovation, which speaks well for them and poorly for the rest. Notable, too, is John Horton, who, true Shakespearean that he is, manages to make the non-singing Baptista very nearly the comic cynosure of the evening.

The gifted director, Michael Blakemore, has worked

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

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Friday, December 17th, at 9:00 am

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Saturday, December 11th, at 8:30 pm

hard but without reaching his imaginative heights—think *City of Angels.* Kathleen Marshall's choreography starts sluggishly, perks up in "Too Darn Hot"—overlong but lively, and expertly danced by Stanley Wayne Mathis—then reverts to the merely serviceable. That is the word also for Robin Wagner's sometimes monumental but slightly schematic scenery and for Peter Kaczorowski's lighting, which doesn't even conjure up the heat for "Too Darn Hot." The good Martin Pakledinaz fumbles the costumes, as when he saddles Petruchio with a ghastly flying saucer of a hat as his normal headgear, then dresses him less weirdly when he means to be outrageous.

Those responsible for *Kiss Me, Kate* seem to have mistakenly based it on a line from *The Comedy of Errors:* "But though my cates be mean, take them in good part." That way lies error, not comedy. Or was I watching, as transplanted from Buffalo, *Moon Over Baltimore*?

THEATER

A REVUE, EVEN IF, LIKE **Putting It Together**, IT calls itself a review, had better content itself with not trying for a story; that is the job of the book musical. Given its title, I hate taking it apart, but then, it pretty much falls to pieces on its own. It is a selection of numbers from Stephen Sondheim shows, one film, and one unproduced television movie, and was first attempted in 1992–93 by Julia McKenzie. She gave us a realistic party at which an older married couple and a younger unmarried one became variously entangled, and one odd man acted as both participant and commentator. It didn't work: The plot refused to cohere and all but tripped up the terrific numbers.

Eric D. Schaeffer's version, with much the same material, tries to be more abstract in its trappings, while also espousing a similar scenario, played out against a surreal set of neon tubes, irrelevant slide projections, and peculiarly piled-up cubicles occupied by miniature chairs and, occasionally, actors, all making the plot even more uncomfortable.

The cunning designer Bob Crowley summons up a kind of Dadaist discotheque, where cubes rise out of or sink into the floor and other props mysteriously materialize. The asymmetrical network of neon, by Crowley and his lighting designer Howard Harrison, outdoes a chameleon in color changes; the slide projections by the ubiquitous Wendall K. Harrington—sometimes realistic, sometimes fantastic, sometimes merely decorative—are pretty but essentially disconnected from the proceedings. Crowley's costumes, like Bob Mackie's for the wife, are cannily chosen, but the fine choreographer Bob Avian is clearly more at ease with large-scale musicals than with an intimate five-character revue. Or review.

If Schaeffer's busy staging yields much of anything, it is largely due to his mostly interesting performers. Carol Burnett, the star, unfortunately does not trust her aptitude for good, straightforward work and fiercely camps up some songs, often clowning around in her manic TV fashion. Yet on the rare occasions when she relaxes, she can be utterly winning. Her opposite number, George Hearn, sings persuasively but is a trifle stiff, his looks verging disquietingly on Liberace's.

As the young woman, Ruthie Henshall is a shade less compelling than in some previous outings but is still a piquant combination of comedienne and seductress, amusing singer and scissor-sharp dancer; she delivers her big solo, "More" (from the film *Dick Tracy*), with consummate panache. John Barrowman does the young man somewhat blandly but amiably, scoring handily with his rendition of "Marry Me a Little." But it is Bronson Pinchot, as the Observer, who runs away with the show. Giving off whiffs of a sturdier Roddy McDowall, more controlled Robin Williams, and funkier Orson Bean, he is ultimately his unique protean self: irrepressible compère, comically deadpan announcer, versatile singing and dancing actor with nary a false move or intonation.

And then, of course, the songs, with their supersophisticated lyrics and ultracivilized melodies that can be as witty as they can be moving, or even both together, and yet again reaffirm Sondheim's supremacy in his field. Add to that—a marriage made in Heaven—Jonathan Tunick's orchestrations, and your ears will float blissfully past the demurs of your eyes. Still, how much better this was done by *Side by Side by Sondheim,* which happily stuck to the confines of a revue.

WHEN SOME WEEKS AGO I CAUGHT A SMALL musical called **Stars in Your Eyes**, I disdained reviewing it, thinking it would die instantly. By who knows what maneuvers, it is only just leaving, and I must voice my contempt. Its book, music, and lyrics are by one Chip Meyrelles, whom I imagine growing up lonely, playing recordings of musical comedy late into the night. Perfectly okay, had he not written one himself and gotten it on Off Broadway.

By way of book, imagine a battle for an observatory threatened to be torn down (when, since Galileo, did astronomy have its ass in a sling?) and the Man in the Moon, in a white suit, coming off his perch on a piano to straighten out the tangled lives of several thoroughly uninteresting characters. For the rest, think of every lyrical and musical cliché you can and multiply by three. That such talented performers as Crista Moore, Barbara Walsh, and Heather Mac Rae should be enmeshed in this nullity wrings my heart. ■

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

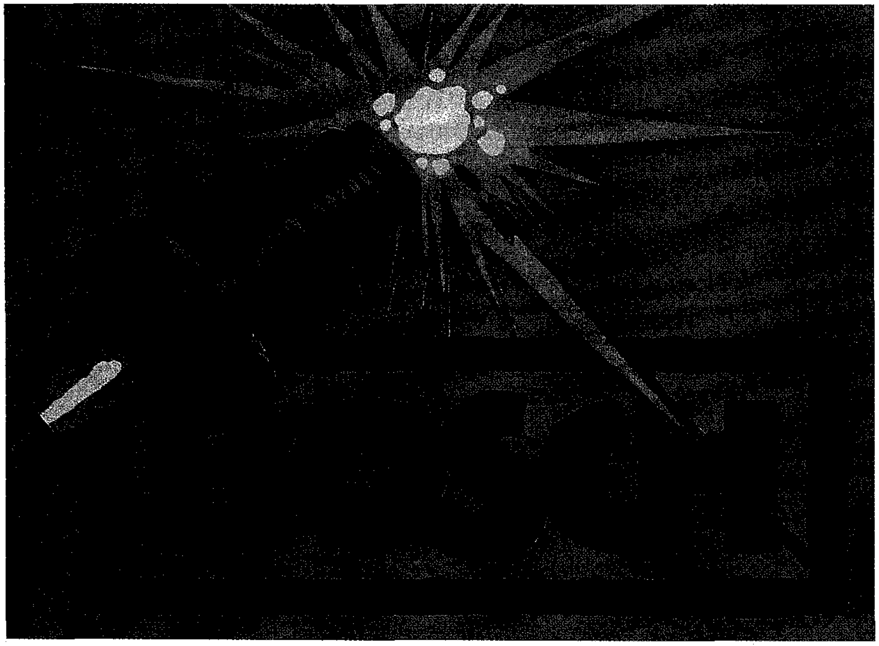
ART MARK STEVENS

Visionary Positions

Artists once dreamed about the future; now they just worry about Y2K like the rest of us. Here, three shows look to the past for a vision of a brave new world.

DURING THE NINETEENTH AND EARLY-TWENTIETH centuries, the advent of the machine age helped create powerful new strains of utopian art. As the millennium approaches—and America enters the Internet era—you would think that contemporary art would burn once again with visions of a brave new world. But the prospect of the twenty-first century seems to kindle little spiritual heat. The talk today is of new fortunes, not new worlds. To find a passionate future, you must look to the past.

To the Museum of Modern Art, for example. MOMA has just opened the third and final part of **"Modern*Starts*,"** its survey of the revolutionary years from 1880 to 1920. The first two installations (which remain on display) present the many-angled ways that artists of the time viewed "People" and "Places." The newly opened show does the same for "Things." It includes both sculptural and two-dimensional depictions of the objects around us. Functional articles that are beautiful in and of themselves—such as an exquisite toast rack—are also an important part of the exhibit. No effort is made to provide a complete view of the period or to deliver a conventional this-begat-that lecture on the evolution of modernism. Instead, the three shows together celebrate a flickering air of experiment, unexpected juxtaposition, and metamorphosis—bringing to life a time when nothing could be taken for granted and everything seemed possible.



Spark of genius: Lucian Bernhard's *Bosch,* 1914, at MOMA.

A good example of this is the show's presentation of *Boat Propeller,* a magnificent brass object made in about 1925 by Sullivan Shipyards. On the one hand, the propeller embodies the no-nonsense industry and propulsive dynamism of the modern period. On the other, it gleams with a purity and mystical simplicity of form; it could almost be a visionary work by Brancusi. In the wall label describing this object, the curators mention that Duchamp, Brancusi, and Léger once visited the Salon of Aerial Locomotion in Paris and saw a propeller that prompted Duchamp to declare, "Painting is finished. Who can do better than that propeller?" And yet, it was not only rapture that such works aroused. Just beneath the propeller, a display case holds some rude visual jokes by Picabia, who titles a print of a propeller *Ane* (as in a woman's ass), while another print, of a For-Ever spark plug, is called *Portrait of an American Girl in a State of Nudity.* In the modern period, it took only a blink to move from the sublime to deadpan irony.

Visionaries almost always denounce "the museum" for separating art and life; it does not make sense—to those dreaming of new worlds—to rope off art or worship objects from the past. MOMA will never be a radical institution, but its presentation of early modernism in "Modern*Starts*" is remarkably bold. None of the conventional boundaries found in a museum—between the different arts, for example, or between different styles—is allowed to fix meaning in place. Art from different moments is brought together, with works from the present sometimes sharing a wall with those from the past. For the entrance to "Things," the artist Michael Craig-Martin has painted a stylized postmodern mural that depicts both everyday things—such as a stool or a lamp—and famous art objects, such as Magritte's pipe. A celebration, in short, of fertile impurity and the playful mind—and a poignant gesture, too. Many early modern works, once so new, now look burnished with age. They could easily go to sleep to the murmuring oohs and aahs of connoisseurs and pedants. But MOMA—at the millennium—is trying to awaken them.

You can also locate the millennial spirit in folk art. Many of the great artists of early modernism revered the utopian dreams of untrained outsiders who were free of the conventional world of museums and artists. The Museum of American Folk Art is now presenting a small exhibit, **"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American**

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

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Folk Art" (see "Cue," page 117), that illustrates how the longing for apocalyptic change can inflame the popular imagination. The show includes some early historical material—such as tombstone carvings—and some wonderful carved angels, usually with trumpets in hand. It also presents examples of work from well-known individual folk artists, some still living, such as Howard Finster. Many folk artists not only dream of another world, they transform this one—turning junk into jewels. The exhibit includes a portion of James Hampton's fantastical *The Throne of the Third Heaven of the Nations Millennium General Assembly,* in which the artist created a sparkling altar-throne from tinfoil.

But the exhibition also commemorates the many millenarian communities—like the Shakers—that once dotted the American landscape. As they pored over the Book of Revelation and awaited tidings from the New Jerusalem, such sects tried to create a heaven on earth. (The Shakers made their chairs, it has been said, believing that an angel might appear at the door and wish to sit down.) Once upon a time, that communal impulse was also a vital part of modernism, especially in Russia, where artists eagerly anticipated the dawning of a new world. One of the last visionaries of that stripe in modern art is the Dutch artist Constant (born 1920), now the subject of **"Another City for Another Life: Constant's New Babylon"** at the Drawing Center. In the mid-fifties, Constant gave up painting in order to devote himself to what he called "New Babylon." He made drawings and architectural models of an environment in which technology liberated mankind from work. In his New Babylon, people would be free to wander the world as nomads, constantly at play, forever changing and recasting their existence in a great new chain of being. Space would become a "toy rather than a tool."

The events of 1968—the student demonstrations and the deepening of the Vietnam War—crushed Constant's hopes. The freedom of New Babylon, he came to believe, would lead only to anarchic violence. And so he abandoned the project. Although Constant is not a very good draftsman—his drawings and models are not nearly as provocative as his ideas—he does give off the heat of the true visionary. He is sometimes credited with anticipating the Internet community, but his work is actually much too hot-eyed for the Internet. The onscreen crowd approaches 2000 with a nagging, low-grade concern over Y2K and an interest in how to celebrate on December 31. Constant—to say nothing of Shakers or early modernists—wanted to embrace either bliss or despair. Today he must miss the sound of trumpets. ▬

Mark Stevens's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

The Pierre Principle

Pierre Boulez may have toned down the rhetoric, but the avatar of the avant-garde is still making inspired music in atonal modes.

IT'S BEEN INTRIGUING TO WATCH **Pierre Boulez** MOVE from the radical left to the very center of our musical life, a process accomplished so gradually over the past 50 years that many of us never quite realized it was happening. Next year Boulez turns 75, and he continues to be a prominent New York presence during the 1999–2000 season. The composer-conductor has just completed a weeklong series of workshops and chamber concerts at Carnegie Hall, focusing on some of the seminal works of the departing century, and next March he returns there to celebrate his birthday by leading four meaty programs with the London Symphony Orchestra. Not only that, such high-profile musicians as Daniel Barenboim and Maurizio Pollini will be programming major Boulez scores in Carnegie Hall during the coming year. Meanwhile, Deutsche Grammophon continues its commitment to Boulez by recording the conductor in performances of his own music, new versions of early-twentieth-century classics, and music by Mahler, Strauss, and Scriabin, late-Romantics one would have never associated with him in the not-so-distant past.

And all this from the young terrorist of the fifties who provoked the Establishment by issuing one angry polemic after another. Any composer who could not accept the inevitability of serialism, we were told, was irrelevant. All opera houses should be blown up, and maybe some concert halls as well. And, yes, even the sainted Schoenberg was proclaimed dead and passé. The mellowed-out Boulez of today is often asked to comment on this fiery youthful rhetoric, most recently by Carnegie Hall's artistic adviser, Ara Guzelimian, at a "Carnegie Talks" chat session. Being French, charming, and as much a wizard with words as with notes, Boulez wriggled out of every snare, never backing down or admitting that his youthful radicalism might not have always been appropriate, legitimate, or even necessary.

Of course conventional opera houses and concert halls are still useful, the old sage now says. Not only do they have the potential of elevating popular taste but they also provide a composer who conducts with an incomparable educational arena, especially if he wants to study the techniques of such masters of large forms as Mahler and Wagner. No apologies were made about the "Schoenberg Is Dead" pronunciamento. After all, it's only natural for young people to revolt against their elders, just as aging radicals should be allowed the privilege of changing their minds. Now Boulez, a father figure himself, has a different take on Schoenberg, whose music he conducts with more precision and eloquence than anyone alive. At the moment, he prefers the composer's early, freely atonal, and largely intuitive music to the later, more dogmatic, strictly organized serial scores that gave rise to the whole twelve-tone school in which Boulez himself was bred. Besides, he points out, musical composition is not about abstract ideas but about the development and consequence of those ideas, and no one illustrates this better than Schoenberg en route to serialism.

Boulez conducting his Ensemble Intercontemporain at Carnegie Hall.

Photograph by Steve Sherman.

As a demonstration, Boulez devoted his professional training-workshop sessions to a pair of the master's most awesome instrumental scores: the tonally ambiguous, four-movements-in-one Chamber Concerto of 1906, and the Op. 29 Suite of 1924, serially organized but with sly references to tonal procedures that still tend to rattle orthodox twelve-tone theorists. Perhaps even Boulez might not have fully approved of these works at one time, but now he revels in their tangy harmonic clashes and surging rhythmic energy. Unlike most avant-garde composers from the fifties, Boulez has always found the physical act of making music a plea-

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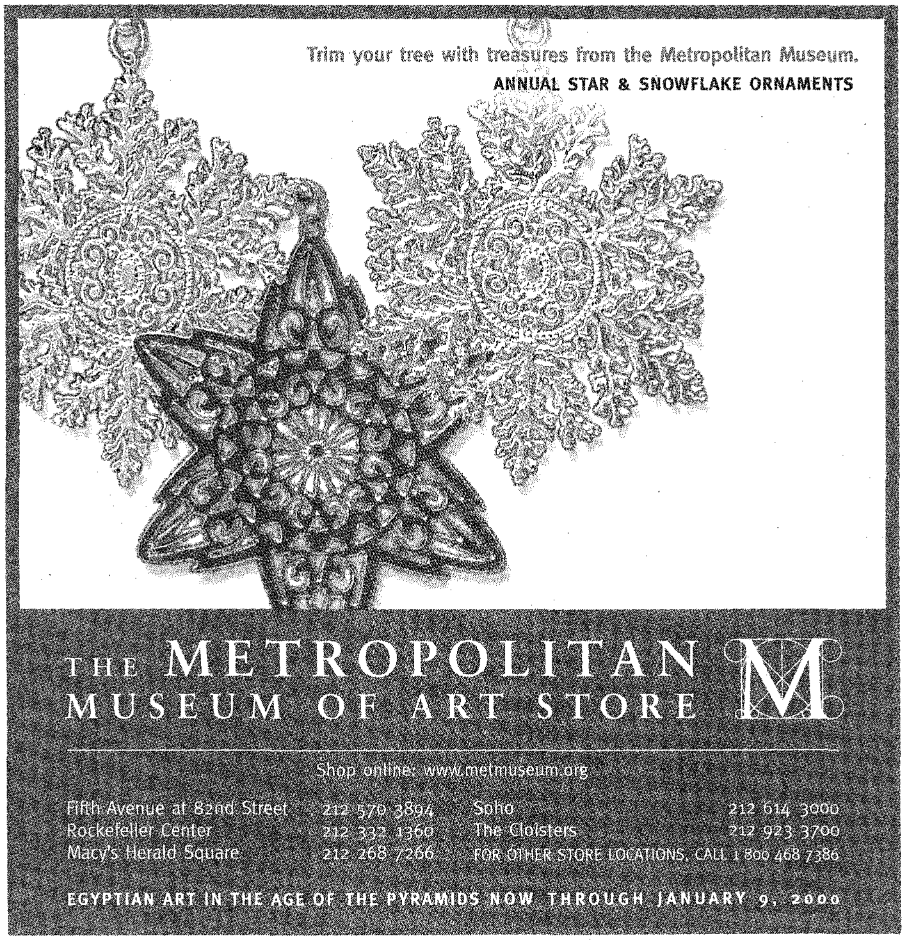
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surable exercise for both the ears and the spirit. He also clearly enjoys instructing and communicating with young instrumentalists—the performances, both with the musicians in the workshop program and the Ensemble Intercontemporain, were quite simply staggering.

During his previous Carnegie Hall visits, Boulez seldom brought along his own music, but on this occasion we were treated to several works, including an all-Boulez program with members of the Ensemble Intercontemporain. However far the conductor and educator may reach out to accommodate general audiences, the composer remains an uncompromising creature of his time who refuses to make it easy for the listener. But the sounds he conjures up are invariably dazzling, their musical roots firmly planted in the richest soil of twentieth-century French music. Who knows? By the year 2100, all-Boulez programs may be a commonplace.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN SMALL OPERA groups flourished in New York, exploring odd corners of the repertory unlikely to be served by the major companies. **Teatro Grattacielo** was founded in 1994 expressly to investigate neglected turn-of-the-century Italian operas. Nothing could be more unfashionable right now, and no composer from that era is more sneered at than Francesco Cilèa, whose best-known work, *Adriana Lecouvreur,* is invariably dismissed by superior critics as a trashy vehicle for ego-driven divas. Even more obscure is *L'Arlesiana,* an opera based on the pastoral play by Alphonse Daudet and mainly remembered for the melting aria "Lamento di Federico," first sung by Enrico Caruso at its premiere in 1897 and a lyric-tenor staple ever since. There are plenty of other pretty tunes in the opera, as Teatro Grattacielo's concert performance at Alice Tully Hall revealed. The whole score, in fact, is the elegant work of a composer whose delicate musical sensibility can be easily trampled in the operatic rough-and-tumble.

This loving performance made a strong case for the work, thanks in large part to conductor Fiora Contino's masterly control of the score's lyrical ebb and flow. There are four juicy parts, and each one was in reliable hands: Gerard Powers as the love-obsessed Federico, Eugenie Grunewald as his anguished mother, Carol Ann Manzi as the hapless girl next door, and Michael Corvino as the philosophizing old shepherd. *L'Arlesiana* is a lovely work, and there are many other equally worthy operas from the same period waiting to be reassessed, enough to keep Teatro Grattacielo busy for years. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Muse Company

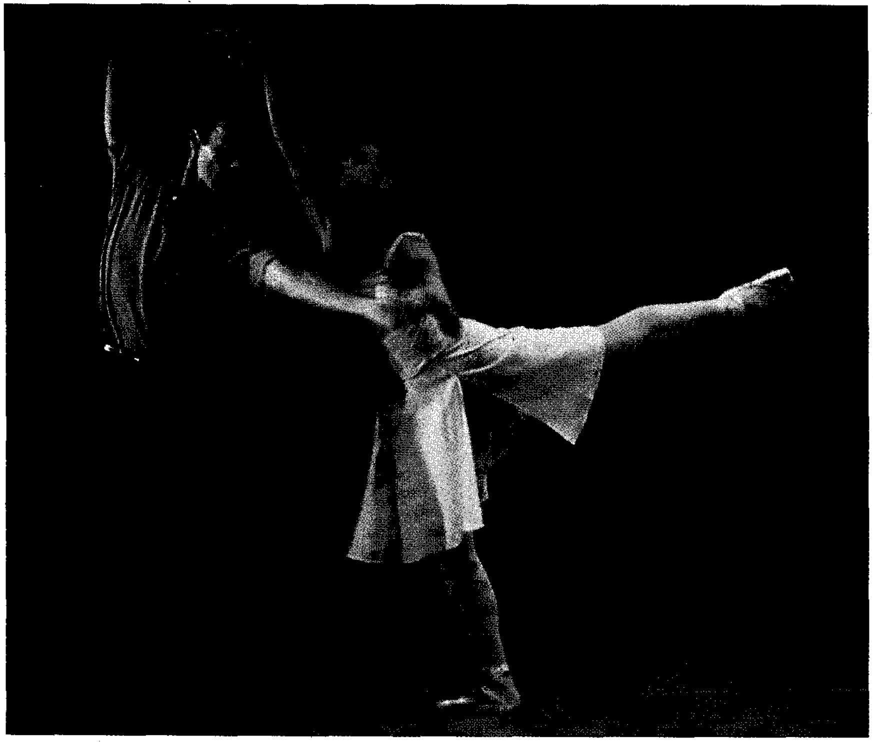
Suzanne Farrell's endearingly ad hoc troupe captures the spirit of Balanchine; at BAM, practically upbeat Pina Bausch lite.

THE STAGE OF THE NEW VICTORY IS TOO SMALL for classical dancing, the music is canned, the sixteen performers are a pickup crew of awkwardly disparate talent, experience, and skill. Yet the dancing is truly lovely. This was the first—and lasting—impression made by **Suzanne Farrell Stages the Masters of 20th Century Ballet** on the final leg of a modest tour that originated in Washington, D.C. While the New York City Ballet apparently has no use for her, George Balanchine's last muse has received steady support from the Kennedy Center in her efforts to pass on her incomparable legacy.

Mounted and coached by Farrell, the performances of works by Balanchine—supplemented by some Jerome Robbins and Maurice Béjart choreography she'd also danced—were infallibly musical and suffused with the sweetness and openness of spirit that leads to the sublime. The interpretations of roles with a dramatic component were authentic, thought through, and *felt*. The mechanical pyrotechnic feats and depersonalized theatrical slickness that have become synonymous with ballet in our time were banished to the hell in which they belong. Not one of the performers comes close to Farrell's own genius for dancing, but they have absorbed her approach to the art as well as values—about devotion to a world that extends far beyond oneself, about being available to the exigencies of the moment—that are not solely aesthetic.

This is all very well, but what next? Since her retirement from the stage in 1989, Farrell has proved over and over again—through her teaching and through her staging of the Balanchine repertoire—that she's equipped to play a significant role in the effort to keep classical dancing true to its nature. No further trials are necessary. The urgent issue is implementing most effectively all she has to offer. There's a rising sentiment among ballet fans that Farrell's present ad hoc group should evolve into a permanent institution. But anyone aware of what founding a real company entails will see that matters of time and money caution against this route.

Farrell needs to be annexed, I would venture, to an already established company with a deep, ongoing commitment to Balanchine—or to three or four such companies that could share her services. Forget New York City Ballet for now; the home team had its chance and turned it down. Think Edward Villella's Miami City Ballet (which has already had a successful one-shot deal with Farrell). Think Helgi Tomasson's San Francisco Ballet, Kent Stowell and Francia Russell's Pacific Northwest Ballet, Arthur Mitchell's Dance Theatre of Harlem. Though all of these groups are run by astute Balanchine acolytes, they would benefit hugely from Farrell's particular ability to make her dancers expansive, individual, and luminous. ABT's house programs, I've noticed, carry notices of private funding earmarked to support the appearances of major artists. If Farrell is not a major artist, I don't know who is. Her "appearances" may be behind the scenes these days, but they are, more than ever, consequential to the art she serves.



Legacies that just won't quit: *Meditation* (Balanchine via Farrell), with Ben Huys and Christina Fagundes.

Photograph by Carol Pratt.

AFTER YEARS AND YEARS OF REsisting **Pina Bausch**, I'm getting quite cozy with her work—just when the work is getting less fierce than it used to be. Time passes and everyone mellows out, I guess. In the realm of art, though, this is not necessarily a good thing. For its most recent engagement at BAM, Bausch's Tanztheater Wuppertal, which visits us every three years or so, presented *Danzón*, created in 1995. The piece is Bausch-lite, the director-choreographer's characteristic evocations of obsessive rage and inscrutable anomie transmuted into vi-

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gnettes permeated by the sunny silliness endemic to romantic comedy.

Old Bausch set the sexes, dulled by depression, against each other in weird permutations of mental antagonism and outright physical cruelty. New Bausch is almost (dare I say it?) upbeat and lets the guys and gals have fun together, romping naked in the primeval forests, lush jungles, and arctic tundras that film so easily provides. Old Bausch coupled the savage with the disgusting and went relentlessly on and on until you thought you'd go mad. New Bausch keeps messes to a minimum and is done in less than two hours. A sense of life's absurdity—illustrated by grotesquely peculiar actions, disjunctively linked—is still prominent here, but very much tamed.

Danzón even indulges in one of those humanist, kitschy arc-of-life metaphors one would have assumed Bausch despised: beginning with birth and ending with death (granted, through quirky references). But the dance is primarily interested in the zany deliciousness of existing in one's prime. This subject keeps springing up—in the effervescent, rhythmically intricate *danzón* movement and music, and in performances exuding a sensuality that's the epitome of good health. Much as old Bausch seemed to me pretentiously gloomy and nasty, I must admit that felt like a more authentic expression of its maker than the fluffier *Danzón.* It was certainly more piercing and more memorable.

The best thing about *Danzón,* and the reason I've finally succumbed—to a degree—to Bausch's work overall, is the performers. With each installment in the Bausch canon, their distinctive personalities are revealed further, as with characters in an ongoing serial who become part of one's personal mythology. The senior stars are Mechthild Grossmann of the gravelly voice and divine exasperation; the delicately built, profoundly melancholy Dominique Mercy; and the stolid Jan Minarik, who executes the most ridiculous chores as if he found them utterly reasonable. Among the juniors, the gorgeous, daring Raphaëlle Delaunay is the one to watch.

And then there's Bausch herself. Though she rarely appears in her own concoctions, toward the end of *Danzón* she performs an extended solo. Dwarfed by gigantic projections of tropical fish hypnotically swimming to nowhere, she moves in half-light, rooted in place, letting her upper body stretch and ripple like seaweed in its watery garden, until she slowly strolls off, one arm waving as if in farewell. This self-effacing dance has a gentle, wistful beauty that suggests Bausch might have made quite a respectable career as a lyrical dancer, were it not that she, like Hamlet, had bad dreams. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

POP MUSIC **ETHAN SMITH**

Sale of a Century

Imagine the twentieth century without Elvis. Sony already has (for $329), but smaller labels are reeling in the last 100 years more intelligently.

SURVEYING A DOZEN OF THIS year's obligatory end-of-century histories in *The New York Review of Books*, columnist and critic Garry Wills complained, "What hope can we have of imposing a shape on all the events of a century?"

It's far easier to put the millennial marketing stamp on a collection of recorded music—a phenomenon that spans the twentieth century almost exactly. By the late 1890s, Edison-cylinder jukeboxes were common enough that America's three biggest recording companies had combined annual sales of 500,000. But it wasn't until 1904—when cheaper, sturdier 78rpm discs began to replace the fragile, bulky cylinders—that popular music got a popular medium. Of course, that still leaves the problem of scale: It's been a busy hundred years. How does one fit it all in?

Sgt. Pepper knew my father: John Philip Sousa with the 12th Coast Artillery Band.

For at least one multinational corporation, the answer was: Spend two years compiling **Sony Music 100 Years: Soundtrack for a Century**, an ambitious box set of immense proportions—26 CDs! 500 songs! 48 hours of music!—that breaks the material down into ten cutely titled categories, including "R&B: From Doo-Wop to Hip-Hop" and "Rock: The Train Kept A Rollin'." There's certainly no shortage of material: The Columbia Graphophone Company was founded in 1889 (see disc one, track one—a rendition of "The Washington *Post* March" conducted by John Philip Sousa himself) and went on to record everyone from Blind Willie McTell to Wham! "If in 5, or 10, or 300 years, somebody asks, 'What was twentieth-century music and how did they make it?' " says executive producer Steve Berkowitz, "this will be the best single place to look."

Sure—if the class of 2300 turns out to be more influenced by Journey and Korn than by Elvis Presley or the Beatles. Every cut on *Soundtrack for a Century* was originally recorded for Columbia, Epic, or one of the other subsidiary labels to which Sony owns the rights. It also means no Rolling Stones, James Brown, or anyone else who recorded for key labels like RCA, Atlantic, or Sun. And major artists like Marvin Gaye who spent only part of their careers on Sony labels are represented by whatever material the company happens to own the rights to (in Gaye's case, that means the late-period hit "Sexual Healing"). For similar reasons, *Soundtrack for a Century* focuses almost exclusively on American acts, venturing abroad only occasionally for the likes of Elvis Costello ("Pump It Up") and Jeff Beck ("I Ain't Superstitious").

Similarly, the jazz discs offer plenty of fine cuts by worthies like Gillespie, Mingus, Monk, Ellington, and Armstrong, but Sony can't honestly call a jazz collection "definitive" if it doesn't include a single riff by Charlie Parker. And because free-jazz pioneer Ornette Coleman released most of his groundbreaking work on Atlantic, he's represented only by an outtake from his sole Columbia album, *Skies of America*.

Nor did Sony necessarily do a great job with what it did have. John Williams's *Star Wars* overture found its way into "classical" rather than one of the movie-music discs. The Bacharach-David classic "I Say a Little Prayer" *is* filed under "film"—but in a lame Diana King version culled from the Columbia soundtrack to *My Best Friend's Wedding*. Nitpicky? Perhaps. But after paying $329, one can't help feeling entitled to the definitive performance of a given song—not whatever take on it happened to be recorded by a Sony signee.

Which raises a key question: Who exactly is supposed to buy this? Just about anyone interested enough in music to fork over three Benjamins probably already has a copy of "I Want to Take You Higher" somewhere around the house. But anyone who did miss the entire century might be a few dollars short at the cash register. (The collection's parts are also being sold as separate two-CD packages—alleviating problems of cost if not of content.) In fact, *Soundtrack for a Century* may have

Photograph from Bettman/Corbis.

more to do with good-old-fashioned twentieth-century corporate hubris. Since its effect on Sony's bottom line will be negligible compared to that of Mariah Carey, the lavishly packaged, well-annotated set feels more like an exercise in brand-building—a chance for a Japanese multinational to claim roots in Mississippi Delta blues—than a serious musical endeavor.

While Sony fails with humorless ambition, Rhino Records fails with a wink and a smile on **20 Centuries of Hits** (mercifully, a single disc), which purports to offer popular songs going back all the way to ancient Greek invocations. The problem is that until this century, "popular" usually meant "religious," and until the 1600s, "religious" usually meant "in Latin." So three-quarters of the supposed chart-toppers are dirgey Gregorian chants re-created by somber early-music enthusiasts like the Monks of Ampleforth Abbey. The nineteenth century fares best with "Swanee River" and "Amazing Grace," sung by Paul Robeson and Aretha Franklin, respectively. The twentieth gets Bing Crosby's "Star Dust" and the Kingsmen's "Louie Louie"—arbitrary but arguably more representative than Journey and Korn.

Buddha Records' **Twentieth Century Time Capsule** includes only ten songs—one per decade, from "Over There" to "Macarena"—and a barrage of newscast excerpts, from Cassius Clay taunting Sonny Liston to Bill Clinton encouraging his fellow citizens to build a bridge to the twenty-first century. The disc is a triumph of the sound bite—and it captures the spirit of our channel-surfing age far better than *Soundtrack for a Century*'s hopelessly eighteenth-century aspirations to encyclopedism.

And as Christmas approaches, Bill Clinton's not the only one trying to build a bridge to the twenty-first century: Rhino and Columbia are already racing to bring you tomorrow's hits today with, respectively, ***Wired* Magazine Presents: Music Futurists** and **Y2K: Beat the Clock**. The former is a history of futurism in music during an obsessively forward-looking era: Juan Garcia Esquivel's "Granada" presents a hopeful, horn-rimmed 1950s vision of tomorrow; an excerpt from Brian Eno's 1978 *Music for Airports* is both more soothing and more skeptical; Sonic Youth's "Schizophrenia" is a pre-grunge blast of dystopia. *Y2K*—which features pumping big-beat tracks by electronica acts like Fatboy Slim and Crystal Method—advances a vision of the future that sounds dated already, and its premillennial tension-evoking title seems like nothing more than a crass cash-in on a short-lived trend. But what's more nineties than that? ■

Ethan Smith's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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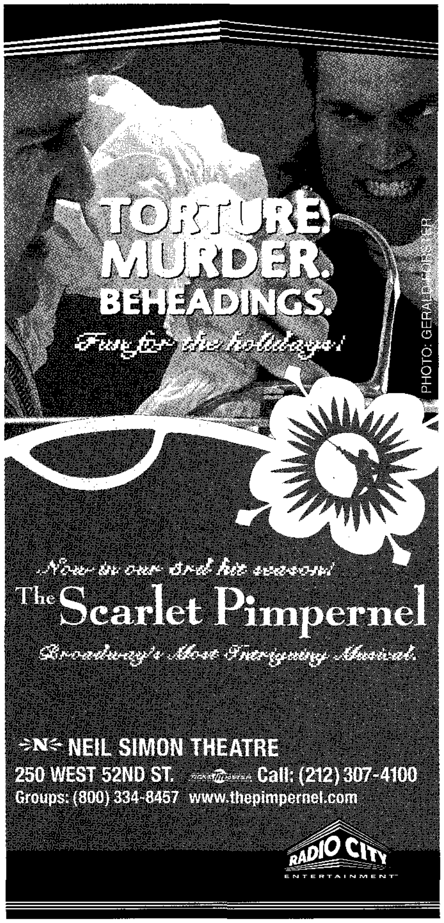

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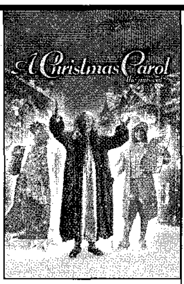

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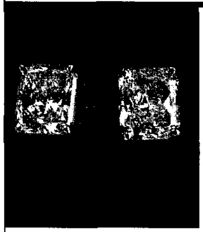

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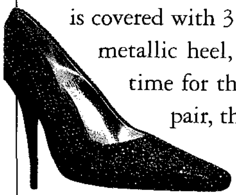

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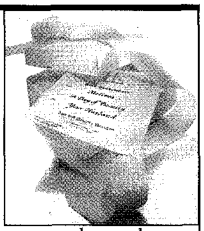

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GAEL GREENE

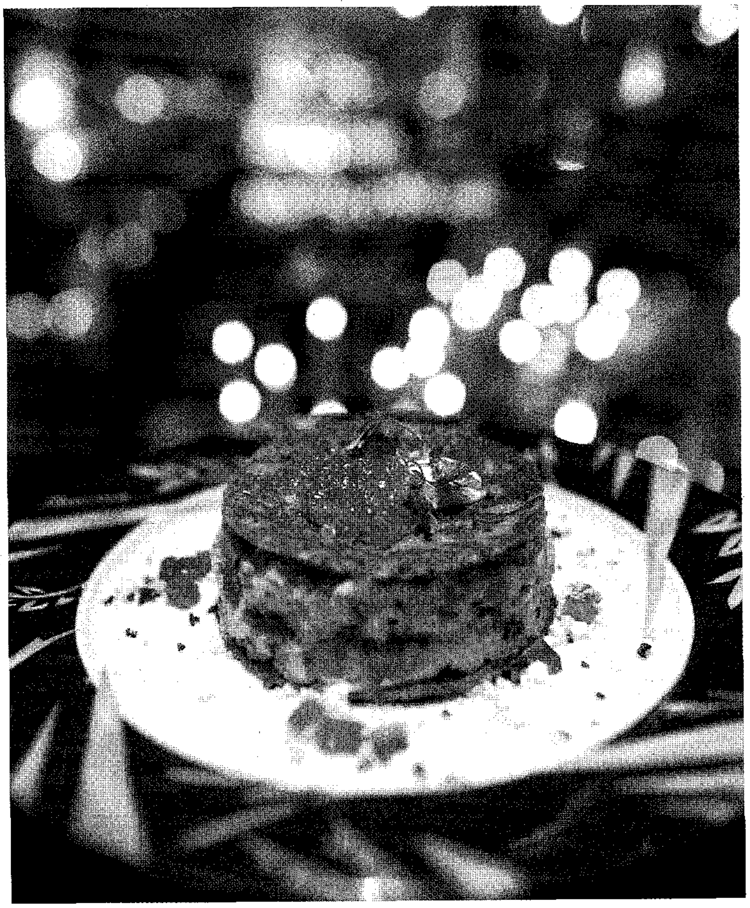
Velvet Revolution

When Warner LeRoy bought the Russian Tea Room, loyalists cringed; when he tore it down, they wept; now that it's reopened, they're lining up.

WE ARE INCURABLE NEW YORKERS: WE PARvenus from the Middle West, we refuseniks and opportunists from the Baltics, we Latino charmers and Gallic cynics, even we few actually born here. We revel in the world's view that we are tough and cold and jaded, when in fact we are needy and exhausted, easily seduced by anything new, sure that at any moment we are about to be unmasked. And we are unabashedly sentimental, in love with our institutions. So of course we mourned the loss of a favorite hangout and muttered in outrage as Warner LeRoy took almost four years to find the cash, tear down the building, and install three stories of glittering banquet hall atop the glossy new **Russian Tea Room**.

Now we can scarcely believe how much we love it. The charming old brownstone exterior with its green-trimmed windows and red window boxes is gone. And the jury's still out on whether the second floor is sheer kitsch or irresistible kapitalism. But check out the new façade from across the street, the cavorting gold bear on glowing white. It's clever, a bit reminiscent of the gorilla hanging off the Empire State Building, but still rather Cartier. And the food, never a draw, is suddenly (mostly) wonderful. No one can quite believe it.

Your table is ready, Mr. Lenin: The blini royale is restored to power at the new RTR.



Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Well, believe it. The biggest surprise for all us doomsayers is not that the flathead sturgeon famously swimming inside the giant acrylic bear are already apparently dead, according to a friendly waiter leading us on a tour of the party room. They got pulled into the recycling system "and minced themselves," he says. The replacement, a bright-red goldfish, "went crazy when we walked by in our red uniforms and smashed into an acrylic wall." Those are trout swimming inside the bear now, "and nothing disturbs them," he assures us.

What really astonishes is how good the food can be and what fun it is to settle into this glorious red-and-green gift package of a room, tucked into a bright red banquette of softest glove leather, exploring the delicious depths of a fabulous borscht in its deep birdbath of a bowl. When his implausible alliance with David Bouley burst in a clash of egos, LeRoy beat the bushes for a chef willing to cook with a Russian accent. Classically trained Fabrice Canelle was game and seems amazingly able. Not that it's going to be a cinch for you to get in. One risks foundering on the shoals of the reservation system. Twice we get put on hold and are disconnected. Warner's pals have taken to calling him at home.

I've already decided the soaring and decadently outrageous second floor—perfect for cocktail parties, perhaps—is Siberia for everyday dining. So I panic one Friday night when the keeper of the reservation book tries to send us there. The crowd is already four deep at the bar, and newcomers tumble into the narrow entry behind us—whining, demanding, cajoling. The poor girl is clearly traumatized. The maître d' pats her shoulder as if to say "Steady" and leads us past the glistening carved ice palace with its vodka-bottle turrets to a front booth that offers a full sweep of the room. Definitely New York tonight. Giggling, gossiping, guzzling caviar. Even 399 do-gooders from Great Neck at a benefit upstairs and scatterings of tourists can't taint the gathering of the clan.

Czar LeRoy's serving crew in updated red tunics lean in and out offering first-rate bread—the rye especially is extraordinary, dense and intensely perfumed. If the zakuska ($24 for two) on a tiered silver tray are spotty (ditzy here, delicious there) and the manti, a kind of Russian ravioli, are a gluey disaster, the borscht proves a triumphant distraction. I like it cold (with cubes of potato) and even better hot, a marvelous meaty swamp with horseradish-spiked dumplings. Overhearing our raves, the waitress confides, "We have two hundred bushes." Bushes? I ask. "There must be fifteen ingredients to be a good bush," she continues. Ah, borscht. Yes, she is Russian. How

Advertisement

NEW YORK RESERVATIONS

new year's eve

Photo: Kenneth Chen

BELLINI
208 E 52nd Street
(bet. 2nd & 3rd)
308.0830

Ring in the New Year luxuriating in the festive comfort of Bellini. The regular menu is available before 8 pm, or opt for the 7-course meal extravaganza, complete with cocktail and a champagne toast. Seatings start at 9:45 pm, $150 p.p. plus tax and tip.

MIKE'S AMERICAN BAR AND GRILL
650 Tenth Avenue
(bet. 45th & 46th)
Tel: 246.4115
Fax: 262.9305

End of the Century Party! The regular menu will be served with specials until 9:15 pm. Reservations required with deposits. $25 p. p. minimum. A private party discount will be offered to the last seating at 10:30 pm. The evening includes: open bar of wine, beer, margaritas, champagne, and a carvery buffet. DJ, gogo dancers (m/f), and party favors, $125p.p.

OHM
16 West 22ndStreet
229.2000

"CRYSTAL BALL 2000", 9 pm-- Sparkle, Magic and Luxury. Platinum Package includes a 4-course dinner, cocktails and champagne. Gold Package includes cocktails and hors d'oeuvres. Crystal Package includes cocktails. Doors open at 9:00 pm. Guests will enjoy a champagne toast watching the ball drop at midnight. Ohm2000@aol.com.

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230 East 51st Street
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WINDFALL LOUNGE & GRILL
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BATEAUX NEW YORK
West 23rd Street & 12th
Avenue @ Pier 61
352.2022

Celebrate the millennium dining aboard NYC's only all-glass enclosed yacht. Enjoy the Manhattan skyline over a 5-course gourmet dinner including hors d'oeuvres, premium open-bar, unlimited champagne, live music, dancing, and an elegant millennium keepsake gift. Boarding begins at 8 pm. Vessel sails, 9:30 pm-1:30 am. Reservations required.

CAFE BOTANICA AT THE ESSEX HOUSE
160 Central Park South
484.5120

1999 "Four Diamond Award". Ring in the millennium in style! Gala evening includes a cocktail party, sumptuous 8-course dinner, champagne. Enjoy dancing and live music, closed circuit coverage of Times Square and ringside seats for the Central Park fireworks at midnight. $999 per couple.

WATER'S EDGE
East River @ 44th Drive
Long Island City, NY
718.482.0033

For New Year's Eve, Water's Edge presents an exceptional dining experience. Our menu, extraordinary service and breathtaking views of the Manhattan skyline make us a must for visitors and natives alike. Champagne Crossing on the Water's Edge River Shuttle from Manhattan is a magical beginning to a marvelous millennium experience.

FANTINO GRILL
112 Central Park South
237.1612

Fantino Grill on Central Park South is the place to ring in 2000 with a tantalizing 5-course dinner. This intimate and elegant celebration features a bottle of champagne per couple, entertainment and dancing, and festive party favors to accent the fun. $350 p.p. including tax and gratuities. Seating from 8-10:30 pm.

BARCLAY BAR & GRILL
at the
Hotel Inter-Continental
111 East 48th Street
906.3144

Enter the new millennium in style with a 6-course gourmet celebration which includes chilled lobster, duck consommé and tournedo Rossini. Couples will enjoy Louis Roederer Brut Imperial champagne. Dine and dance to wonderful piano serenades. $350 p.p. inclusive of tax and gratuity. Seating from 8:30-10:30pm.

Russian is the food, we want to know? “Very,” she says. “Many Russians from the embassy and also friends came to early tastings. They helped the chef make things more Russian.”

Alas, the greasy puff-pastry pirozhki that comes with the borscht does not equal the pirozhki of memory. Years ago, I listed the Tea Room’s Wednesday-only kreplach-like pelmeni in chicken consommé with dill as one of the dozen best dishes in New York. Now, after two decades of Asian dumplings and creative ravioli, an entrée portion of the chef’s pelmeni, with sauce boats of mustard and sour cream on the side, seems less of a thrill. Chicken Kiev squirts the obligatory butter but is dry and tough. I’m not sure why a $35 ounce of Osetra caviar plopped on a tiny baked potato costs $55. (Be warned: Dinner even without caviar can run $75 to $100 a person.) But seared halibut nested on scallion mashed potatoes is excellent, meticulously cooked. Grilled rib eye with silly but delicious star-shaped fries, wickedly rich braised short ribs, and the faintly pink (as requested) rack of pork all win over our practiced trenchermen.

So it goes at every meal: Dishes that don’t work at all, like the tasteless striped-bass schnitzel. The merely edible, such as the listless coulibiac of salmon. And delicious surprises. I’ll be back for more of the savory minced veal and chicken pozharsky I expected to hate and the equally luscious lyulya kebab (ground lamb that is about as good as a meatloaf gets) with saffron macaroni. At lunch the “Tsar’s salad” needs work, but the blini royale—layered with smoked salmon, scrambled eggs, and sour cream—would make a fine Sunday brunch. Chocolate-mousse cake with coffee ice cream or the mint ice cream with chocolate-stuffed pastry purses are the best desserts. Though the tartness of apple and pear sorbets tucked into a rather utilitarian napoleon might be more welcome if you’ve overindulged.

Waiting for a guest who’s late, our dinner stretches toward midnight, and we watch the congregation evolve. “It’s become Las Vegas night at the bar,” one of my friends reports, as the crowd shifts. Skirts get shorter and the faces hairier. He is particularly fixated on a Brooke Shields look-alike, finding it unbearably erotic when she puts on glasses to read the menu.

The longtime regulars are back, checking in to see if their former turf has been violated. Once talent agent Sam Cohn could always be reached at lunch on the house phone. In the cruel chill of the Tea Room’s closing, he “ate around,” as he puts it, till he found a sanctum at Michael’s. Now he’s back at least three times a week, and finds it “entirely reminiscent of the old place, except for the imperial eagles.”

Faith Stewart-Gordon says she felt confident in selling her beloved Russian Tea Room to Warner because she liked his dream for it. So she’s not totally surprised that she loves what he’s done. “I got upset when I first heard about the bear and the glass eggs and the tree. I thought it would turn into an aquarium. I wasn’t sure how he would put all those different parts together.” Indeed, there were harrowing moments (before he found his corporate Daddy Warbucks) when it looked like LeRoy might have to spend his own money to finance his fantasy. And now if PETA doesn’t sneak in to liberate the trout in his aquarium, we’ll always have glasnost on West 57th Street.

Russian Tea Room, 150 West 57th Street (212-974-2111). Lunch, Monday through Friday, 11:30 A.M. to 3:30 P.M. Dinner, Monday through Saturday, 5 P.M. to 12:30 A.M; Sunday, 5 to 11 P.M. Saturday and Sunday brunch, 10 A.M. to 3:30 P.M. All major credit cards. ■

Gael Greene’s 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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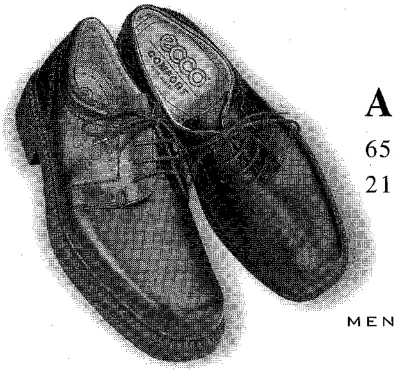

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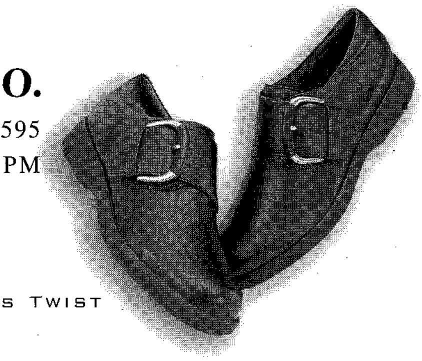

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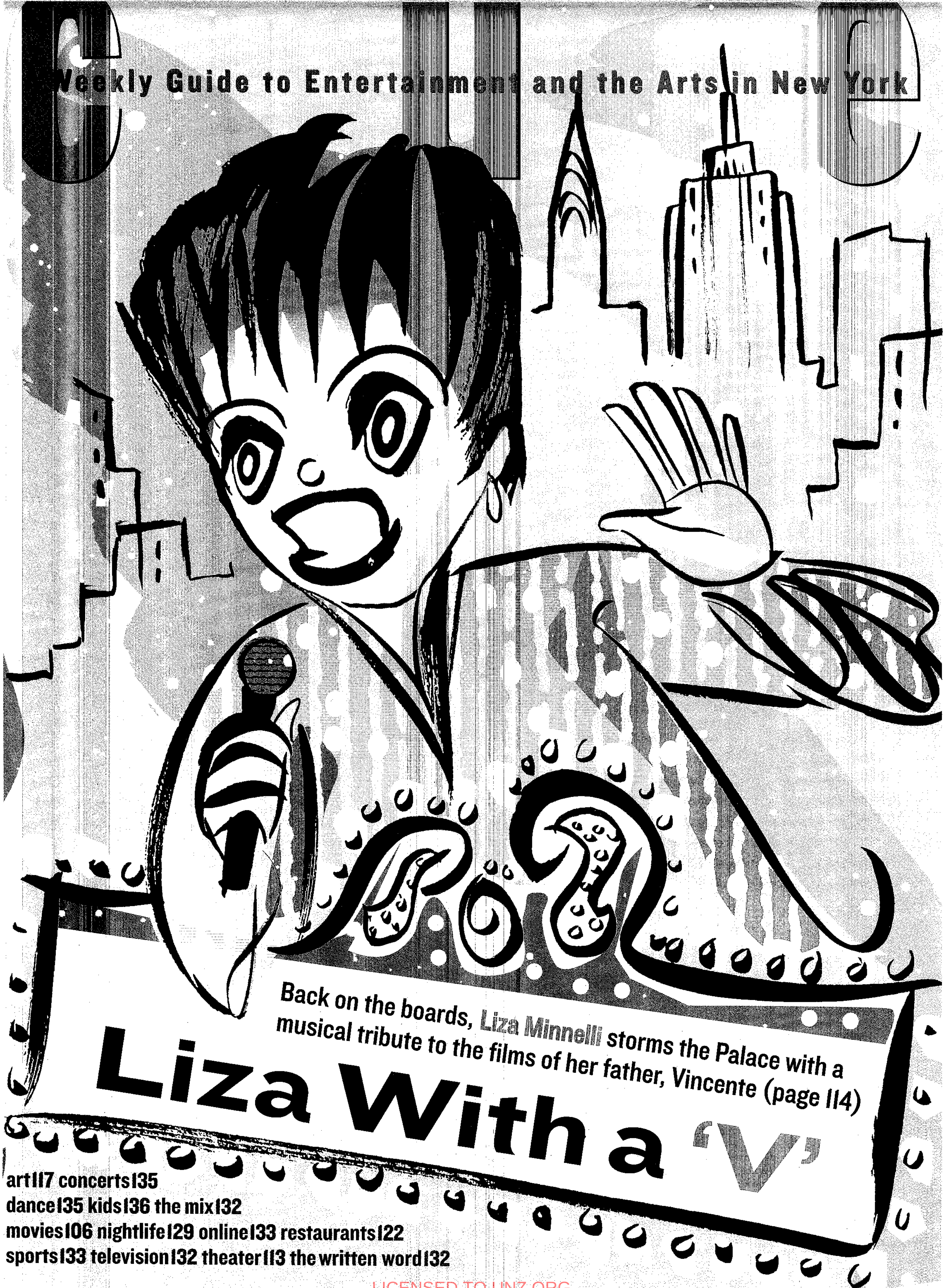
Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



Liza With a 'V'

Back on the boards, **Liza Minnelli** storms the Palace with a musical tribute to the films of her father, Vincente (page 114)

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movies

Agnes Brown...Beyond the Clouds...Sweet and Lowdown

Previews

Haven't We Met Before?

It's been ten years since she escaped the split-screen trap of daytime television (that was her playing step-sister/cousins on *As the World Turns*), but Julianne Moore (above, left) still can't seem to shake that whole bipolar tendency (think *Boogie Nights*'s Amber Waves, where she was an aging, coke-addicted porn-star *and* doting mother, or *The Big Lebowski*'s Maude, a domineering performance-artist desperate for an heir). In Neil Jordan's *The End of the Affair*, she carries on—conflicted as ever—as Sarah, the pious adulteress of Graham Greene's novel, who falls in love with dashing novelist Ralph Fiennes (above, right) but loyally refuses to abandon her dullard of a husband (Stephen Rea)—yes, it's forties hairstyles and *English Patient* ennui all over again. Opens December 3.

New Films

The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland—Elmo ventures after his lost blankie and in turn gains courage and learns about sharing. With Mandy Patinkin. (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) *Centre Sunnyside; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.*

Agnes Browne—Anjelica Huston directs and stars in this adaptation of *The Mammy,* about a widow who struggles to make ends meet and keep her seven children from starving in late-sixties Dublin. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Opens 12/3 at Sony Lincoln Square for one-week Oscar-qualifying run.*

★**All About My Mother**—Pedro Almodovar's movie about a mother, magnificently played by Cecilia Roth, who becomes a caregiver to an entire carnival of lost souls, is his best in years. It's a heavily sentimentalized vision of femalehood—a cross between Tennessee Williams (whose presence permeates the play) and Ross Hunter. In Spanish with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

American Movie—Two years in the life of Mark Borschadt, a driven and slightly deranged independent filmmaker in Wisconsin. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Film Forum; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Anywhere but Here—Mona Simpson's celebrated 1986 novel has been turned into a pallid weepie about a mother, played by Susan Sarandon, who makes life both miserable and rich for her daughter, played by Natalie Portman. (Rainer; 11/22/99) (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Bachelor—Chris O'Donnell is in the doghouse with girlfriend Renee Zellweger, but if he can't commit and get married within 24 hours, he'll lose his $100 million inheritance. Rich people really know how to put on the pressure. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; UA Criterion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II.*

★**Being John Malkovich**—This debut feature from director Spike Jonze and screenwriter Charlie Kaufman is a stunning piece of metaphysical vaudeville and probably the best first feature I've seen in years. John Cusack plays a dejected puppeteer who, working as a file clerk, discovers in the wall of his office a portal leading directly into the head of John Malkovich (playing himself). (Rainer; 11/8/99) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews 72nd St. East; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

The Best Man—A funny movie about a young writer (Taye Diggs) who finds himself in a bit of a fix when his buddies start passing around an advance copy of his new novel—a flimsily disguised autobiography—and start recognizing the characters, he . (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Beyond the Clouds—After suffering a debilitating stroke, Michelangelo Antonioni asked that Wim Wenders assist him on the completion his latest film. Composed of four highly erotic vignettes taken from Antonioni's novel, *The Bowling Alley on the Tiber,* it stars John Malkovich, Peter Weller, Sophie Marceau, Irene Jacob, Jeanne Moreau, and the late Marcello Mastroianni as couples dealing with desire, illusion, and other such enigmatic principles of the human experience. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

Boiling Point—Takeshi Kitano's film about a gas-station attendant who plays for a minor-league baseball team and finds himself at odds with a violent gangster. In Japanese with English subtitles. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

The Bone Collector—Denzel Washington plays an NYPD criminologist, paralyzed except for the use of one finger, who teams with a patrol cop, played by Angelina Jolie, to nab a serial killer. They're a pair you can pass on. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Boys Don't Cry**—Directed by first-timer Kimberly Peirce, the film is about Teena Brandon, who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for her deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Buena Vista Social Club**—Wim Wenders's documentary grew out of the 1996 recording sessions by Ry Cooder involving some of Cuba's greatest musicians, whom he rescued from oblivion. I've never seen another movie that so clearly expressed the sensual sustenance of great folk culture for its practitioners. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *CC Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Photograph by David Appleby

'cue' cover illustration by Tom Bachtell for *NEW YORK.*

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Opening
Beyond the Crowds

Sadly, there are no more theaters left like the New Yorker, the Thalia, or the Elgin. The great old art houses that used to flicker with the fair titles of *Bitter Rice, Day for Night,* and *Red Desert* all refit their marquees with words like FOR RENT, ALL NUDE, and BINGO TONITE before being razed or bought out by major theater chains. That said, it's inspiring that The Screening Room, TriBeCa's own fairly new boutique theatre (and full-scale restaurant and cocktail lounge), has not only become a reliable outpost for foreign and offbeat fare, midnight screenings of campy classics, and Sunday revivals of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory,* but continues to expand, having just recently built a second theater. "When we heard they were building a second screen, we knew just what to do with it," explains John Vanco of Chelsea's Cowboy Booking International, Inc., an independent-distribution and booking company founded four years ago by Toronto International Film Festival programmer Noah Cowan. The two had a drink with Screening Room co-owner Henry Hershkowitz one night—and before long, the Screening Room's first Calendar Series was born. "It costs thousands of dollars to finance a commercial release, so a lot of films—especially films without distributors—can't find audiences," says Hershkowitz. "This way we can get the word out and films that otherwise wouldn't be seen will have some machinery behind them." The first Calendar Series begins December 1 with the New York theatrical premiere of Michelangelo Antonioni's erotically charged *Beyond the Clouds,* which stars Inés Sastre and Kim Rossi-Stuart (pictured), plus John Malkovich, Sophie Marceau, Peter Weller, and the late Marcello Mastroianni. It continues through February with a Kirk Douglas retrospective, a revival of *Pink Narcissus,* and Abbas Kiarostami's *Close-Up.* "We have a very nostalgic attitude," says Vanco. "There are so many amazing movies and not enough quirky little screens to play them." See listings for details. BRETT KELLY

Cartoon Noir—A feature-length compilation of rather dark, award-winning animated shorts. (1 hr. 23 mins.; NR) *Opens 12/3 at Cinema Village.*

La Ciudad—(*The City*) Four black-and-white vignettes that explore the new-immigrant experience in nineties New York. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Dinner Game—A comedy about a dinner-party contest in which the winner must invite the most boring person imaginable. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Dogma—Kevin Smiths comic-book-style take on piety and Catholicism features Ben Affleck and Matt Damon as fallen angels who try to wangle their way back into Heaven. Much of it is a mess, though, and a film that is ultimately about transcendence should have more transcendent imagery. (Rainer; 11/22/99) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA East; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

End of Days—Arnold Schwarzenegger finds himself in hellish circumstances, as a washed-up ex-cop who must keep a young woman (Robin Tunney) safe from the libidinous clutches of Lucifer (Gabriel Byrne). (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The End of the Affair—Set in London during the Blitz, Neil Jordan's latest is the story of a novelist (Ralph Fiennes) who hires a private investigator (Ian Hart) when his lover (Julianne Moore), the wife of an ineffectual civil servant (Stephen Rea), suddenly breaks off their affair. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Opens 12/3.*

Felicia's Journey—Atom Egoyan's adaptation of the William Trevor novel is a piece of nondescript lyricism about a serial killer, played teddy-bear-style by Bob Hoskins, and the young Irish girl he preys upon. (Rainer; 11/22/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Fight Club—Edward Norton plays a poor sap who hooks up with a malevolent jester, played by Brad Pitt, in this heavy-duty rant about the soullessness of men's lives in an era when consumerism and corporate culture have snatched their *cojones.* (Rainer; 10/25/99) (2 hrs. 19 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; UA Criterion.*

Flawless—Robert DeNiro is a homophobic ex-cop who suffers a stroke and as part of his speech therapy, begins taking singing lessons from his cross-dressing neighbor (Philip Seymour Hoffman). (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Happy, Texas—A pair of escaped convicts end up impersonating a gay couple staging junior-miss beauty pageants in this high-/low-concept balderdash. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) *The Screening Room.*

Hell's Kitchen—After a young man is killed in a drug deal gone terribly awry, his mother (Roseanna Arquette), his friend (Mekhi Phifer), and his sister (Angelina Jolie) try to put the fragile pieces of their lives back together as best they can. With William Forsythe. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *Opens 12/3 at CC Village East and UA Criterion.*

Holy Smoke—Jane Campion brings the novel she co-authored with her sister, Anna Campion, to the screen. It's about an American cult deprogrammer (Harvey Keitel) who goes to Australia to save a pretty and precocious girl (Kate Winslet) from her easily swayed self. Instead, she breaks him, and before you know it, he's staggering around the outback in a red dress. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Opens 12/3 at Sony Lincoln Square for a one-week run.*

★**The Insider**—Al Pacino plays Lowell Bergman, a producer for *60 Minutes,* and Russell Crowe is Jeffrey Wigand, the reluctant tobacco-company whistleblower whom Bergman coaxed into spilling the beans on his show in an interview with Mike Wallace, only to have the show nixed by CBS higher-ups. It's a florid, doomy movie, but the muck here is worth raking. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Last Night—With six hours left here on earth before mass destruction, Sandra Oh, Sarah Polley, David Cronenberg, and Don McKellar find love and examine their fate. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

Liberty Heights—Set in 1954, Barry Levinson's fourth entry in his Baltimore series has a self-congratulatory earnestness. But the film has some sweet moments, too, such as the scenes between Ben Foster and Rebekah Johnson, as a Jewish high-schooler and his black girlfriend, respectively, and a terrific performance from Joe Mantegna as the family patriarch who cuts out on Rosh Hashanah services to check out the new Cadillacs in a local showroom. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Light It Up—Six very different students band together and decide to take charge of their neglected

Photograph courtesy of Sceneries Distribution.

Queens High School. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay.*

★The Limey—Terence Stamp has a remarkable look here—whittled, with a shock of bright white hair and laser eyes. As Wilson, a career criminal from England in L.A. to avenge his daughter's murder, he's as implacably invincible as Lee Marvin was in *Point Blank*. The film itself isn't to that level. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3.*

Lola und Bilidikid—A teenage boy flees his repressive family life and journeys through Berlin's strange underworld. In German and Turkish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Love God—When a schizophrenic is discharged from a New York City mental institution, he becomes plagued by visions of parasitic worms and bouts of compulsive reading. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Opens 12/3 at the Screening Room.*

★Lucie Aubrac—Claude Berri's film is based on the true account of a woman in the French Resistance who engineered the liberation of her husband from Montluc prison in Lyon during the German occupation. (Rainer; 9/27/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Clearview's 59th Street East.*

Mansfield Park—Patricia Rozema's sexy adaptation of Jane Austen's novel, starring Frances O'Connor as a young girl sent to live with relatives who falls in love with her dashing cousin, played by Jonny Lee Miller. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

A Map of the World—Sigourney Weaver is a rural housewife who's life is turned upside down when a neighbor's daughter suffers a tragic accident while in her care. With Julianne Moore, David Strathairn, and Chloë Sevigny. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Opens 12/3 at CC Cinema 2 for a one-week run.*

The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc—The lanky Milla Jovovich stars as St. Joan: part maiden, part mystic, and all grrrl. Most of the film is a hoot, and at times you wish Joan would just taste the flames and be done with it. (Rainer; 11/22/99) (2 hrs. 28 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

A Moment of Innocence—Based on an incident that took place twenty years ago when he was an anti-Shah militant, Mohsen Makhmalbaf's film reimagines his own history and intertwines it with present-day reality. In Iranian with English subtitles. (1 hr. 17 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Music of the Heart—Meryl Streep plays the real-life Roberta Guaspari, who moved to East Harlem and taught schoolkids the violin before seeing her funding cut. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG) *CC Village East; CC Crown Gotham; Cinemart.*

My Best Fiend—Werner Herzog's compelling documentary about his turbulent relationship with actor Klaus Kinski. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Pokémon: The First Movie—Master Ash, who, accompanied by the electrically charged Pikachu, continues his quest to be the world's greatest Pokémon trainer. Pokémon are "collectible" creatures with special powers (151 in all). Consider yourself forewarned. (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; CO Coronet; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★Princess Mononoke—The great Japanese animation director Hayao Miyazaki has crafted a ravishing epic set in mythic fourteenth-century Japan, filled with gods and demons and forest creatures. The mixture of cel and computer animation is fluidly achieved, and the Americanized dialogue, voiced by the likes of Minnie Driver and Billy Bob Thornton, is only mildly jarring. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3.*

Ride With the Devil—Ang Lee's Civil War–era epic tells the story of the Bushwhackers and Jayhawkers who fought each other on the frontier. With the adorable Tobey McGuire, Skeet Ulrich, and Jeffrey Wright and singer Jewel, making her lovely acting debut. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Sony Lincoln Square.*

★Rosetta—An engrossing, if somewhat forbidding, drama about a 17-year-old girl, played powerfully by Emilie Dequenne, who wants only to leave behind her trailer-trash life and get a job. In French with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★Run Lola Run—Lola's boyfriend, Manni, a low-level courier for a crime boss, accidentally loses his cash delivery and has twenty minutes to replace it or he's kaput. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 21 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

The Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; UA Gemini; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Sleepy Hollow—Tim Burton's latest creepfest is a triumph of production design, of gnarled vistas and foggy woods and slime, but the horror stays at a fairly adolescent level. Burton is in a perpetual state of Halloween. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Spanish Fly—A disenchanted journalist goes to Madrid to write a cynical book about "the myth of machismo" only to find her own libido reactivated by the many virile and romantic men she encounters. Mmm, mmm, mmm. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Opens 12/1 at the Art Greenwich Twin.*

★The Straight Story—David Lynch's affecting, meditative movie about a stubborn codger (Richard Farnsworth) who rides his lawn mower clear across Iowa to visit an ailing, estranged brother. It's sweet, and Farnsworth, and Sissy Spacek, playing his daughter, are very fine. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) *CC Village East; CC Eastside Playhouse.*

Sweet and Lowdown—Woody Allen's new period farce stars Sean Penn as a thirties jazz-guitar virtuoso and common cuckoo who runs around making life difficult for Samantha Morton, Anthony LaPaglia, Gretchen Mol, Uma Thurman, and John Waters. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 12/3 at Lincoln Plaza and Sony Lincoln Square.*

The Silence—The story of a blind 10-year-old who works as a tuner of stringed instruments. Directed by Mohsen Makhmalbaf. In Iranian with English subtitles. (1 hr. 17 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

★Three Kings—Four soldiers—played by George Clooney, Mark Wahlberg, Spike Jonze, and Ice Cube—go AWOL in search of stolen Kuwaiti gold bullion after the Gulf War and end up unlikely heroes. (Rainer; 10/4/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *The Screening Room; Loews State.*

Toy Story 2—When Andy goes to summer camp, the toys are left to defend themselves against a greedy collector who wants to put Woody (voiced by Tom Hanks) in a museum. (1 hr. 38 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Tumbleweeds—Based loosely on Angela Shelton's memoir, the winner of this year's Filmmaker's Trophy at Sundance stars Tony-winner Janet McTeer as a rural southern woman who packs up her 12-year-old daughter and drives cross-country in

Previews

Lowdown Dirty Laundry

In Woody Allen's latest, 'Sweet and Lowdown,' Sean Penn stars as a kvetching, unreliable (and fictitious) jazz legend, Emmet Ray, who is redeemed only by the sweet, melodious music that comes out of his guitar, not to mention his kindhearted affection for a mute laundress named Hattie (played by Samantha Morton, above left, with Penn). Again Allen asks audiences: Can we forgive a genius if the fruits of his labor outweigh the stench of his character? Yes, Woody. We heard you the first time. Opens December 3.

Photograph by John Clifford.

search of a better life, or at the very least, a better boyfriend. With Jay O. Sanders and Gavin O'Connor. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square.*

Wisconsin Death Trip—Constructed from authentic news reports and photographs and based on Michael Lesy's best-selling pictorial history, James Marsh's first feature film reenacts the bizarre true events that haunted the kooky inhabitants of Black River Falls, Wisconsin, in the 1890s. Complete with a cocaine-snorting school mistress, scores of unexplained suicides, and a pretty teenager who doubles as the town arsonist. (1 hr. 16 mins.; NR) *Opens 12/1 at Film Forum.*

The World Is Not Enough—In this Bond movie, Pierce Brosnan, looking neither shaken nor stirred, goes through the motions with a baddie with a bullet in his brain, played by Robert Carlyle, and with some Bond babes, Sophie Marceau and Denise Richards, whose performance as a nuclear specialist is a Golden Turkey shoo-in. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Astor Plaza; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Dogma; The Insider; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *All About My Mother; Felicia's Journey; The Limey; Mansfield Park; Princess Mononoke.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; Buena Vista Social Club; Music of the Heart; Run Lola Run; The Sixth Sense; The Straight Story; Toy Story 2.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *A Moment of Innocence; Black Cat, White Cat; Boiling Point; The Dinner Game; Last Night; The Silence.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *End of Days; The World Is Not Enough.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *American Movie; 42 Up; Wisconsin Death Trip.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; The Bone Collector; Flawless; Liberty Heights; Sleepy Hollow.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *La Ciudad; Lola und Bilidikid; Rosetta; 2x4.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *Beyond the Clouds; Happy, Texas; My Best Fiend; Three Kings.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *The Best Man; Boys Don't Cry; Dogma; End of Days; Fight Club; The Insider; Pokemon: The First Movie; Ride With the Devil; Tumbleweeds; The World Is Not Enough.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Anywhere but Here; The Bone Collector; Flawless.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Anywhere but Here; Being John Malkovich; The Best Man; Dogma; The Insider; Pokemon: The First Movie; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *End of Days.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *American Beauty; The Bone Collector; Flawless; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Sleepy Hollow.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; Dogma; End of Days; The Insider; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *The Insider; The Limey; Princess Mononoke.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Music of the Heart.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *The Straight Story.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *The Sixth Sense; Toy Story 2.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Lucie Aubrac.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *End of Days.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Bone Collector; Pokemon: The First Movie.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Blue Streak; Bringing Out the Dead; An Ideal Husband; The Iron Giant; Random Hearts; Stir of Echoes; The Story of Us.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *The Bone Collector; Dogma; End of Days; Flawless; The Insider; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *The World Is Not Enough.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; The House on Haunted Hill; Three Kings.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Mansfield Park.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; The Best Man; Fight Club; Light It Up; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; The Sixth Sense.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Flawless; The Insider; Toy Story 2.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *American Beauty.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Anywhere but Here; Dogma; End of Days; Flawless; The World Is Not Enough.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Anywhere but Here; The Bone Collector.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and

Happening

Papa, Can You Hear Me?

It's been sixteen years since Barbra Streisand directed and starred in 'Yentl'—but that hasn't made it any easier for other actresses to obtain the same kind of double billing. Barbra had chutzpah and a mean set of pipes. Anjelica Huston (pictured above) has something else Hollywood worships: great genes. (She's legendary writer-director John Huston's daughter, and actor Walter Huston's granddaughter.) Her first directorial effort, 'Bastard Out of Carolina,' was highly prasied, and now she directs and stars in 'Agnes Browne,' which opens December 3 for a one-week Oscar-qualifying run at Sony Lincoln Square. (It opens wide in the spring.) Based on Brendan O'Carroll's novel 'The Mammy,' the film tells the story of a widow raising her seven children in sixties Dublin. On December 6, Huston herself will take the stage at the 92nd Street Y, following a screening of 'Bastard Out of Carolina,' to discuss films past and present with Columbia professor and author Annette Insdorf. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Photograph by Jonathan Hession.

72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Being John Malkovich.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Sleepy Hollow.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *American Beauty; End of Days; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; The World Is Not Enough.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Dogma.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Double Jeopardy; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; The Sixth Sense.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Anywhere but Here.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *The Best Man; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *End of Days; The World Is Not Enough.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *All About My Mother; Boys Don't Cry; Buena Vista Social Club; Felicia's Journey; Rosetta.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *End of Days; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *End of Days; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *End of Days; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; The Bone Collector; Dogma; Flawless; The Insider; Liberty Heights; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokemon: The First Movie; Ride With the Devil; Sleepy Hollow.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *The Best Man; The Bone Collector; End of Days; Flawless; The Insider; Light It Up; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *The Best Man; The Bone Collector; End of Days; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *The Best Man; The Bone Collector; End of Days; Flawless; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; Dogma.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *End of Days; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *Being John Malkovich; Dogma; Pokemon: The First Movie; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *End of Days; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

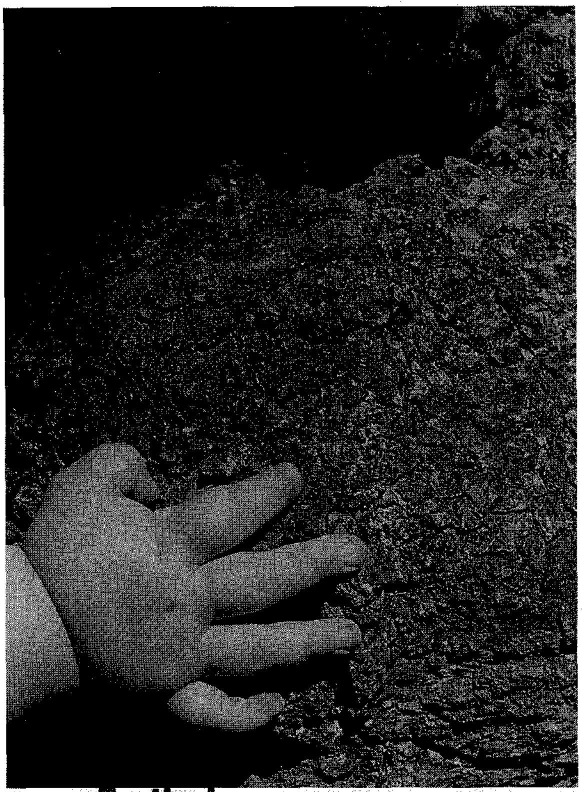
Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Best Man; The Bone Collector; End of Days; Light It Up; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *End of Days; Flawless; The Insider; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *End of Days; Sleepy Hollow;; Toy Story 2 The World Is Not Enough.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; The Bone Collector; End of Days; Flawless; The Insider; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*



Festival
Short Hand

This year's thirty-third annual "New York Exposition of Short Film and Video" will showcase over 65 outstanding short films and documentaries. Among them: Rian Brown's *The Presence of Water* (pictured), about awaiting the birth of her child; and Hubert Sauper's *Kisangani Diary*, which chronicles the hardships of the "lost refugees" of what was formerly Zaire. At the New School's Tishman Auditorium, December 1–5. Call 212-505-7742 for tickets and info.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; The Bone Collector; End of Days; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *The Bachelor; Music of the Heart; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *The Bone Collector; Dogma; End of Days; The Insider; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *End of Days; Sleepy Hollow; The World Is Not Enough.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *American Beauty; Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; Being John Malkovich; The Bone Collector; Dogma; The Insider; Pokemon: The First Movie; The Sixth Sense; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; American Movie; Anywhere but Here; The Omega Code; Train of Life.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Anywhere but Here; The Bone Collector; End of Days; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *The Bone Collector; Music of the Heart; Train of Life.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *The World Is Not Enough; Toy Story 2.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *End of Days; Flawless; Light It Up; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Sleepy Hollow.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *The Bone Collector; Dogma.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *The Bone Collector; End of Days; Light It Up; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; The Insider; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *Being John Malkovich; The Best Man; End of Days; Flawless; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokemon: The First Movie; The World Is Not Enough.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Anywhere but Here; The Bone Collector; End of Days; Sleepy Hollow.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Anywhere but Here; The*

Photograph courtesy of the New York Expo.

As seen in: *House & Garden* and *The NY Times*

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Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Toy Story II; Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; Being John Malkovich; The Bone Collector; End of Days; The Insider; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; The World Is Not Enough.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *The Bone Collector; End of Days; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *Anywhere but Here; The Bone Collector; Dogma; End of Days; Flawless; The Insider; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

African Diaspora Film Festival—Through 12/2 at Anthology Film Archives (see listing below). 12/3–12/8 at Plaza Twin, Brooklyn: 314 Flatbush Ave. (718-636-0110). Tickets are $8–15. Call 212-749-6020 for tickets and schedule or visit www.-africanfilm.com. for info.

Anthology Film Archives—12/1: "New Filmmakers" shorts: *Ice Fishing; The Big Dish; The Longshot; Sing Sing Unplugged*. Feature: *Fallen Arches*. Through 12/5: "The African Diaspora Film Festival." 12/1: *Simple!; Respect; A City Called Heaven; Preacher Player; Odô Ya! Life With* AIDS (1997); *The Last Rumba of Papa Montero* (1992). 12/2: *Kirikou and the Sorceress; Names Live Nowhere; Preacher Player; Are You Cinderella?; Orfeu; Candombe* (1993); *Spirit of My Mother*. Also 12/2: *Asphalt* (1929); *Another Sky* (1955). 12/3–12/9: *Genesis*. 12/3–12/5: *Bat out of Hell*. 12/4-12/5: *Made in USA* (1966). 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—Mondays through 1/10: "Frank Capra: A Vision of the 30s." 11/29: *The Bitter Tea of General Yen* (1933). 12/6: *It Happened One Night* (1934). 11/30: *Fellini's Roma* (1972). 12/1: *Vanya on 42nd Street* (1994). 12/2: *Ulysses' Gaze* (1995). 12/3: *Nô* (1998). 12/4: *Marked Woman* (1937). 12/5: *Dark Victory* (1939). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—11/30–12/1: *Lilith* (1964). 12/2: *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* (1982). 12/3–12/5: *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967). 12/6–12/7: *Shampoo* (1975). 332 E. 11th St.; $5. Call 212-675-6692 for info.

Different Light—12/5: *Julie* (1956). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (212-989-4850); free.

Film Forum—Through 1/13: "Columbia 75." 11/30: *Georgy Girl* (1966); *To Sir, With Love* (1967). 12/1: *Nightfall* (1954); *Curse of the Demon* (1958). 12/2: *The Line-Up* (1958); *The Sniper* (1952). 12/3–12/4: *The Wild One* (1953); *Easy Rider* (1969). 12/5: *Fail-Safe* (1964); *The Bedford Incident* (1965). 12/6: *The Talk of the Town* (1942); *The More the Merrier* (1943). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 12/9: "*The New Yorker* Goes to the Movies." 11/30: *Monkey Business* (1931); *Horse Feathers* (1932). 12/1: *Million Dollar Legs* (1932); *Bananas* (1971). 12/2: *Last Tango in Paris* (1972); *L.A. Story* (1991). 12/3: *Trade Winds* (1938); *Midnight* (1965). 12/4: *Meet Me in St. Louis* (1944); *My Sister Eileen* (1955). 12/5: *The Left-Handed Woman* (1977); *Cries and Whispers* (1972). 12/4–12/5: "Movies for Kids." *The Brothers Lionheart*. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15; "Movies for Kids" $3.

The Screening Room—Friday and Saturday at 11:45: *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*. Fridays and Saturdays at midnight: *Disco Dolls in Hot Skin* (XXX in 3-D). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Sunday afternoons: *Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*. Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday brunch patrons).

theater

Trudy Blue...Waiting in the Wings...Shyster

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Whole lotta Mason, very little Bard. $65–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/30 opening. *Golden Theatre, 252 West 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Marie Christine—In Michael John LaChiusa's anticipated new musical, Audra McDonald plays a passionate woman in love with a sea captain (Anthony Crivello), against the backdrop of late-nineteenth-century New Orleans and Chicago. Sherry Boone replaces McDonald for Wed. and Sat. matinees. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/2 opening. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Minnelli on Minnelli—Liza's tribute to her late father, Vincente Minnelli. $35–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, 12/26 and 1/2/00 at 3. Runs 12/1–1/2/00. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 12/9 opening. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Waiting in the Wings—Lauren Bacall and Rosemary Harris star in the Broadway premiere of Noël Coward's sassy senior-citizen saga. $25–$70. Call for schedule. Previews begin 12/3 for a 12/16 opening. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back. (No, not the mouse.) Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Peggy Eisenhauer and Mike Baldassari's razzle-dazzle lighting caps the razzmatazz. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan. Vance Avery plays the emcee until Michael Hall returns 11/30. $25–$90. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Sandy Duncan. $20–$80. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Previews

Better With Age?

How would you feel if Lauren Bacall moved into your retirement home, and suddenly all the cute boys were scrubbing their dentures and straightening their toupées? Rosemary Harris (in pearls, with Bacall, Barnard Hughes, and Patricia Conolly) plays Bacall's arch-rival in Noël Coward's play 'Waiting in the Wings'; previews begin December 3 (assuming it survives those devastating reviews of its Boston tryout). (See "Broadway.")

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. (Simon: 11/2/99.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Epic Proportions—The boop-a-doop cutie Kristin Chenoweth gets her own vehicle in this comedy about old-time Hollywood filmmaking. $45–$65. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation, but the lead does have his haircut. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kat and the Kings—An all-black doo-wop group's struggle for recognition in Cape Town, South Africa. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiss Me, Kate—*See Simon, p. 91.* With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musi-

Photograph by Henry Grossman.

cal—for a generation obsessed with the backstage canoodling of celluloid Shakespeareans like Paltrow and DiCaprio. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Price—James Naughton directs Arthur Miller's 1968 family drama, starring Jeffrey DeMunn, Bob Dishey, Lizbeth Mackay, and Harris Yulin. $25–65. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Putting It Together—*See Simon, p. 91.* The Stephen Sondheim musical revue roars back with enough big-name talent to fill a basketball squad. Carol Burnett, George Hearn, John Barrowman, Ruthie Henshall, and Bronson Pinchot star. The bench is strong, too: Kathie Lee Gifford will replace Burnett on Tuesdays starting Dec. 7. $30–80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $60–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

The Rainmaker—In this revival of N. Richard Nash's family drama, Woody Harrelson plays a garrulous Starbuck, a con artist who tries to bring rain and fantasy to a parched farm. $25–$65. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Saturday Night Fever—Polyester suits! $30–$80. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—Frank Wildhorn's celebration of romance, fabric, and the guillotine returns, after a wee summer hiatus. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—A blues and rock 'n' roll revue, drawn from the songbook of Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *The Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Tango Argentino—Not to be confused with the more recent musical *Forever Tango* or the films *The Tango Lesson* or *Tango*, this dance-musical spurred a Latin-dance revival when it hit Broadway in 1985 and scored Tony nominations for Best Musical, Best Choreography, and Best Director. Nearly 30 dancers attempt to distinguish themselves from the teeming, twirling masses. $25–$75. Call for schedule. *Gershwin Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Adam Baum and the Jew Movie—Blue Light presents a comedy based on Hollywood player Sam Goldwyn, who hired Ring Lardner, Jr. to draft a screenplay about American anti-Semitism during the golden age of big-studio cinema. Ron Liebman stars. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 5. Previews begin 12/3 for a 12/12 opening. *McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).*

Carrin Beginning—In 1927, a group of pubcrawlers encounter "the last of the great bards of Ireland," in W. August Schulenberg's new play. Presented by Riverside Stage Company. $32.50. Mon. at 8, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Elsa Edgar—Bob Kingdom, known for his pieces on Dylan Thomas and Truman Capote, here commingles the spirits of two gossip queens: Elsa Maxwell and J. Edgar Hoover. Casey Childs directs. Call for schedule; most nights at 8. Previews begin 12/1 for a 12/15 opening. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).*

Enter The Night—The second production of Signature Theatre's Maria Irene Fornes season, directed by Sonja Moser. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/5 opening. Through 12/19. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).*

Hamlet—If schoolgirls in the Columbia English department are shrieking, it's because Liev Schreiber, hailed by many as his generation's finest Shakespearean actor, stars in the Public Theater's new production, directed by Andrei Serban and featuring Colm Feore and Diane Venora. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2, and some Sunday evenings. In previews for a 12/12 opening. *The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

If Memory Serves—Elizabeth Ashley stars in a new comedy about a washed up sitcom mom who receives unexpected press when her son (Sam Trammell) reveals family scandals that would put the Barrymores to shame. $47.50–49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/8 opening. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jolson & Co.—Did he say "My Mammy?" Al Jolson's memory thrives in this new musical adaptation, starring Stephen Mo Hanan. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. In previews for a 12/9 opening. *Theatre at Saint Peter's, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Refuge—Neil Pepe directs Jessica Goldberg's new play, in which an older sister is forced to take care of her siblings when her parents cut out of town. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 12/1 opening. Through 12/12. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Shyster—In this star-bright production of Bryan Goluboff's play, a young Israeli man battles a black tenant over the legacy of his father's building. Featuring Fisher Stevens, Annabella Sciorra, and Phyllis Newman; directed by Dante Albertie. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 5. In previews for a 11/30 opening. *Blue Heron Arts Center, 121 E. 24th St. (212-279-4200).*

Space—Tina Landau corrals abductees, a neuropsychiatrist, and a SETI researcher in her evocative piece on mortality, spirituality, and the limits of science. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 12/5 opening. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (212-239-6200).*

Sun Flower: The Life and Loves of Elizabeth Cady Stanton—Elizabeth Perry channels the suffragist. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 12/12. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-479-8513).*

Trudy Blue—Marsha Norman's new drama, about an overwrought woman grappling with the voices in her head. $25–$30. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/2 opening. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (212-727-7765).*

True History and Real Adventures—Kathleen Chalfant, last seen in *Wit*, is back, and everyone is anxious to see if she'll be adored again in Sybille Pearson's new play. As excited as the rest of us, Angela Goethals plays a young Scottish woman who leads a ragtag band of teens on a cross-country road trip out West, where they finally meet Calamity Jane, played by Chalfant. $45. Call for schedule. In previews for a 12/13 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).*

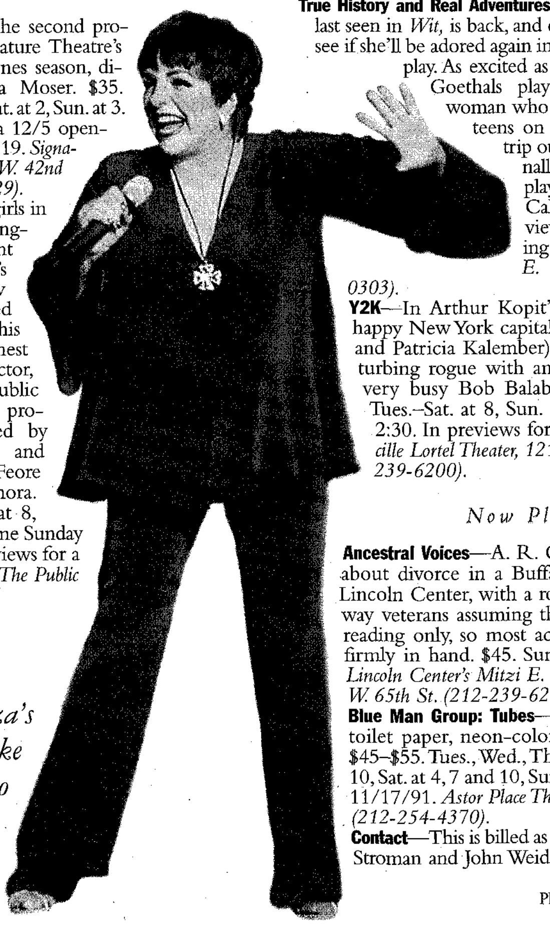
Y2K—In Arthur Kopit's thriller 'Y2K,' two happy New York capitalists (James Naughton and Patricia Kalember) are stalked by a disturbing rogue with an e-mail account; the very busy Bob Balaban directs. $20–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 12/7 opening. *Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Ancestral Voices—A. R. Gurney's family story about divorce in a Buffalo family returns to Lincoln Center, with a rotating cast of Broadway veterans assuming the key roles. This is a reading only, so most actors will have scripts firmly in hand. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little



Previews
Family Reunion

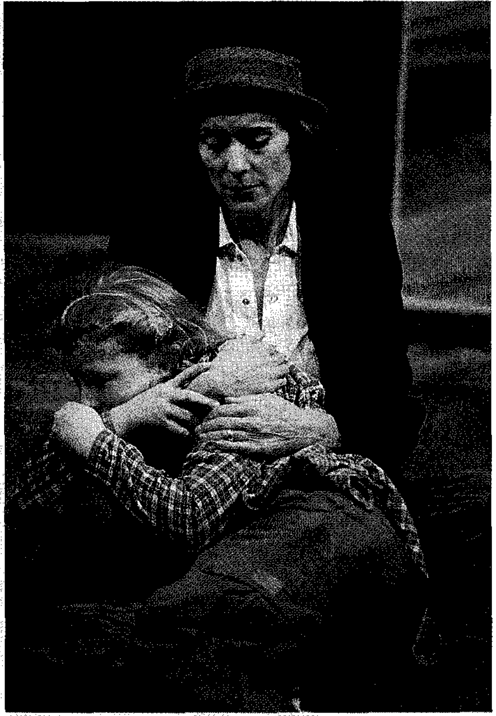
In 'Minnelli on Minnelli,' the trimmed-down Liza's tribute to her father, director Vincente, she'll also take a tip from Natalie and Nat King Cole to sing a video duet with her mom, Judy Garland; previews begin December 1. (See "Broadway.")

Photograph by Kevin Mazur.

Opening
Talking Cure

After an MRI in 1994, playwright Marsha Norman remembers, "The doctors looked at the tests and told me, 'You've got it, baby. You're dead.' " Though she was diagnosed with lung cancer, Norman had pneumonia, as it turned out, and she's very much alive today. The Pulitzer Prize–winner (for *'night, Mother*) teaches playwriting at Juilliard, works on made-for-TV-movie scripts, and, after a long absence from local stages, is preparing for the New York premiere of her play *Trudy Blue*. In this semi-autobiographical drama, a novelist (*Thirtysomething* vet Polly Draper, wearing a hat, right, with Julia McIlvaine) is diagnosed with pneumonia but finds out she has lung cancer. "When I had the MRI," Norman remembers, "I realized that I only wanted to know the outcome of two things: what my son would look like as a man—he's 12—and the other was this *Madeline* movie project that I was working on, and, of course, was since fired from. *That* was one of my two things?" she says with a laugh. "I mean, c'mon! That's when I began to realize that I was not connected in the right way to my life." As Ginger does in the play, Norman began to scrutinize her life and found that she'd become dysfunctionally introverted, interacting more and more with imaginary characters and less and less with real ones. "I would have the same conversation seven or eight times an hour," she explains. "I would literally get stuck in these loops, either re-working a conversation that was already done or one that hadn't even happened yet—in this constant revision process." *Trudy Blue*, she says, is about her struggle "to get rid of the fantasy life that's running all the time, see who it is who's actually standing there, and speak back to them in a real, clear way." Appropriately, Norman's struggle for clarity will be presented through a disjointed narrative and a cast of semi-fictional characters from the lives of Norman and her alter-ego when the production opens December 2 at the MCC Theater. (See "Off Broadway.")

Logan Hill



there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. A somewhat spotty evening, then, whose highlights, however, are high indeed. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Country Club—This play by Drama Dept. artistic director Douglas Carter Beane (*As Bees in Honey Drown*) about Wasps in their late twenties who hang out in the Cub Room of a provincial Pennsylvania country club is both funny and moving, devilishly well observed, and niftily constructed. (Simon: 10/4/99.) Jessica Stone has replaced Amy Sedaris. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-239-6200).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—In their Connecticut home, Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

Eclipsed—The Irish Repertory theatre has another small-scale winner in this play about the unwed mothers of Ireland who, as recently as the sixties, were condemned to perpetual slave labor in one of those Magdalene laundries attached to a cloister and under the supervision of mostly fanatical nuns. (Simon: 11/22/99.) $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 12/19. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

The Exact Center of the Universe—If you're in the mood for a delightful, old-fashioned, well-made play, look no further than this one by Joan Vail Thorne. It concerns one of those prim yet feisty southern matrons, Vada Love Powell, and her middle-aged son Apple, whom she just about turned into a sissy, until he meets two extraordinary young women. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. *Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

An Experiment With an Air Pump—Shelagh Stephenson's play deals with two groups of people in the same house in 1799 and 1999. One of the latter is descended from the former, and something strange connects the two groups. "Aha," you say, "she got that from Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia*." Yes, and she makes no bones about it. Stephenson does a good job, which is what matters. Her play concerns stubborn problems: head versus heart, art versus science, the souring of love in marriage, the tantalizing survival of the past, and the transience or persistence of both fame and infamy. (Simon: 11/15/99.) $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fuddy Meers—This is a deftly zany absurdist comedy by David Lindsay-Abaire, a young but already much-produced playwright. The heroine, Claire, suffers from psychogenic amnesia, waking up every morning as a blank slate, on which her husband and Kenny, her teenage son from a former marriage, must imprint the facts of her life, only to have her forget them overnight. Smartly directed by David Petrarca and neatly designed by Santo Loquasto and Brian MacDevitt, the evening explodes with laughter, magisterially provided by Robert Stanton, J. Smith-Cameron, Keith Nobbs, Patrick Breen, Marylouise Burke, Mark McKinney, and Lisa Gorlitsky. (Simon: 11/15/99.) $40. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30. Sat. and Sun. at 3. *MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Geometry of Miracles—Robert Lepage's newest multimedia theater piece invokes film, music, and movement to explore the overlapping disciplines of architecture and philosophy. $20–$50. Through 12/4 at 7:30, 12/5 at 3. *BAM Harvey Theater, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100).*

Ghosts—Henrik Ibsen's family tragedy, featuring Kathleen Garrett. Directed by J.C. Compton. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Century Center Ballroom Theatre, 111 E. 15 St. (212-279-4200).*

Give Me Your Answer, Do!—The Roundabout presents the New York premiere of Brian Friel's most recent play, about the rivalries between two writers—one with success and no self-respect, the other with self-respect and no success. $55. Tues.–Sat. At 7:30. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization and tabloid fame in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics; Ally Sheedy now plays the title character. $19.99–$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10. Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

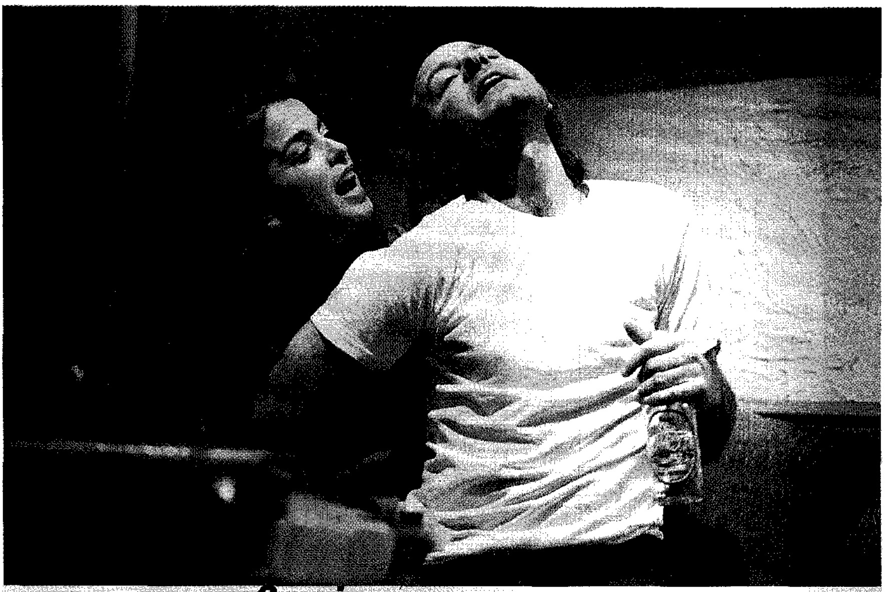
I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. A musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$52.50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Ice Island: The Wait for Shackleton—Marjorie Duffield's new play documents the lives of a group of men stranded in Antarctica. Lori Steinberg directs. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Melting Pot Theatre, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).*

The Iliad/King Lear—Aquila Theatre Company, the first British-American company ever approved by Equity, presents two classics in repertory, including a new translation of Homer's epic by Stanley Lombardo, set during World War II. $15–$25. Through 12/5. Call for schedule. *Clark Studio Theatre, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (212-279-4200).*

In the Blood—Inspired by Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, playwright Susan-Lori Parks presents her play about a struggling single mom.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.



Opening
Unreal Estate

In Bryan Goluboff's 'Shyster,' opening December 6, Annabella Sciorra (shown, with Fisher Stevens) plays a tough New Yorker who returns from a stint in the Israeli army to find her sleazeball brother (Stevens) battling a black super over the management of her father's apartment building. (See "Off-Broadway.")

$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 12/5. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette (212-239-6200).*

The Jazz Singer—Yes, he *did* say "My Mammy." A new musical version of the Samson Raphaelson play that Al Jolson made famous, presented by the Jewish Rep. $35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 2. Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-831-2000).*

Keep Bangin'—Soft-shoe-shufflin' Savion Glover directs the talented bucket drummers of *Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk*. $20–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).*

A Klezmer's Tale: Yoshke Muzikant—Now that klezmer has overrun hipster joints in the Lower East Side, Eleanor Reissa directs a Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre production that sketches the life of poet and musician Muzikant. $30–$35. Wed. and Thurs. at 2 and 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).*

Last Train to Nibroc—Arlene Hutton's two-character romantic comedy, set in Kentucky during World War II. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Maybe Baby, It's You—Playwright-performers Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian play eleven couples in this well-reviewed romantic comedy. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 6. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Morning, Noon and Night—Spalding Gray explores a day with his family. $25–$45. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Passion of Frida Kahlo—Priscilla López (*A Day in Hollywood, A Night in the Ukraine*) plays the artist Kahlo in Dolores Sendler's much-praised play. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *ArcLight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (212-307-4100).*

Savannah Bay—A new production of the Marguerite Duras play stars Ruth Warrick and India Blake. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 3. Through 12/19. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave. bet. 9th and 10th Sts. (212-279-4200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$55; optional dinner ninety minutes before curtain. Mon. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Squonk—Props, puppetry, and percussion. $20–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Bleecker East Theatre, 49 Bleecker St. (212-239-6200).*

Stars in Your Eyes—*See Simon, p. 92.* Lost souls find love in this new musical. $49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (212-477-2477).*

Thwak—"We are bringing mime into the new millennium," proclaims one of the hilarious, kinetic Australian Umbilical Brothers. "And how are we doing it? With sound." $15–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fanny-boos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc. returns for a second coming. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Judith Light. $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

1839—GAle GAtes et al presents a massive multimedia performance incorporating puppetry, projections, and dance in its huge performance space, exploring images and photography. $15–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 9. Through 12/18. *GAle GAtes, et al, 37 Main St., Brooklyn (718-522-4597).*

The Beard—Jean Harlow faces Billy the Kid in Michael McClure's classic avant-garde work. $12. Thurs.–Sat at 8, Sun. at 3:30 and 8. Through 12/5. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8 and 10:30. Sun. at 8. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

Embers/La Musica—Tech-savvy Caroline Nastra directs two one-acts, one by Samuel Beckett, the other by Marguerite Duras. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3. Runs 12/2–12/19. *Looking Glass Theater, 422 W. 57th St. (212-501-6891).*

Glory Box—P.S. 122 co-founder Tim Miller (*Democracy in America, My Queer Body*) presents his newest solo show, which concerns queer marriage and those wacky Aussies. $20. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Runs 12/2–12/9. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (212-477-5288).*

God of Vengeance—Todo Con Nada's Aaron Belle directs a new translation of this Yiddish play by Sholem Ash. Mark Greenfield plays a brothel proprietor and father who craves a little respect. In previews for a 12/1 opening. $15. *Show World Theatre, Eighth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-269-4849).*

Gorky's Wife—Elena Penga's newest play finds a Balkan immigrant spending an evening ruminating with two American friends in downtown Los Angeles. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Present Company Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. (212-420-8877).*

I Stand Before You Naked II—Joyce Carol Oates has written new text especially for this Women's Expressive Theater production, in which ten women share their stories. $12. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Runs 12/4–12/18. *Harold Clurman Theater, 412 W. 42nd St. (212-613-5782).*

Landlocked—A travelling European collage artist falls in love with a Bolivian restaurateur in Cusi Cram's bizarre new comedy. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 12/5. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (212-268-9829).*

La Chunga—Shalom Harlow makes her theatrical debut in Mario Vargas Llosa's play. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *FC 29, 29 Second Ave. (212-971-1026).*

Midnight Brainwash Revival—Downtown wordsmith Kirk Wood Bromley presents his newest all-verse drama, a millennial melange set in the red rocks of Moab, Utah, where developers threaten to turn the former uranium boom town into a toxic dump. $12. Most evenings at 7. Runs 12/2–12/19. *Kraine Theater, 85 E. 4th St. (212-501-4528).*

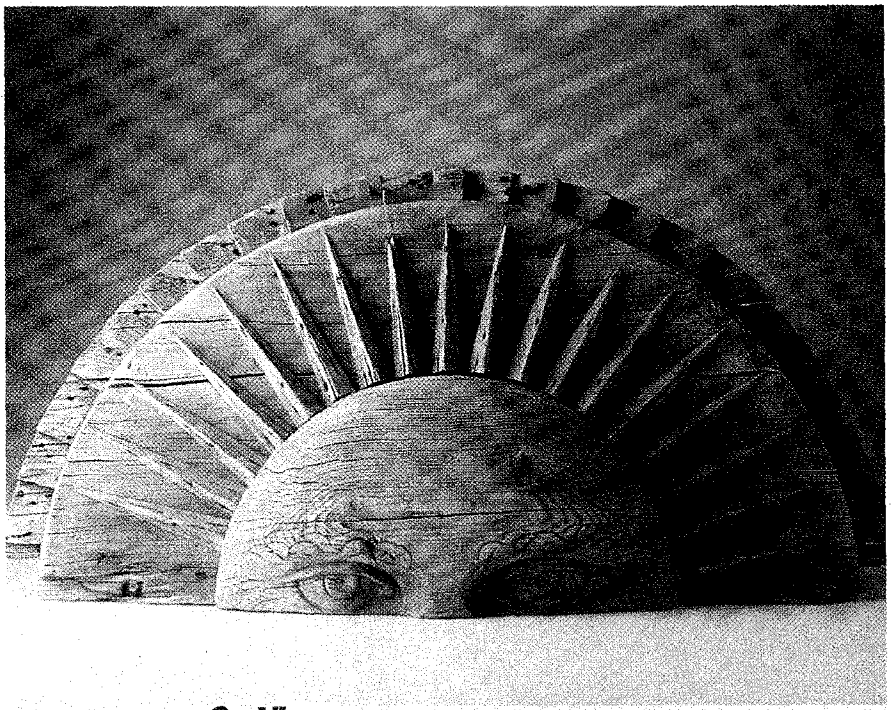
The Servant of Two Masters—Carlo Goldoni's classic slapstick comedy of mistaken identities and silly romance. Previews begin 12/3 for a 12/5 opening. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).*

Photographs by Joan Marcus.

Millennial Dreams...Donald Evans

Openings

Eleventh Open-Studio Exhibition—Since 1994, the International Studio Program has provided one-year residencies for talented artists of all ages who live outside the United States. Now twelve of this year's participants will show what they've wrought over the past year. The exhibition runs from December 2–3, with a reception on December 2 from 5–8. International Studio Program, 451 Greenwich Street, seventh floor (212-431-0381).



On View
Back to the Future

You may be obsessing over Y2K, but the future has been a preoccupation of American folk artists since the late-seventeenth century. The diverse religious and philosophical underpinnings of their visions are unveiled in "Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art" (Museum of American Folk Art, 2 Lincoln Square; through May 14), which includes revelatory works by William Edmondson, Howard Finster, Edward Hicks, Sister Gertrude Morgan, Polly Ann (Jane) Reed, and others (above, *Sunburst From Original Salt Lake Tabernacle,* artist unknown, carved wood, 1852).

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of American Folk Art.

Galleries
Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Milton Avery—A selection of paintings by the American modernist, whose unorthodox use of color and simplified, almost abstract images of figures and landscapes influenced Mark Rothko, Adolph Gottlieb, and other abstract painters; through 1/22/00. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

Erwin Blumenfeld—Collages made in Amsterdam between 1916 and 1934 by the photographer, who later become known for his fashion work for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar;* through 12/23. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (212-794-4444).

Isabel De Obaldía—New cast-glass sculptures of mysterious figures that combine human, animal, and plant characteristics by the Panamanian artist; 12/1–24. Martin, 23 E. 74th St. (212-288-2213).

Marcel Duchamp—An exhibition curated by Francis Naumann of examples of the artist's replicated work, from regular and deluxe editions of *The Green Box* to various versions of *Boîte* and *Boîte-en-valise,* his famous portable museum; through 1/15/00. Moeller, 167 E. 73rd St. (212-988-4500).

Jan Müller/Bob Thompson—Paintings by the two figurative expressionists, many of which come from private collections and have not been exhibited since they were first acquired; through 1/7/00. Bookstein, 50 E. 78th St. (212-439-9605).

Reeve Schley—New oil paintings and watercolors of landscapes in Quebec, Spain, Martha's Vineyard, and St. John and of views from the artist's studio; through 12/23. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

Richard Serra—New works on paper; through 2/14/00. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (212-228-2828).

Wlodzimierz Ksiazek/Rex Lau—Large-scale abstract paintings by a Polish-born artist/Recent paintings inspired by the artist's travels to the walled cities of northern Italy. Through 12/23. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-5888).

Hiro Yokose—Small-scale oil-and-beeswax paintings that depict pared-down atmospheric landscapes; through 12/31. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

57th Street Area

Dorothea Tanning—New oil paintings of imaginary flowers by the 89-year-old artist; through 1/15/00. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Donald Evans—Small paintings of postage stamps for imaginary countries by the American artist (1945–1977), who lived in Europe for most of his adult life and had his last New York exhibition in 1976; through 12/23. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

Sam Francis—Paintings and works on paper from the fifties characterized by fields of transparent cell-like forms and planes of vivid color; through 12/30. Rubin, Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

John Gill—Ceramic sculptures inspired by paintings by ten artists whose works have been shown by the Kraushaar Galleries in this century, among them Gifford Beal, William Glackens, Alfred Maurer, and John Sloan; through 12/23. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-307-5730).

Ynez Johnston—Terra-cotta wall pieces incised with images and painted; through 12/21. Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-1122).

Cildo Meireles—An installation by the Brazilian artist consisting of two ten-foot-square transparent cubes made of glass and aluminum that can be entered; through 1/15/00. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

Ray Smith/Julio Galán—Recent paintings and works from the eighties by both; through 1/6/00. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Barbara Bloom—A new multiple edition that consists of paper products for a child's party; through 1/1/00. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (212-343-0573).

Michael Craig-Martin—Recent large-scale wall paintings and works on canvas by the British artist; through 1/20/00. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Keith Haring—Several series of ink drawings made during the second to last month of the artist's life and one mural-sized painting; through 12/30. Deitch Projects, 75 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Jeff Koons—New mirrored wall pieces from the artist's "Easyfun" series; through 12/18. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (212-966-6160).

Mon Levinson—Minimal Plexiglas sculptures from the sixties and early seventies; through 12/23. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (212-966-1758).

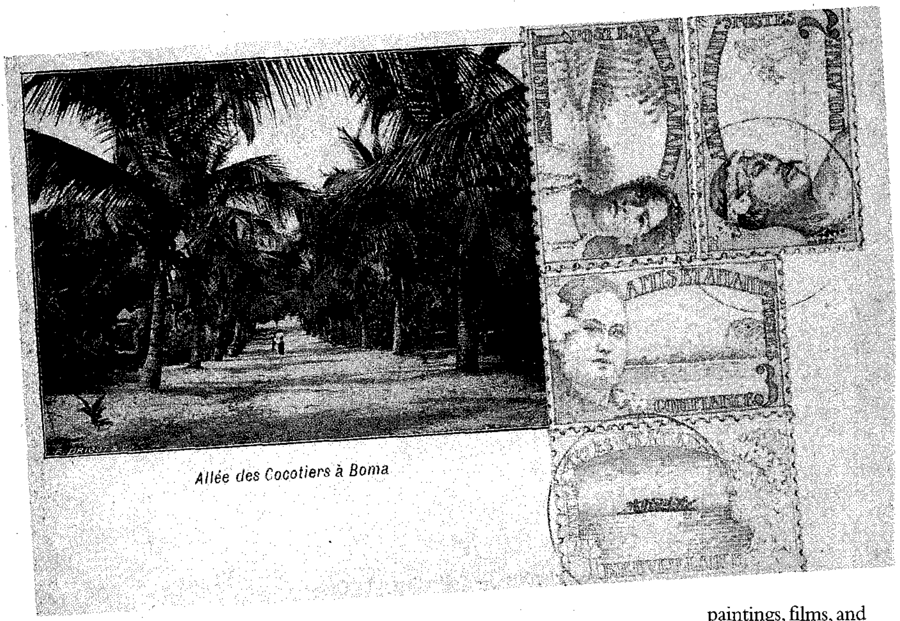
Dan McCleary/Robert Harms—New paintings/New works on paper. Through 12/23. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (212-219-2863).

Issey Miyake—A survey of the clothing designer's work from the past 30 years; through 2/29/00.

Retrospective Postage View

Twenty-three years have passed since Donald Evans's last New York show, at the Fischbach Gallery in 1976. He died a year later at the age of 31, in a fire that engulfed a friend's building in Amsterdam. But the more than 3,000 watercolors of postage stamps for imaginary countries Evans painted between 1972 and 1977 survived. Evans's fanciful, minute renderings of palm trees, ships, biplanes, fruits, windmills, chickens, and other symbols of his make-believe places, now on view at Tibor de Nagy gallery (724 Fifth Avenue; through December 23), have none of the dark humor of Saul Steinberg's stamps, evoking instead a child's love of far-off places. The fascination was familiar—as an only child in Morristown, New Jersey, Evans began collecting stamps when he was 6 and making his own when he was 10. At 15, he'd created a "World-Wide Stamp Album," comprising three volumes of his stamps for fictitious countries. Evans eventually graduated from Cornell University with an architecture degree, but he never got over his childhood romance. In 1972, after working briefly for architect Richard Meier in New York, Evans packed up his perforated paper and moved to a village in Holland. Using only one brush, a tiny Grumbacher 2, and taking inspiration from his friends and the countries he visited, Evans became the master of his imaginary world, creating identities for the Tropides Islands, the tropical archipelago of Amis and Amants (below), the Italian-inspired country of Mangiare (Evans, a self-taught cook, put ingredients for pesto on one of its stamps), and other mythical countries whose portraits still radiate enchantment.

Edith Newhall


Allée des Cocotiers à Boma
AMIS ET AMANTS

Photograph courtesy of Tibor de Nagy Gallery.

Ace, 275 Hudson St. (212-255-5599).

Richard Serra—New etchings based on the artist's *Rounds* and *Torqued Ellipses* sculptures; through 12/31. Gemini G.E.L. at Weyl, 375 W. Broadway (212-219-1446).

Lui Wei—Recent paintings by the Beijing-based artist; through 12/23. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (212-941-1775).

Thomas Woodruff—A two-gallery show of recent paintings; through 12/24, at P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (212-941-8642), and Debs, 529 W. 20th St. (212-647-7080).

Rob Wynne—Thread drawings on vellum, paintings, hand-glazed ceramic tiles, and hand-blown glass sculpture that draw on texts by Lois Aragon and André Breton, eighteenth-century decorative art, and art history; through 12/23. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (212-941-5777).

Chelsea

L. C. Armstrong/G. H. Hovagimyan and Peter Sinclair—Paintings in which images of spectacular, towering flowers are sealed under a thick layer of resin/A collaborative, interactive sound installation in which computers are engaged in a conversation using voice-synthesis and speech-recognition software. Through 12/18. Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. (212-727-3323).

Radcliffe Bailey—New paintings that incorporate photographs of the artist's ancestors and his own photographs of African sculptures; through 12/23. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (212-645-1701).

Richmond Burton—Recent abstract paintings; through 1/1/00. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-77727).

Luca Buvoli—A "flipbook" story presented in the form of a sixteen-millimeter hand-drawn animated film and a large site-specific sculpture based on it, and drawings and a video that teach a method for people to fly with the aid of any mechanical device; through 12/22. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (212-691-5711).

Mike Cockrill—New paintings that continue the artist's "Baby Doll Clown Killers" series; through 12/24. Foster, 529 W. 20th St. (212-229-0044).

Tony Feher—New sculptures inspired by consumer culture; through 12/23. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-352-9460).

Martin Honert—Two large-scale sculptures inspired by the children's tale *The Flying Classroom;* through 12/24. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Tracey Jones/Vincent Ciniglio—Abstract paintings/Narrative paintings inhabited by a cast of tragicomic characters. Through 12/23. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666).

Fabian Marcaccio—An interior-exterior painting installation; through 12/23. Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8372).

Maria Marshall—Three new films that use specific locations—a padded cell, a playground, and a bathtub—to continue the artist's exploration of her own roles as a mother and artist; through 12/23. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (212-279-9219).

Stephen Murphy—Digitally manipulated photographs of environments that read at first as faithful photographic reproductions of reality; through 12/23. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Stuart Netsky—Abstract paintings made with beauty products; through 1/29/00. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (212-463-0970).

Lari Pittman—New large-scale paintings on paper and wood panel that bare the structures of humankind, from the architecture of the human body to that of the urban landscape; through 12/23. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

Richard Serra—A new sculpture inaugurating the gallery's new Chelsea space; through 1/14/00. Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. (212-228-2828).

David Shaw/Lilly van der Stokker—New work/Wall paintings. Through 12/22. Feature, 530 W. 25th St. (212-675-7772).

Sylvia Sleigh—A project titled "Invitation to a Voyage: The Hudson River at Fishkill" that was begun by the artist in 1979 and pays homage to her intimate circle of friends in fourteen large-scale figurative paintings; through 12/23. Golden, 529 W. 20th St. (212-414-8456).

Pat Steir—New abstract paintings whose splashes of color were created through the Japanese technique of "flung ink"; through 1/1/00. Marlborough Chelsea, 211 W. 19th St. (212-463-8634).

Jim Torok—Small-scale realist portraits of the artist's friends; through 12/23. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (212-741-3318).

Thomas Woodruff—A two-gallery show of recent paintings; through 12/23, at Debs, 529 W. 20th St. (212-647-7080) and P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (212-941-8642).

Other

Günter Brus and Hermann Nitsch—Works by two artists who were involved in Vienna's Actionism movement of the sixties, including Actionist drawings and image-poems by the former and poured paintings, films, and photographs by the latter; through 12/18. White Box, 601 W. 26th St. (212-727-0767).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810). A survey chronicling the development of the fine and decorative arts in Boston between 1810 and 1840, with furniture by Emmons & Archibald, silver by Churchill & Treadwell, and artworks by Audubon, Cole, Stuart, others; through 2/5/00.

57th Street Area

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th Street (212-247-0082). Collages by Burgoyne Diller spanning the artist's career from 1935 through 1965; early abstract paintings produced by members of the Transcendental Painting Group, among them Bisttram, Garman, Jonson, Pelton; through 1/8/00.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). "Saved From Europe," an exhibition celebrating the gallery's sixtieth anniversary, with works by

Klimt, Kokoschka, Kollwitz, Schiele, others; through 1/8/00.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (212-219-0473). "Point of View: Between Two Cities/Punto de Vista, Entre Dos Cuidades (Will Remain Anonymous)," a project between five New York–based and five Mexico City–based artists who created imaginary characters based on swapped information in the form of video, audio, photographs, e-mail correspondence, and other media; through 1/8/00.

Artists Space—33 Greene St. (212-226-3970). "Made Especially for You," site- and audience-specific works by Asbury, Brannon, Giannotti; a full-scale dwelling by New York–based architect Toshiko Mori; through 1/15/00.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "Choice 99," works by emerging artists selected by Antoni, Goldin, Kearns, LeWitt, Sultan, and others; through 12/31.

Kent—67 Prince St. (212-966-4500). "The Xmas Project," organized by the New York and Munich-based artist's collaborative, Department for Public Appearances, featuring works by more than 110 artists from the United States and abroad; through 12/23.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). Projects by Mark Sheinman and John Zinnser, Steve Diehl and Philip Taaffe; an installation by Kim Abeles; project wall by Michael Behle; bookstore project by Linda Daniels; through 12/31.

Photography

Brassaï—Photographs, including many from his first book, *Paris de Nuit,* from the artist's wife's collection; through 1/8/00. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-7070).

John Dugdale—Recent cyanotypes inspired by the poems of Emily Dickinson; through 1/9/00. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811).

Larry Gianettino/Jayne Hinds Bidaut—Cibachrome prints of very small toys/New photogram tintypes of animal and human skeletons. Through 1/15/00. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

Hiro—A small retrospective of fashion photographs from the sixties and seventies, celebrity portraits, and iconic images such as the Apollo 11 spaceship launch of 1969; 12/2–1/15/00. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Propaganda and Dreams: Photographing the 1930s in the USSR and US." A comparison of Farm Security Administration photography created in the U.S. and Socialist Realist pictures produced in the USSR; through 2/13/00.

Thomas Struth—New photographs of jungles; through 12/31. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

Jerry Uelsman—Recent photomontages and rare vintage work from before 1970; through 12/24. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Andy Warhol—"Stitched," photographs made by the artist between 1976 and 1986 in which he shot an image, duplicated it into sets of four or six, then had the prints stitched together with white thread on a sewing machine; through 12/30. Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Beaded Universe: Strands of Culture." The largest and most comprehensive survey of the art of beads, including beaded talismans; religious artifacts from the Buddhist, Christian, and Islamic faiths; and purses and costumes; through 1/30/00. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Body Art: Marks of Identity." The history of body art in the United States, Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and elsewhere, highlighting objects and practices dating back to circa 2000 B.C.; through 8/30. . . . "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An exhibition of 300 to 500 live, free-flying butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a vivarium that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 2/28/00. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children (admission to "The Butterfly Conservatory" is by timed entry; tickets, which can be reserved in advance and include museum admission, are $14 adults, $8.50 children).

Asia Society—"China: Fifty Years Inside the People's Republic." A survey of images of China by 33 photographers from Asia, Europe, and the United States; through 1/2/00. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (212-517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"E. W. Godwin: Aesthetic Movement Architect and Designer." Architectural drawings, designs for decorative arts, textiles, ceramics, wallpaper, and other works by the nineteenth-century British designer; through 2/27/00. 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Amnesia." Works by sixteen artists from South America who explore themes of memory, loss, desire, mortality, and the temporal nature of the body; through 2/27/00. . . . "Recent Acquisitions From the Permanent Collection." Works by contemporary artists of African, Asian, and Latin American ancestry; through 2/27/00. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Sensation: Young British Artists From the Saatchi Collection." The much-discussed exhibition that originated at the Royal Academy in London, of paintings, sculpture, photographs, and installations by 42 artists, among them Jake and Dinos Chapman, Tracey Emin, Damien Hirst, Sarah Lucas, and Rachel Whiteread; through 1/9/00. . . . "Eastman Johnston: Painting America." The first major exhibition of the nineteenth-century American artist's work in 25 years, including paintings and drawings of rural subjects, Civil War scenes, interior scenes, and portraits; through 2/6/00. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors (admission to "Sensation" is $9.75 adults, $7.75 students and seniors and includes general admission).

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"Two Views of Venice: Canaletto and Menpes." Fifty rare prints depicting scenes of Venice by Giovanni Antonio Canal (1697–1768), the celebrated Venetian painter, and Mortimer Menpes (1855–1938), an Australian-born British artist; through 12/19. . . . "The Work of Charles and Ray Eames: A Legacy of Invention." A major retrospective of works by the husband-and-wife team considered among the greatest designers of the twentieth century, featuring their furniture, buildings, toys, films, and photographs dating from the forties to the seventies; through 1/9/00. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dia—"Donald Judd *Untitled,* 1976." A piece from 1976 considered one of the late artist's seminal works, comprising fifteen plywood boxes; through 6/18. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 2/28/00. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 12/30. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*"; through 3/30/00. . . . . "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter"; through 6/18/00. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Another City for Another Life: Constant's *New Babylon.*" Drawings, models, paintings, and other media produced by the visionary artist Constant for his futuristic *New Babylon* project; through 12/20. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.– Fri. 10-6, Sat. 11-6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"Velázquez in New York Museums." An exhibition of the seventeenth-century Spanish master's portraits organized in conjunction with the Hispanic Society of America, including paintings from the collections of the Frick, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Hispanic Society of America; through 1/16/00. . . . "Watteau and His World: French Drawing From 1700 to 1750." Works on paper by Watteau and by his forebears and followers, among them François Boucher, Nicolas Lancret, and François Lemoyne; through 1/9/00. . . . "Constable's Salisbury Cathedral: Two Versions Reunited." An exhibition pairing two paintings by John Constable (1776–1837); through 12/31. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Inverted Odysseys: Claude Cahun, Maya Deren, Cindy Sherman." Photographs, books, collages, films, and props by three women artists whose investigations into self-portraiture involve adopting identities from different social classes and geographic environments, "traveling" into the past and future, and transforming themselves into heroes, villains, mythological creatures, and other archetypes; through 1/29/00. 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5 (gallery will be closed from 12/24–1/4/00 for winter recess): $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Clemente." A retrospective of paintings, watercolors, pastel drawings, book illustrations, and sculpture spanning the seventies to the present by the Italian-born artist Francesco Clemente; through 1/9/00. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"John Singer Sargent: Portraits of the Wertheimer Family." A group of portraits of the London art dealer Ager Wertheimer and his family painted by the American artist between 1898 and 1908; through 2/6/00. . . . "Berlin Metropolis: Jews and the New Culture, 1890–1918." Artworks, books, letters, posters, and theater memorabilia demonstrating the influence of Jews on culture in turn-of-the-century Berlin; through 4/23/00. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30/00. . . . "The Changing Face of Family: Photographs From the Collection of the Jewish Museum." Photographs illustrating the importance of family in shaping identities, by Avedon, Goldin, Hine, Steichen, Sultan, others; through 2/6/00. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Only the Best: Masterpieces of the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, Lisbon." Works collected by the oil-industry pioneer and philanthropist Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian (1869–1955) on loan from the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, including European paintings ranging from the Renaissance to Impressionism, Egyptian sculpture, Roman medals, Islamic ceramics and textiles, illuminated manuscripts, eighteenth-century French furniture and silver, and objects by Lalique; through 2/27/00. . . . "Portraits by Ingres: Image of an Epoch." An international loan exhibition of portraits by Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres (1780–1867), whose paintings of France's ruling elite inspired such artists as Cézanne, Matisse, and Picasso; through 1/2/00. . . . "Carleton Watkins: The Art of Perception." An exhibition of works by the American landscape photographer (1829–1916) best known for his large albumen silver prints of Yosemite Valley taken in the 1860s; through 1/9/00.

. . . "Rodin's Monument to Victor Hugo." Sculptures relating to Rodin's *Monument to Victor Hugo,* among them a terra-cotta sketch, a life-size portrait in marble, and bronze castings; through 1/2/00. . . . "Daido Moriyama: *Hunter.*" Forty photographs by the Japanese photographer that were shot from the shadows and from the windows of a moving car and published as *Hunter* (1972), a book dedicated to Jack Kerouac; through 1/2/00. . . . "Egyptian Art in the Age of Pyramids." The first major museum presentation of the art of the Old Kingdom (ca. 2650–2150 B.C.), featuring approximately 230 masterpieces from the golden era of ancient Egyptian culture; through 1/9/00. . . . "Annual Christmas Tree and Neapolitan Baroque Crèche"; through 1/9/00. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 seniors and students.

El Museo del Barrio—"Pepon Osorio: *Transboricua.*" A multimedia installation on the theme of cultural identity in transition and transformation; through 1/9/00. . . . "Pressing the Point: Parallel Expressions in the Graphic Arts of the Chicano and Puerto Rican Movements." An overview of prints and posters created by artists who were active in the artistic and social struggles of the sixties and seventies; through 1/9/00. . . . "Vivan los Muertos!: Artwork Inspired by the Day of the Dead Celebration." Paintings, drawings, and prints by California's Bay Area–based Chicano artists; through 12/2/99.1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art." An exhibition of visionary objects and paintings by self-taught artists on loan from major public institutions and private collections; through 5/14/00. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Modern Starts: People." A survey of figural representation in early modernism, with works by Fernand Léger, Sol LeWitt, Pablo Picasso, Odilon Redon, and others; through 3/14/00. . . . "Modern Starts: Places." Interpretations of site, both real and imagined, in paintings, sculpture, photographs, furniture and objects, with works by Paul Cézanne, Maria Fernanda Cardoso, Paul Gauguin, Henri Matisse, Georges-Pierre Seurat, and others; through 3/14/00. . . . "Modern Starts: Things." An exhibition exploring the presentation and representation of ordinary and extraordinary objects, with works by Constantin Brancusi, Marcel Duchamp, Michael Craig-Martin, and others; through 3/14/00. . . . "Projects 69: Julia Jacquette." Paper cups, plates, and napkins designed for MOMA's Café/Etc., a new space in the museum's lower level that combines multimedia projects, a bookstore, and a café; through 3/21/00. . . . "Projects 70: Shirin Neshat, Simon Patterson, Xu Bing." Banners that play with the written word, displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 5/1/00. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900–2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; through 7/9/00. . . . "Forgotten Gateway: The Abandoned Buildings of Ellis Island." A journey through Ellis Island's past and present through the photographs of Larry Racioppo and Shirley Burden; through 2/13/00. . . . "Americanos: Latino Life in the United States." An exhibition of photographs of Latinos by 30 prizewinning photographers from around the country; through 1/2/00. . . . "Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910–1955." Original costumes for Broadway productions by Chanel, Valentina, Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, and other designers; through 2/27/00. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"Prague Architecture Through the Centuries." An exhibition exploring the past and the future of Prague through its architecture, including photographs of buildings, paintings, models, and facsimiles of Romanesque and Gothic sculptures; through 1/2/00. . . . "Mastery & Elegance: Two Centuries of French Drawings From the Collection of Jeffrey E. Horvitz." Works on paper by 70 artists, among them Boucher, Fragonard, Greuze, Lorrain, and Poussin; through 12/12. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $8, 4.50 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Cildo Meireles." The first retrospective of the work of the internationally known Brazilian artist, including room-scale installations and walk-through environments, sculptures, and drawings spanning thirty years; through 3/5/00. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8; $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

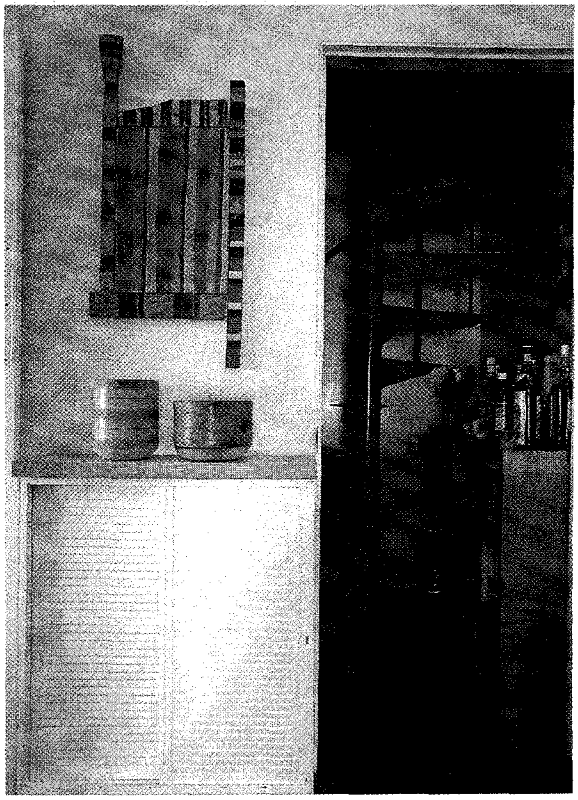
New York Public Library—"Seeing Is Believing: 700 Years of Scientific and Medical Illustration." Works drawn from all of the library's research centers, augmented by items on loan from the New York Academy of Medicine and other collections, ranging from medieval renderings of the universe to the first photograph of the moon; through 2/19/00. . . . "Sight/Insight: Visual Commentaries on the Physical World." Prints, portfolios, and illustrated books by contemporary artists who have drawn inspiration from the natural and physical sciences; through 1/8/00. . . . "Berenice Abbott: Science Photographs." Science-themed prints by the photographer; through 1/8/00. . . . "Adventures in Science and Exploration." Humorous drawings by Charles Addams of perilous and bizarre discoveries by scientists and explorers; through 1/29/00. . . . "In Company: Robert Creeley's Collaborations." Books and projects by the poet made in collaboration with artists Georg Baselitz, Francesco Clemente, Alex Katz, Susan Rothenberg, and others; through 1/15/00. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"The Italians in New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement." Clothing, objects, letters, photographs, and other materials documenting the lives of Italians in New York; through 2/20/00. . . . "$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan, through paintings, Dutch and Native American artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9/00. "Glimmers of the Past: Presentation Silver From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society"; through 12/5. . . . "Putting It on Paper: Two Centuries of American Drawings and Watercolors From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society." Works by Audubon, Catlin, Cole, Mount, and other American artists; through 1/2/00. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Rudy Burckhardt: A View From Astoria." Photographs of Queens and Manhattan by the late Swiss artist; through 1/2/00. . . . "Children of Berlin: Cultural Developments 1989–1999." An exhibition featuring works by artists, art-based associations and publications, new-media pioneers, architects, fashion designers, club-life promoters, and others who make up Berlin's cultural milieu; through 1/2/00. . . . "Minimalia: An Italian Vision in 20th-Century Art." An exhibition exploring simplification and reduction in twentieth-century Italian art as seen in the works of Giacomo Balla, Francesco Clemente, Lucio Fontana, Michelangelo Pistoletto, and others; through 1/2/00. . . . "Sol LeWitt: Concrete Block." An exhibit mapping the artist's art-making process from preliminary drawings to wooden models to completed outdoor cinderblock sculptures; through 1/2/00. . . . "On Your Own Time." Works by artists who explore the passing of time, among them Teresita Fernández, Ceal Floyer, Sabrina Mezzaqui, Roman Opalka, and Lawrence Weiner; through 1/2/00. . . . The Promise of Photography: Selected Works From the DG Bank Collection." 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Great Experiment: George Washington and the American Republic." A selection of Washington's books, manuscripts, maps, broadsides, works of art, and personal effects, drawn primarily from the collections of the Huntington Library in San Marino, California; the Morgan Library and the Gilder Lehrman Collection; through 1/9/00. . . . "Pierpont Morgan:

In Print **Some collectors are happy to let art devour their living quarters; others have a natural eye for the placement of works (below, Edward Albee's Montauk home, where the playwright paired a painting by the late art dealer Betty Parsons with ceramic vessels by Diane Mayo), but all of the collectors in *At Home With Art* (Clarkson Potter; $50) are besotted with art. Writers Estelle Ellis and Caroline Seebohm and photographer Christopher Simon Sykes show you how collectors of every stripe—artist Jennifer Bartlett, MOMA president Agnes Gund, poet John Ashbery, and others—co-exist with their treasures. And for those just starting collections, the book offers advice on framing, display, and lighting.**



Photograph by Christopher Simon Sykes.

Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 1/16/00. . . . "Audubon and the Artist-Naturalist Tradition in America." Rarely seen drawings and published volumes by John James Audubon, as well as a group of the artist's letters; through 1/30/00. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Modern Odysseys: Greek American Artists of the Twentieth Century." The first museum exhibition to survey the contributions of Greek-Americans to modern and contemporary art; through 1/30/00. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Passages: Contemporary Art in Transition." Installations, paintings, sculptures, photographs, prints, and mixed-media works by sixteen contemporary artists who have participated in the museum's Artists-in-Residence program over the last three decades; through 1/17/00. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs, Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." Part two of a survey of American art and culture as seen through more than 500 works of painting, sculpture, photography, installation, film, video, and related historical and cultural materials covering the years 1950 to 2000 drawn from the museum's permanent collection and from private collections and public institutions around the world; through 2/13/00. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (pay what you wish 6–8 on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 1-877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Fred Tomaselli: Gravity's Rainbow." A site-specific wall piece that incorporates the artist's trademark pills, hemp leaves, and photographic cutouts; through 1/7/00. . . . "Lee Boroson: Underpass." A large-scale sculpture made from translucent blue and white fabric, suspended from the ceiling of the Philip Morris Sculpture Court; through 3/17/00. 120 Park Ave. (212-878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. 11–7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). 12/1 at 10: "Sporting Art." On view from 11/26.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). 12/1 at 10: "American Indian Art." On view from 11/26. 12/2 at 10 and 2: "Decorative Arts." On view from 11/29.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 12/1 at 10: "American Furniture and Decorations." On view from 11/27. 12/2 at 10: "Important Estate Jewelry." On view from 11/27. 12/7 at 1: "European and American Paintings and Sculpture." On view from 12/4.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (212-570-4830). 12/7 at 10:30: "Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts and Modern Design." On view from 12/1.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000). 12/1 at 10:15 and 2: "American Paintings." On view from 11/26. 12/2 at 10:15 and 2: "Watches." On view from 11/27. 12/3 at 2 and 12/4 at 10:15 and 2: "Art Nouveau." On view from 11/27. 12/6 at 10:15 and 2 and 12/7 at 10:15 and 2: "Jewelry." On view from 12/1.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 12/1 at 7: "3rd Annual Friends of Photography Auction." On view from 11/30 (all proceeds from the auction benefit the Angkor Hospital for Children in Cambodia; bidding registration fee is $20 and includes catalogue; cocktail reception from 6–7 open to public with suggested donation of $20). 12/2 at 10:30. "Printed & Manuscript Americana." On view from 12/2.

McCain *continued from page 48*

curity and has a broad grasp of history, which he owes in large part to all the time he spent reading while in and out of the hospital getting treated for his war injuries. He has also developed a keen sense of how to tap the disaffection many people now feel toward Washington.

Though he is given ample opportunity when campaigning to criticize the other candidates, he never bites. He assiduously praises all of his rivals and goes so far as to bemoan the fact that Elizabeth Dole decided to withdraw. One of his loudest applause lines at every stop is when he promises that no matter what, he will not go negative and attack his opponents.

The president is another matter. McCain never loses his enthusiasm for blasting what he calls Clinton's "feckless photo-op foreign policy." He tells me one afternoon on the bus that the key to an effective foreign policy is to be proactive rather than reactive as this administration has been, over and over again, from Kosovo to China.

"This is the first time in our history that we have a president, a secretary of State, a secretary of Defense, and a national-security adviser who've never worn the uniform," McCain says. "And Clinton is the first president since before World War II who doesn't meet with his national-security adviser first thing every morning. He went for months without seeing Tony Lake. I think he sees Sandy Berger more often, but you simply can't do that."

It clearly shows, he believes, a lack of interest. "I've puzzled over why this is for a long time, and I think it's a combination of factors. One is that the president likes to get instant results from his proposals and ideas, and with foreign policy, that rarely happens. The only other conclusion I can draw is that the president doesn't have the proper view of the seriousness of the issues and their implications."

McCain has been almost equally frustrated by the fact that despite what he sees as the president's frequent foreign-policy missteps, the Republicans have been unable to put together a coherent, focused response.

"Sometimes, the Republican party is like Wile E. Coyote, and Bill Clinton is like the Road Runner," he says, laughing. "We're always after him, and we've got something from Acme that's gonna help us catch him, and when we get right up next to him, the dynamite explodes and blows us up or we go over the cliff. And he just goes right by. *Beep! Beep!* But by God, we're right back at it again. In some cases, I think we allow our dislike of him to obscure our view of the national interest."

PERHAPS THE BEST MEASURE OF MCCAIN'S new competitiveness in the race is the recent attacks on him. First came the charge that he's too much of a hothead and doesn't have the temperament to be president. More recently are the whispers that his time as a POW has left him unstable. McCain has even been criticized by some disagreeable conservatives as "the media's favorite Republican," as if somehow his good press calls his party bona fides into question.

Despite the insulting nature of the criticism, particularly the questions about his mental stability, McCain and his staff have continued to respond with equanimity and keep moving forward.

"John gave me his word that he wouldn't speak ill of George W. Bush," says Georgette Mosbacher, the flamboyant, red-haired CEO of a marketing-and-consulting company and the only member of New York's Republican Establishment other than Guy Molinari who's actively working on McCain's behalf. "I didn't want to be part of a negative campaign, and he's kept his word."

Mosbacher is national co-chair of the campaign and one of McCain's power-hitting fund-raisers. Her ex-husband, incidentally, Texas businessman Robert Mosbacher, played a key role in building George Bush senior's fund-raising network, which provided the basic architecture for the 50-state infrastructure George junior is now using. It's become the most formidable political money machine ever put together.

"I go back a long way with the Bush family," Mosbacher says over breakfast at the Regency, "but G.W. didn't really need me. John, on the other hand, did. And there's something about someone you admire and respect saying 'I need you.' "

Mosbacher was particularly taken by the fact that McCain told her he didn't just want her to raise money; he wanted her input as well. "I'm used to being flattered and then ignored except for money. And I'm sure in this case, when I'm in the meetings, there are people who wish I'd just shut up and fund-raise. But John wants and needs a female point of view."

Specifically, she'd like to see him talk more about issues like child care, education, adoption, health insurance, and other issues of particular interest to women. "I think the kinds of things John is passionate about are important to women, but sometimes they're not framed the right way. And as far as abortion goes, I'm not a one-issue voter and I don't think most other people are, either," she says, her pale-blue eyes opening wider.

"I know the abortion issue doesn't help John with women in places like New York," she adds.

(continued on page 134)

restaurants

71 Clinton...French Connection...Alfama

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (212-727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (212-677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (212-227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative bistro menu includes cornmeal-coated calamari with green-chile tartar sauce, shiitake-seared salmon with cashew-scallion rice cake, and slow-roasted duck with blood-orange sauce. *179 W. Broadway (212-219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (212-274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Photograph by Carina Salvi.

Shopping

Bee Keeper

California native Lisa Kaine moved to Manhattan to become a dancer and instead ended up arranging bouquets at a fancy flower shop while her boyfriend, chef Sami Kader, opened Le Tableau and Lavagna to Alphabet City acclaim. When neighborhood couple Augie and Ida retired, Kaine converted their Flower Hut into The Bee & the Buttercup, a barn-wood-floored, antique-outfitted, country-store-ish source for flowers, fancy soaps and candles, French chocolates, and, most important, enticing desserts (pumpkin-bread-pudding cake, El Rey chocolate-soufflé cake) baked by Kader's pastry chef, as well as feasts catered by his two kitchens. (138 East 3rd Street; 212-254-6955.)

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (212-475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (212-226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse is known for its huge portions of barbecued and smoked chicken and ribs, and has added a steak menu with prices starting at $14.95. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $14.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday and Tuesday night. Kids' menu available. *143 Spring St. (212-431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 75-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune, even while they maneuver all three courses in the prix fixe, which starts at $24. Late-night dining, too. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (212-982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (212-388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

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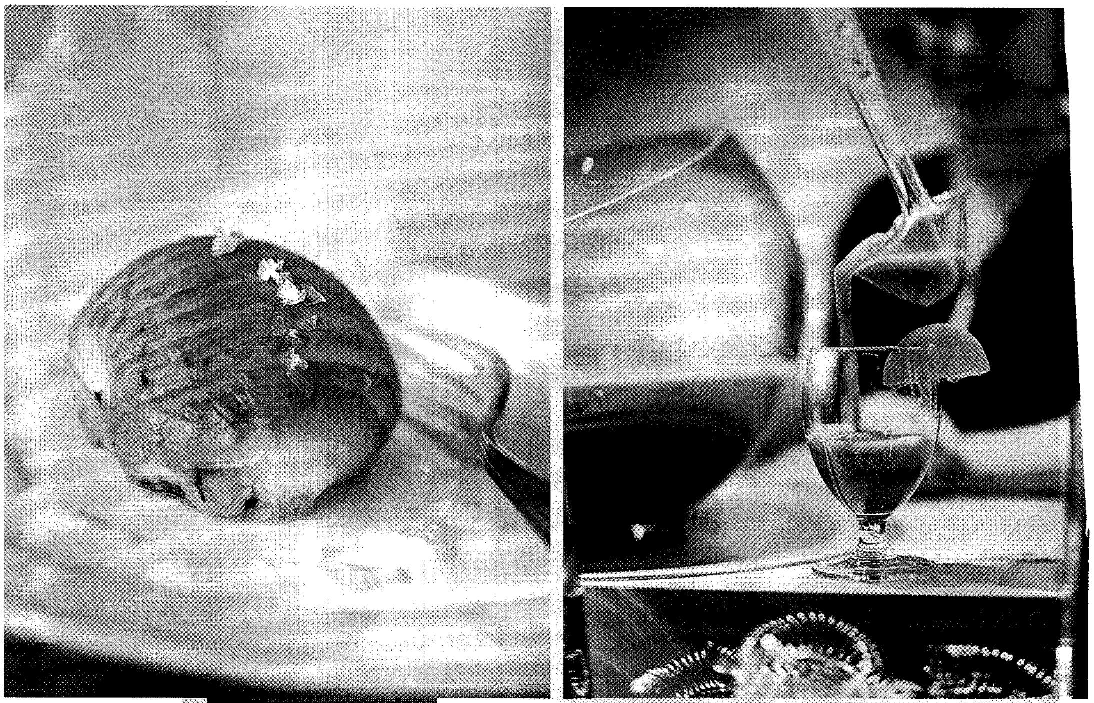
and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—An elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. As long as the weather permits, a backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*



ASK GAEL

You rarely risk a bite on the Lower East Side.

The afternoon I got the first flash about upscale stewings way downtown, I got out my map and located 71 Clinton Fresh Food on a seamy block below Houston. There, beyond a stylish façade of stainless steel, chef Wylie Dufresne turns out mostly sensational food worthy of his Jean Georges kitchen credit. His Scottish salmon wrapped in avocado with rivulets of horseradish oil, and the braised rabbit leg on poppyseed tagliatelle alone justify the $30 round-trip commute for us Upper West Siders (but then, we're the Richard Halliburtons of our block). Though octopus confit is rudely meager even as a starter, and the monkfish is soggy, I'll be back for wonderful beer-braised short ribs, surprisingly moist chicken breast with cheese-pumpkin-hazelnut gratin, or seared sea scallops on black-olive risotto cake with chorizo oil, all entrées $14 to $20. For the moment, the gig is "cash only" and wines by the glass, or let the black-bereted bartender pour you some passion-fruit rum punch. Dufresne senior is a warm and punny presence in the dining room. (71 Clinton Street; 212-614-6960.)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (212-683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Joe Scafuro.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Armani Café—Take a break from dressing-room calisthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or at one of the outdoor tables, in season—where the Italian-accented salads, sandwiches and soups change daily. *110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (212-727-3251). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (212-691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (212-989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese shrimp spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate chef John Tesar's New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

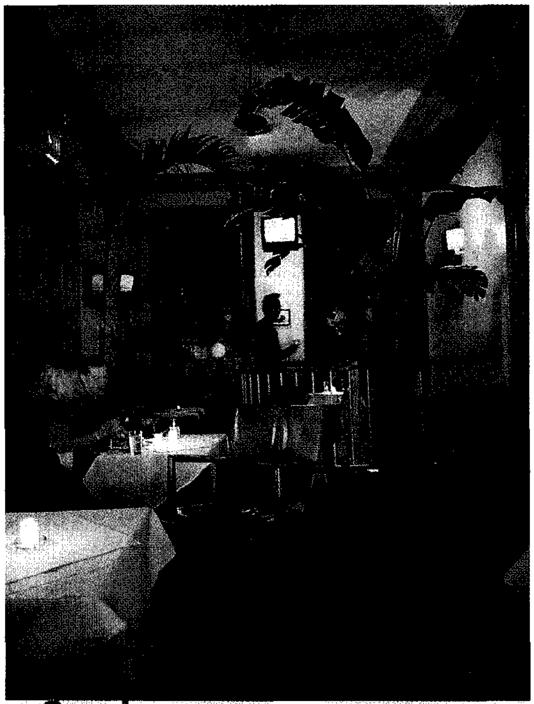
World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Astra—This café and party space on the fourteenth floor of the D&D Building was conceived as a stylish room with a stellar view where Aureole could cater special events, and where designers who shopped the building could get a good lunch. The public is also welcome (lunch only) for tasty morsels like grilled salmon niçoise, creamless purée of wild mushrooms, and the Astra Blast—a dressed-up BLT. *979 Third Ave., nr. 58th St. (212-644-9394). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-



Opening
Lounge Wizard

Before becoming embroiled in Fort Greene's escalating restaurant scene, Richard Wright was a founding partner at southern-food standbys Shark Bar and Mekka and the East Village's Alejandra's Adopt. Now he's transformed the space that was the short-lived Brooklyn Mod into Butta' Cup Lounge, an Afro-Asian restaurant where blackened catfish and fried chicken appear alongside Cantonese-style salt-and-pepper shrimp. Two floors of one of the classic Brooklyn brownstones have been equipped with two bars, a D.J. booth, potted palms, and banquettes clad in zebra and jaguar prints. (271 Adelphi Street, at De Kalb Avenue; 718-522-1669.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (212-980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

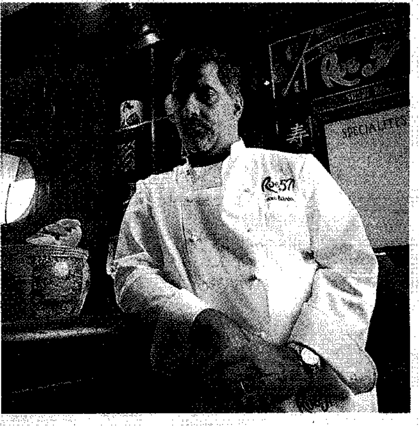
Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Openings

Pair France

Are you a brasserie buff who lives too far away from Balthazar and its new spin-off, Pastis? Don't despair. This week, two unrelated (but strangely similar) new multistoried restaurants bring a certain *je ne sais quoi* to midtown, not to mention comparable plateaux des fruits de mer, continuous service, steak frites, and classic bistro staples like coq au vin served as daily specials. Rue 57, now inhabiting the old Lucky's Bar & Grill space (60 West 57th Street; 212-307-5656), is the latest venture of Harley-Davidson Cafe owner Marc Packer, who's hired Sam Hazen (below right, late of Cascabel and Tavern on the Green) to serve up Black Mission–fig turnovers with prosciutto and Gorgonzola, duck crumble with sweet-and-sour cipollinis, and braised-lamb-shank risotto. Besides the requisite raw bar, there's a sushi bar, just in case you crave a maki roll with that côte de boeuf. Rather than dabble in Far Eastern exotica, the theater district's BrasserieBit (at left) reveals Alsatian accents in dishes like onion tart with bacon and walnuts, terrine of foie gras with kugelhopf toast, and garlic pork sausage with warm potato salad and mustard, all orchestrated by chef Jonathan Crean, formerly of Chappaqua's Crabtree's Kittle House. (Hillary and Bill's loss is Broadway's gain.) At lunch and after curtain time, lighter snacks like croque monsieurs and charcuterie become available, and as at sister saloon Brasserie Americaine at Lincoln Center, German Bitburger beer flows freely. (258 West 44th Street; 212-869-4440.)



Photographs by Warren Salowe.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel has reopened with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by the family who founded it in 1906. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The pretheater prix fixe menu runs $43, and the garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (212-246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (212-246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Caffe Cielo—This comfortable theater district restaurant is named for the sky, visible not through a skylight in the ceiling but as a mural of one. The menu covers the familiar northern Italian territory of antipasto, salads, pastas, and grilled fish and meat. *881 Eighth Ave., nr. 53rd St. (212-246-9555). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, $15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. *163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael's—This California transplant has lasted a decade in Manhattan by offering seasonal, creative American cooking, like spring-pea gnocchi with pecorino Romano and summer truffles, in a comfortable, modern-art-filled environment. Now that the glass walls in the garden room swing open, dining out back is nearly alfresco. *24 W. 55th St. (212-767-0555). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (212-246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (212-575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Steaks have been added, starting at $14.95. *121 W. 45th St. (212-869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like grilled salmon garnished with farro and cucumber-fennel-chive salad. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (212-861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fireman's of Brooklyn—The man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet mignon and "Bubba Fireman's chicken." *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers' Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (212-234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) ($).*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that

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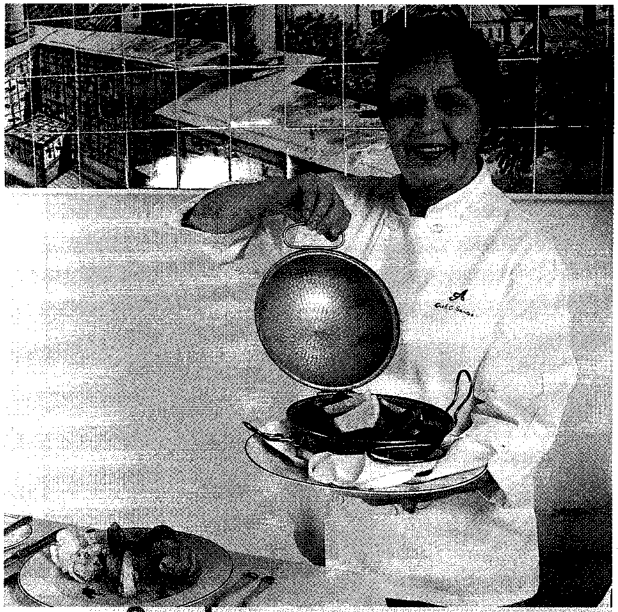


Opening Bi-linguiçal

Some blocks north of the Little Iberia that has sprouted at the mouth of the Holland Tunnel, the new Alfama, opening Wednesday, brings linguiça-sausage-studded caldo verde and custardy egg-based desserts to a restored West Village storefront named for an ancient, artsy Lisbon neighborhood. Chef Carmen Santos (pictured), a onetime fado singer who went on to cook at the Brazilian embassy and then Pão!, has concocted a Portuguese-flavored menu of dishes like codfish cakes, pork tenderloin with clams and cubed potatoes, braised rabbit in almond-sauce reduction, and mousse with port-soaked ladyfingers. (551 Hudson Street; 212-645-2500.)

Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (212-769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (212-234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

nightlife

Derrick May...The The...Rage

Concerts

"George Shearing's 80th!"—With the George Shearing Quintet; Nancy Wilson; Dave Brubeck; Billy Taylor; Regina Carter; the John Pizzarelli Trio; Tito Puente. 11/30 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800). $62, $55, $50, $37.50, $25.*

Queensryche—12/2 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (212-307-7171). $45, $32.50.*

Rage Against the Machine—With Gang Starr. 12/3 at 7:30. *Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale (212-307-7171). $26.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—11/30: Mark Geary; Flavor Sergeant. 12/1: Chronic Fatigue; Lotus 33. 12/2: Emok; Marquis Les Gocats. 12/3: Red Betty; Kilgore Trout. 12/4: Lesion; Ultrafine; Liquid. 12/5: Awkward Beaker; Coby Brown Group. 12/6: Mark Geary; Kaz Silver. *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.*

The Baggot Inn—11/30: David Kolker's Blues Thang. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-0622).*

Bottom Line—12/1: Waterson: Carthy. 12/3–12/4: Jane Sibbery. 12/6: Ed Palermo & His Big Band. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—12/5: Make-Up. 12/6: Days of the New. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

CBGB & OMFUG—12/3: Crisis. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (212-982-4052). $.*

Cooler—The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz experimenter and Sonic Youth front man Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. *416 W. 14th St. (212-229-0785). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Kiki and Herb: "Have Another." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 11/30: Fountains of Wayne; Kiki and Herb "Do They Know It's Christmas?" 12/1: Fountains of Wayne; Kiki and Herb "Do They Know It's Christmas?" 12/3–12/4: Loser's Lounge tribute to Burt Bacharach. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—12/2: The Magnetic Fields. 12/3: Mike Ness. 12/4: The Disco Biscuits. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Knitting Factory— 11/30: Charles Gayle Trio. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Makor—12/1: Greg Osby Quartet. 12/2: Knitting Factory Uptown. 12/3: Melodies of the East for Shabbat and Hanukkah: George Mordecai and Aubry Glazer. 12/4: Makor Hanukkah Groove: Steve Bernstein's Diaspora Soul & Pharoah's Daughter. 12/5: Ted Rosenthal Trio, "Rosenthology." *35 West 67 St. (212-601-1000).*

Mercury Lounge—11/30: Tim Beattie; Devon. 12/1: David Lowery. 12/3: Ekoostik Hookah. 12/4–12/5: The The. 12/6: Gorky's Zygotic Mynci. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

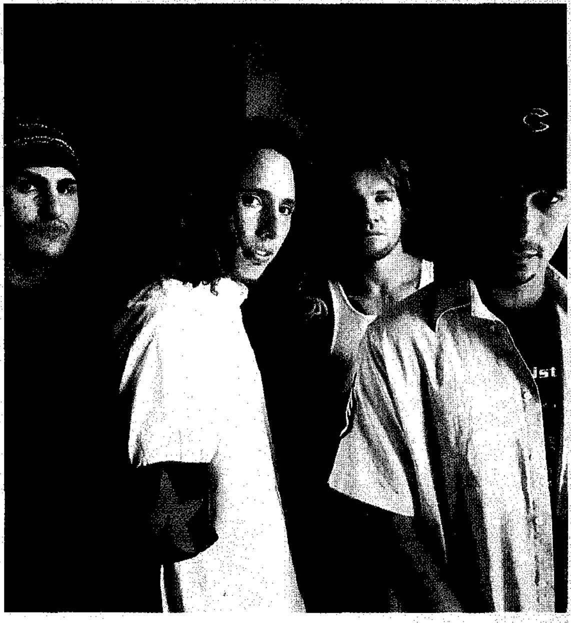
Rodeo Bar—11/30: Hugh Pool's Big Front Porch (no cover). 12/2: Eudora; Imperial Pints. 12/3: Star City. 12/4: 2 Dollar Pistols. *375 Third Ave. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 12/6: Tito Gomez. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 12/2: Tristeza Antarctica. 12/3: Ours; Lost Beat Heroes. 12/4: KVHW. 12/5: Black Lilly Jam Session. 12/6: Boy Wonder. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.*

Performance
All the Rage

With the release of *The Battle of Los Angeles,* Rage Against the Machine (pictured) have risen to the top of the rap-rock class, and their taste in opening acts is even more challenging than their music. They brought the Wu-Tang Clan on the road in 1997, shared a stage with Public Enemy this fall, and will appear with the hip-hop group Gang Starr on December 3 at the Nassau Coliseum. (See "Concerts.")



Clubland

Alphabet Lounge—Saturdays: A great new house-music party called "School," with resident D.J.'s Melvin Moore, Neil Aline (of "BPM" and "Rendez-Vous") and producer Matthias Heilbronn. *104 Avenue C (212-780-0202).*

"Atmosphere"—With D.J.'s Randy Finguz; MKL; Kim Lightfoot. 12/3 at 10. Yet another loft party with great house music, this one sans all those pretentious "rock stars." *70 Washington St., eleventh floor, Brooklyn. No phone number.*

Baby Jupiter—11/30: Shivaree; Clark Gayton. *170 Orchard St. (212-780-0287).*

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights. Thursdays: A nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy." Alternate Fridays: loved-up house music from D.J.'s Holmar and A. Gram at "N'Ice"; the friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang the Party." Saturdays: "Direct Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for complete schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).*

Black Betty—A wonderously eclectic nightspot in Williamsburg. Wednesdays and Thursdays: "D.J.-O-Rama," D.J.'s spinning everything from hip-hop, dance hall reggae and funk. Sundays: "Jazz on Sundays." Mondays: "Rhythm on Mondays" anything with a groove from Afro-Cuban jazz to sixties soul. *366 Metropolitan Ave., Williamsburg, Brooklyn, (718-599-0243).*

Centro-Fly—The club formerly known as Tramp's is now a hot spot to groove to D.J.'s. And there's more good news: The new owners have already managed to snag the house/trip-hop/big-beat promoters "Plant" for their Saturday nights. *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

Cheetah—This Chelsea/Flatiron-district nightspot has suddenly become a great dance-music destination, thanks to "Twelve West," "Underground Network," and "Legends." Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy after-work party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, and men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Wednesdays: "Underground Network" returns. Thursdays: "Legends," with D.J.'s Adam Scott and Danny Krivit. *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

Culture Club—As its name suggests, this downtown club is all about the eighties. Thursdays: "FlashhhBack" with D.J. Grandmaster Flash. Fridays: "Here They Are Now," eighties music and occasional performances from the decade's icons. Saturdays: "Me! Me! Me!," total immersion in the "Me" decade made terrifyingly real by an actual Delorean that juts out from a *Back to the Future* movie poster. 12/5: the "Time: Space" tour with Derrick May. *179 Varick St. (212-243-1999).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays: drag queens and gay rock-and-rollers get down at "Squeezebox." Saturdays: British-rock-themed "Tiswas." Sundays: D.J. Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock, R&B, salsa, and house at "Loose." *511 Greenwich St. (212-219-2850). $.*

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Tuesdays: Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultrahip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-Vous," a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Thursdays: Big name D.J.'s like Todd Terry and Frankie Feliciano drop by for "As-

Photograph by Danny Clinch.

sorted Flavors." Saturdays: Things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave., at 11th St. (212-228-0444). $.*

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesdays: "On!" offers a mod-influenced, Austin Powers–esque midweek romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends," a soulful house party with music from resident D.J. Adam Scott. Thursdays: "Get a Life!" with D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. Fridays: "Flash Fridays," with legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Sundays: "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. *158 Bleecker St. (212-420-1999).*

Limelight—Its club-kid heyday long gone, the sobered-up House of Gatien has been struggling to find a new identity for itself. Promoters have come and gone on almost a weekly basis, so it's wise to phone up and find out what you're getting into before you make the trip over to Sixth Avenue. Wednesdays: British D.J.'s converge on "UK Blitz." Thursdays: A deep-house and garage-oriented "Body & Soul" knockoff called "Garage City." Fridays: "Beige" mastermind Erich Conrad presides over wannabe fashionistas and weekenders. Saturdays: The usual mix of drag queens, go-go boys, and house heads party at the unfortunately named "Fun Club." *660 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (212-677-1717).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

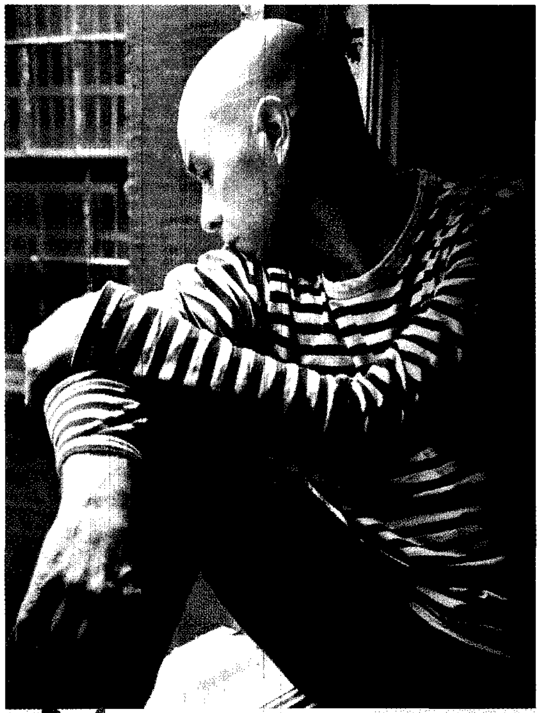
Speeed—One of the last Manhattan "megaclubs," Speeed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP room (for those occasions when plain VIP just won't cut it), and a swanky roof-deck. Thursdays: "Midnight Turntable Knockers," a hardcore hip-hop party with D.J.'s like Doo Wop, Max Glazer, and S&S. Fridays: The main floor belongs to Hot 97's D.J. Enuff. Saturdays: D.J.'s Doo Wop and Gyvis spin classic hip-hop, while Frank Delour spins house for "Speeed Saturdays." Sundays: A soulful house party called "Sunday Mass," with D.J.'s Merritt and Father Chris. *20 W. 39th St. (212-719-9867).*

Tunnel—Drug-bust drama aside, Peter Gatien's massive west-Chelsea space hasn't made much of an impact on the New York club scene. Promoters seem to come and go on a weekly basis, Danny Tenaglia decamped to Vinyl, and Gatien hasn't even bothered to compete with Twilo's marquee Friday nights. But if you feel compelled to make the trip to Twelfth Avenue, there are a few decent nights at the club. Saturdays: Hide from the weekender crowd at the gay (but often mixed) party "Kurfew." Sundays: Find out what America's jeeps will be bumping at D.J. Funkmaster Flex's street-wise party. *220 Twelfth Ave., at 27th St. (212-695-4682).*

Twilo—Twilo is *the* superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays." Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 12/1: "2K Wednesdays," with Jimmy Van M; Neil Aline. 12/3: Carl Cox; Darren Emerson; Jim Masters. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.



Performance
Quiet Storm

On introspective eighties albums like 'Infected,' The The (actually the singer and multi-instrumentalist Matt Johnson, pictured) sang about love, loss, and disenchantment with the Thatcher era. Though Johnson has been quiet since his 1995 Hank Williams–inspired 'Hanky Panky,' his new album, 'Naked Self,' is just as self-reflective as his eighties work. Live, Johnson can be an almost menacing presence, so The The's two shows at the Mercury Lounge on December 4–5 should transform Johnson's private pain into public triumph. (See "Small Stages.")

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow, thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the nights to head up to the venue and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? *141 W. 140th St., bet. Grand Concourse and Walton Aves. (718-992-5974).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which, at about seven in the morning, becomes the city's most adventurous party, as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now-legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early o you'll face a devastatinlgly long line a the door. Monthly: renowned Japanese trance D.J. Tsuyoshi Suzuki. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday in December, the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11:00. 11/30: Duke Ellington Orchestra. 12/1: New Jazz Composer's Octet. 12/2–12/4: Dave Holland Quintet. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 11/30–12/4: A-Records Week. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St., bet. Houston and Stanton Sts. (212-780-0313).*

Iridium—In this surreal basement venue across from Lincoln Center you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 11/30–12/4: Teddy Edwards All Stars. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

"Jazz at Lincoln Center: Ellington's Sacred Music"—12/6 at 7: "In Triplicate—Ellington's Ballets, Suites, and Sacred Concerts" *Morse Hall, the Juilliard School, 155 West 65th St. Free. (212-721-6500).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays: Stan Ulano's Swing Band. Wednesdays: The John Gill Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band, featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start around 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every

Photograph by Johanna St. Michaels.

Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (212-242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: "Klezmer Sundays." 12/2: Laura Cromwell, Adam Levy, Jamie Saft's "Secret Music"; Briggan Krauss 300; Joey Baron's "Killer Joey at Midnight." 12/3: Eastside Percussion, with special guests Talujon plus Jim Pugliese's Soultronix; Wax Poetic. 12/4: Freyja, with special guests Malga Kubiak & Missy GaLORE at Midnight, 12/5: White Hassle. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 11/30–12/5: Sphere, featuring Kenny Barron, Gary Bartz, Ben Riley, Buster Williams. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8,10, and midnight. Jim Norton, D. C. Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 11/29–12/5: Colin Quinn; Allan Havey; Greer Barnes; Dave Attell; Godfrey; Modi. *117 Macdougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri.; Sat. $15 cover for 8 and 12:30 shows, $20 cover for 10:30 show; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun. "New Talent Showcase." Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St., (212-501-6016). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat. at 8, 10, and 12. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. 12/3–12/9: Marilyn Volpe performs "New Year's Eve 1949," Fridays at 9 and Sundays at 3. *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. Bobby Short plays two shows nightly (Tuesday–Saturday) at 8:45 and 10:45. $60. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs works by Gershwin, Van Heusen, Arlen, and Rogers in "Where of When?" Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Wednesdays at 8:30: "The Next Big Broadway Musical," an improvised comedy. $10 cover, two-drink minimum. 12/4: Chuck Sweeney in "Peggy Lee's Christmas Cavalcade–'O Holy Night.' " Through 12/18: Tommy Femia in "Judy Garland Live!" *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.*

Feinstein's At The Regency—Michael Feinstein's brand-new cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Nightly through October 16: Rosemary Clooney. Michael Feinstein appears twice nightly (8:30 and 11) Tickets are $60; $50 food-and-drink minimum. *540 Park Ave., at E. 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Wed.–Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; $20 minimum. 12/1: Toni Lamond "Still a Gypsy." *363 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

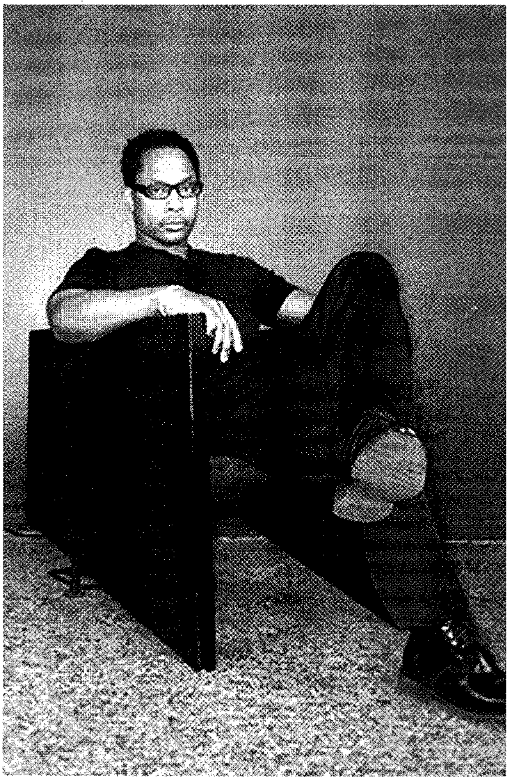
Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 11/29–12/1: Irina Maleeva in "Irina Abroad." 12/02: Franz Bloem. 12/03: Ruby Rims presents "Teddy Care Benefit 1999." 12/04: Judy Kreston and David Lahm in "Portrait of the Artist." 12/05: John McMahon; Leslie Orofino; Dominic Chinese. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*

Performance

May Day

He's been called the "Godfather of Techno," praised as the genre's preeminent pioneer, and labeled a third of electronic music's "Holy Trinity" (with Juan Atkins and Kevin Saunderson). But Derrick May (pictured) doesn't care what becomes a legend most. "That kind of nonsense puts people above criticism, and that's a fucked-up place to be." Still, it's hard to overrate May, who, along with Belleville, Michigan, high-school buddies Atkins and Saunderson, literally created techno out of the sticky funk of Parliament and the metronomic beats of Kraftwerk. Later, in the mid-eighties, the songs May recorded under the moniker "Rhythim Is Rhythim"—"Strings of Life," "Nude Photo," "The Dance"—blended ambient music with samba rhythms and electro bounce, and provided a basic blueprint for everything from big beat to drum 'n' bass. An outspoken electronic-music purist, May calls his music "high-tech soul" and rails against the rave scene ("exploitation of the music at its worst"), major-label techno acts ("victims of the corporate pop machine"), and the current state of electronic music ("massive quantities, crap qualities"). But May is no bitter has-been—he continues to awe audiences with D.J. sets that mix dark techno, uplifting house, and chilled-out effects. December 5, when his Transmat label's "Time: Space" tour stops at the Culture Club—a relic of an entirely different eighties—"I'll be there to educate people, make people dance," he says. "And make myself very happy." (See "Clubland.")

ETHAN BROWN



Photograph by Brett Carson.

the mix

John McCain...World AIDS Day...Wendy Wasserstein

John Leonard's TV Notes

Dennis Miller: The Millennium Special—1000 Years, 100 Laughs, 10 Really Good Ones (12/4; 10 to 11 P.M.; HBO) devotes maybe five minutes to the first 900 years, then settles down to make fun of Sigmund Freud, Carrie Nation, Helen Keller, Eleanor Roosevelt, Mahatma Gandhi, J. D. Salinger, J. Edgar Hoover, Richard Nixon, Woody Allen, Michael Jackson, Bill Gates, and so on. Unfortunately, he has included, every ten minutes or so, the sort of Norm Macdonald interlude only a Norm Macdonald would find amusing.

A Christmas Carol (12/5; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT), perhaps inevitably, stars Patrick Stewart as Scrooge and Joel Grey as Christmas Past, both enabled by such codependents as Ian McNeice, Saskia Reeves, Desmond Barrit, Dominic West, and Liz Smith. For this London I will say that it's more darkly Dickensian than is usual for American television this time of year. At least Tiny Tim sings "Silent Night" instead of "Tomorrow."

My Favorite Broadway: The Leading Ladies (12/5; 8 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13), emceed by Julie Andrews, is a holiday feast for the ear, with Faith Prince, Elaine Stritch, Audra McDonald, Bebe Neuwirth, Nell Carter, Priscilla Lopez, Andrea McArdle, and, remarkably on the Carnegie Hall stage for "Great Performances," both the Kit Kat Girls from *Cabaret* and the Rockettes. My new personal favorite: Karen Ziemba.

Santa and Pete (12/5; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) lets wise old grandfather James Earl Jones tell the story, from Dutch legend, of how Saint Nicholas (Hume Cronyn), stuck in a Spanish prison for espionage, teamed up with the Moor Pete (Flex Alexander) to redistribute the wealth of the Old World on Christmas Eve, before leaving for New Amsterdam, where Indians would help turn him into the Santa Claus we know. Safe for children of most ages.

Lectures and Panels

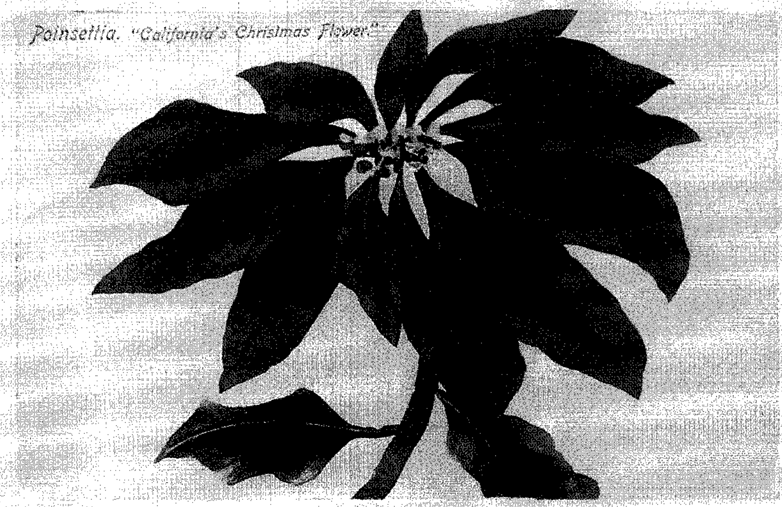
"My New York"—11/30 at 5 P.M.: Pete Hamill, Wendy Wasserstein, and Stanley Crouch talk about the city's history of attracting and fostering creative talent. Christie's, 20 Rockefeller Plaza, call 212-636-2000 for tickets.

"Tastemakers"—11/30 at 6:30 P.M.: Coleman Andrews, Daniel Boulud, Florence Fabricant, Drew Nieporent, and Tim and Nina Zagat discuss New York's love affair with French cuisine. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160); $15.

"Reel Pieces: At the Movies"—12/2 and 12/6 at 7:15 P.M.: After screenings of their films, renowned artists including Anjelica Huston and Stanley Tucci discuss their work with Annette Insdorf, director of Columbia University's film-studies program. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.

"Flavor and Its Origins: The Story of Soy Sauce"—12/2 6:30 P.M.: Explore the history of Asian cuisine's most indispensible ingredient. Snacks with soy served. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155); $10.

Senator John McCain—12/5 at 7:30 P.M.: CNN political and media analyst Jeff Greenfield interviews the Arizona senator and presidential hopeful. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.


Poinsettia. "California's Christmas Flower."

POSTCARD, 1909.

Happening
No Christmas Tree

Learn everything you ever wanted to know (and then some) about the other Christmas plant on December 2 at 10 A.M. when the Horticultural Society of New York presents "Poinsettia Day": a lecture by Janice Anderson-Gram on the history, mythology, and care of the plant, followed by a demonstration of what to do with cut poinsettias by floral designer Rose Edinger, and finally a major sale of the winter flowers. Bet you didn't know they were named for U.S. ambassador to Mexico Joel R. Poinsett, who first brought them here in the mid-1800s. Tickets are $50; call 212-757-0915 to register.

The Written Word

Kathryn Davis—11/30 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *The Walking Tour.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 83rd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Paula Fox, Lynne Tillman, Katherine Russell Rich—12/1 at 8 P.M.: Introduced by Jonathan Franzen, Jenifer Berman, and Rene Steinke, respectively. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (212-592-4648); free.

Daniel Mendelsohn—12/1 at 8 P.M.: Reading from *The Elusive Embrace* and talking about his work with Louis Begley, author of *Wartime Lies.* The Angel Orensanz Foundation, 172 Norfolk St. (212-580-0099); $7–$11.

Flora Miller Biddle—12/2 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *The Whitney Women and the Museum They Made.* Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. (212-741-2069); free.

Kurt Vonnegut and Lee Stringer—12/2 at 7 P.M.: Reading from their new book *Like Shaking Hands with God.* Pullman Room East at Grand Central Station, enter at 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-983-1111); free.

Alysia Abbott and Edmund White—12/2 at 7 P.M.: Reading from the letters of poet Steve Abbott on the occasion of World AIDS Day. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (212-989-4850); free.

Dennis Nurske and Tim Seibles—12/2 at 6 P.M.: Reading from their poetry. Macon Branch Library, 361 Lewis Ave., Brooklyn (718-573-5651); free.

Peter Carey, Fran Lebowitz, Patrick McGrath, Sonia Rivera-Valdes, Richard Ford, and Cynthia Lowe—12/4 at 7: Reading from their work in support of the Little Red School House and Elisabeth Irwin High School. Performing Arts Center, 40 Charlton St. (212-477-5316); $20–$25.

Andrew X. Phan and Lara Stapleton—12/5 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Catfish and Mandela* and other new work. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-358-1935); free.

Events

"The International 20th Century Arts Fair"—Through 12/1: The finest in contemporary clocks, furniture, glass, lighting, jewelry, paintings, photography, posters, radios, sculpture, silver, and textiles

Photograph courtesy Christine Anderson.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ○

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
GIANTS							NYJ CBS 1 P.M.
JETS							NYG CBS 1 P.M
ISLANDERS		DAL FSNY 7:30 P.M.		CAL METRO 7:30 P.M.		ATL METRO 7 P.M.	
RANGERS			NJ TBD 7:30 P.M.		MON MSG 7:30 P.M.	BUF MSG 7 P.M.	
DEVILS			NYR TBD 7:30 P.M.		OTT FSNY 7:30 P.M.	CAL FSNY 7:30 P.M.	
KNICKS	DAL MSG 7:30 P.M.	PHI MSG 8 P.M.		MIL TBD 8 P.M.		NJ TBD 1 P.M.	DEN TBD 7 P.M.
NETS		WAS FSNY 7:30 P.M.		SA TBD 7:30 P.M.		NY TBD 1 P.M.	
	11/29	11/30	12/01	12/02	12/03	12/04	12/05

from Santa Fe to Paris. The Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. (212-642-8572); $15.

"Crafts Park Avenue"—12/3–12/5: Snag unique holiday gifts like children's shearling mittens with fuchsia piping; goblets made of woven beads; hats shaped like watermelons, butterflies, and flowers; and other artsy stuff. Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. (800-649-0279); $9.

"33rd Annual New York EXPOsition of Short Film and Video"—12/1–12/5: Sixty-six short films from seventeen countries, including experimental documentaries and animated films. The New School's Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5488); $7.50.

Benefits

"Annual Academy of the Arts of Guild Hall Awards Dinner"—11/30 at 7 P.M.: Cocktails and dinner to honor Robert A. M. Stern, Barbara Goldsmith, Gwen Verdon, and Joseph Cullman III. The Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at Central Park South (516-324-0806); $500–$15,000.

"The World AIDS Day 6th Annual St. Nicholas Observance"—12/1 at 7 P.M.: AIDS Action International sponsors this concert with choir, piano, and woodwind performances at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 112th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (718-448-2006); please bring an unwrapped holiday gift to be given to a person living with HIV/AIDS.

"1999 New York Women in Film & Television Gala Holiday Luncheon"—12/7 at 11:30 A.M.: "Muse" awards to be presented to Mary Lea Bandy, Anjelica Huston, Barbara Kopple, Marquita Pool-Eckert, and Cicely Tyson. Grand Ballroom of New York Hilton & Towers, 1335 Sixth Ave., at 54th St. (212-838-6033); $175.

Exhibitions

"Cold War Television"—Through 12/26: A screening package with excerpts from the documentary *When Television Was Young*, blacklisted writer Abraham Polonsky's *You Are There: "The Crisis of Galileo,"* and *The Defenders: "Blacklist."* The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); $6.

"The Italians of New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement"—Through 2/20/00: Revisit the public lives of prominent Italians in the city. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); $5.

"Fashion Onstage: Couture for the Broadway Theater, 1910–1955"—Through 2/27/00: An exploration of costume couture. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); recommended donation $5.

"NYC Century"—Through 7/9/00: One hundred objects reflecting the range of perspectives on the twentieth-century New York City experience. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-6272); $5.

Online

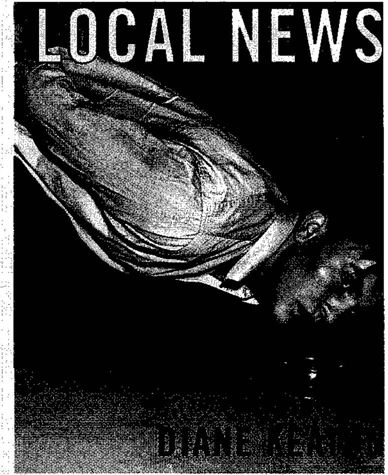
New York on the Web—As the holiday shopping season kicks in with a vengeance, the newly relaunched www.nymag.com offers an extensive array of ideas from our "Holiday Gifts" issue, which we'll have posted throughout the holiday season, in addition to features and reviews from our current issue. Plus, keep up-to-date on the coolest happenings in Gotham with our daily "Event Picks"; plan a getaway with the help of "52 Weekends"; and read up on the new book by Jamaica Kincaid in our "First Words" feature. Our "Surf Report" reviews Websites for your surfing pleasure: This week we include an online travel guide. And as always, you can browse through our extensive archive of back issues and articles, participate in our daily poll and trivia contest, and catch up with what the city has to offer with "Best of New York," now appearing in serialized form.

Sports

Some Friendly Competition—On Saturday, 12/4, the New York Road Runners Club offers something for everyone—the Hot Chocolate 10-Miler to rouse a pro's adrenaline and the Church of the Heavenly Rest 2-Mile Fun Run to challenge the amateur. Both races begin at 9:30 A.M. at Engineer's Gate (Fifth Avenue and East 90th Street) in

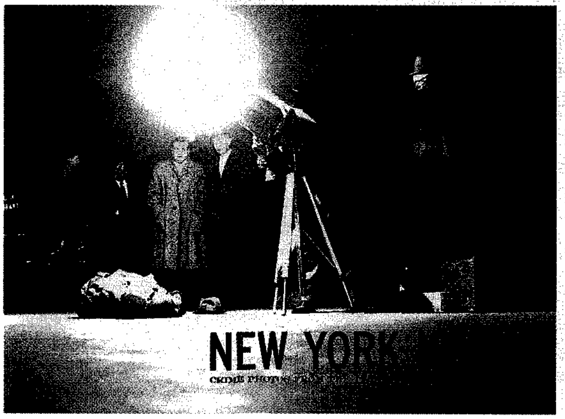
In Print

Shoot First, Ask Questions Later



When tabloid crime photography is fresh, every frame contains a threat: *Watch out, you could be next.* Aesthetics are usually pushed to the back, way back, and your first instinct is to duck. But a generation later, everyone involved (not just the murder victim) is dead; the vicarious risk is history. The photos become arrangements in gray and black, and you can read any sort of sociology you want from them. (For example: Sixty years ago, scum wore jackets and ties.) Which makes two new books, *New York Noir: Crime Photos From the Daily News Archive* (Rizzoli; $29.95) and *Local News: Tabloid Pictures From the Los Angeles* Herald Express *1936–1961* (D.A.P./Lookout; $35) all the more arresting. The L.A. volume was collected by Diane Keaton (Annie Hall apparently has issues!) and deals in a sort of soft-core Hollywood seaminess. It's more a mid-century *Cops* than a bloodfest—lots of domestic disturbances, and women in lipstick and smart outfits awaiting the trial. The *Daily News* collection, on the other hand, has the edge when it comes to grue: more slumped corpses, more banged-up perps, and, of course, the covert Ruth Snyder execution photo that put the paper on the map. (Luc Sante, whose *Low Life* is the best book yet written about New York sleaze, contributed the preface.) One excellent choice, on the part of editor William Hannigan, was to include the photographers' captions from the backs of many archived prints. They are totally pedestrian, full of illiteracies and (no doubt) inaccuracies. It's a sharp way of reminding us that these were uneducated guys, hacks with decent gigs who learned their way around—and, through rote, hustle, and competition, produced not-quite-accidental gems. All in a day's work.

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS



Solutions to last week's puzzles

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McCain

continued from page 121

"But it had an enormous impact on me when we were sitting at the dinner table in my apartment talking about it and he looked at me and simply said, 'I've seen how cheap life can be.' "

LATE ONE AFTERNOON IT IS SHOCKINGLY quiet in the back of the bus. One reporter is tapping on a laptop, two are writing in notebooks, and the rest are staring aimlessly into space. We have all just gotten back on board following a town hall meeting at Plymouth State University. Everyone is wiped out (except McCain, of course) and feeling like he or she has just heard the senator, when talking about how far his campaign has come, tell a crowd the Mo Udall joke for the tenth time that day.

"Mo Udall walks into a barber shop in Manchester and says, 'Good morning. My name is Mo Udall, and I'm running for president.' 'I know,' says the barber, 'we were just laughing about that this morning.' " (Actually, it was only the third time.)

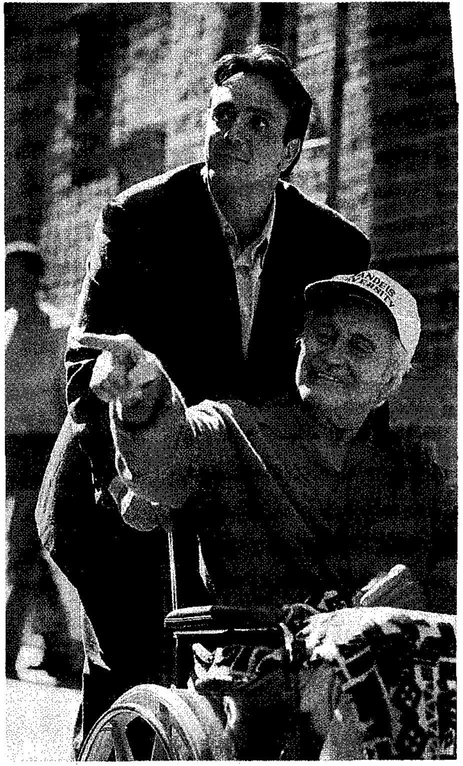
"How 'bout some coffee, Mike," McCain barks as he looks at the reporters, all of whom are avoiding eye contact the way students do in class when they're hoping the teacher won't call on them. McCain fidgets, picking up a section of *USA Today* and putting it down three or four times.

Finally it seems he gives up on us and actually starts to read the paper. But within minutes, he's shaking his head, heaving heavy sighs, and muttering about a story on the front page. He's trying to get somebody's attention. I'm sitting closest to him, so I say uncle. "You sound like something's the matter, Senator. What's up?" I ask gamely. "Ah, this story about Hillary Clinton in Israel. The headline says she's in trouble."

And with that, he's off and running and dragging us along with him. "What kind of senator would Hillary be?" I ask. "She'd be the biggest star in the Senate since Bobby Kennedy. At least in the beginning." "Does Rudy actually want to be a senator?" "I'm sure he doesn't. But I think he'd have instant credibilty because of his record on urban issues." "Does he have the temperment for the Senate?" "I'm a fine one to ask," he says laughing. "Actually, maybe I'm the perfect one to ask."

It was a dazzling display of McCain's political and rhetorical dexterity. Is it manipulative? Of course: He's a politician. But the greater truth seems to be that he can't help himself. He draws energy from the discourse and, as he says, it's who he is. Think about it: John McCain is who he says he is. In the aftermath of the Clinton years, that's a pretty solid strategy. It's not the economy, stupid, it's the candidate. ■

The Tube ***Oprah Winfrey Presents: Tuesdays With Morrie* (December 5 from 9 to 11 P.M. on ABC), from the book that Winfrey turned into a best-seller, stars Jack Lemmon as Morrie Schwartz, the Brandeis sociology professor whose prolonged dying (and endless free advice) changed the career and romantic life of one of his favorite students, Detroit sports columnist Mitch Albom (Hank Azaria, pictured standing). Magnificent Lemmon (on wheels) is as good as or better than he's ever been.**



Central Park. There is a $17 non-member entry fee and limited race-day entries for $22. (All proceeds from the fun run will be donated to the church.) You may register online at www.nyrrc.org., or call 212-860-4455 for more information.

Critical Mass—It's that time of the month again when scores of bicyclists hit the New York City pavement to show that riders, like pedestrians and drivers, have street rights, too. Join the group on Thursday 12/2 at the Astor Place Cube at 7 P.M. to reclaim the roads. For more details, call Time's Up! at 212-802-2222.

Day Rides—The Five Borough Bicycle Club offers three journeys this weekend. On Saturday, 12/4, you have the choice of riding along for the Queens Treasure Hunt or wandering Wave Hill. The Queens trip is a 50-mile adventure across flat terrain and meets at 8:30 A.M. at Tramway Plaza (Second Avenue and 59th Street). The Wave Hill tour is a hilly, 30-mile scenic ride through parks on the way to and from the estate. It meets at 9:30 A.M. at the Plaza Hotel (Fifth Avenue and 59th Street). On Sunday, 12/5, the 5BBC and New York Cycle Club head to Broadway Diner, "home of the world's finest pancakes," via the Staten Island Ferry and Bayonne Bridge. Meets at 9 A.M. at City Hall (City Hall Park, near Centre and Chambers Streets). Bring a lock and lunch money for all the trips. For additional information on these and other free rides, call 5BBC at 212-932-2300, ext. 115, or visit www. 5bbc.org.

Photograph by ABC Television.

in concert

Alvin Ailey...Ben Weber Tribute...*Nixon in China*

Classical Music

Chamber Music at the Y—Pinchas Zuckerman and the Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio play Mozart, Ravel, and Dvořák, 11/30 and 12/1 at 8. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $30.*

Completely Copland—Suite from *Hear Ye! Hear Ye!*, *Dance Panels, Dance Symphony,* Suite from *Appalachian Spring,* 11/30 at 7:30 and 12/2 at 8. John Adams conducts *Danzón Cubano,* "Party Scene" from *The Tender Land,* and others, with pianist Garrick Ohlsson, 12/3 and 12/4 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $18–$77.*

Amalia Piano Trio—Works by Haydn, Zwilich, Beethoven, and Brahms, 12/1 at 8. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800); $21.*

Ben Weber Remembered—The New York Woodwind Quartet and guests perform a Weber retrospective and new tribute pieces by Michael Colgrass, Milton Babbitt, Lou Harrison, Ned Rorem, and others, 12/1 at 8. *Miller Theatre at Columbia University, 2960 Broadway, at 116th St. (212-854-7799); $15.*

Creative Differences: Bruckner's Divided Vienna—Leon Botstein conducts Bruckner, Ignaz Brüll, and Karl Goldmark, 12/1 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $18–$45.*

The Guarneri String Quartet—Works by Dvořák, Mendelssohn, and Brahms, with soprano Ying Huang, 12/1 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); $25–$35.*

Keyboard Conversations—Pianist Jeffrey Siegel plays Copland, Bernstein, and Gershwin, 12/1 at 7. *Steinway Hall, 109 W. 57th St. (212-697-2949); $35.*

Nixon in China—Robert Spano conducts the Brooklyn Philharmonic in John Adams's 1987 epic, 12/3 and 12/4 at 8. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $8–$45.*

Evgeny Kissin, Piano—Works by Rachmaninoff, Scriabin, and Balakirev, 12/4 at 7:30. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $21–$86.*

André Watts, Piano—Works by Bach, Schubert, Beethoven, Liszt, and Chopin, 12/5 at 3. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $20–$40.*

The Dessoff Choirs—Baroque and twentieth-century works, 12/5 at 3. *Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, 980 Park Ave., at 84th St. (212-831-8224); $15–$20.*

Golub-Kaplan-Carr Trio—Works by Haydn, Rachmaninoff, and Nicholas Maw, 12/5 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); $25–$35.*

The MET Orchestra—James Levine conducts Schoenberg, Messiaen, Ravel, Debussy, and Berlioz, with mezzo Olga Borodina, 12/5 at 3. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $26–$126.*

People's Symphony Concerts—Pianist Garrick Ohlsson performs Beethoven, Copland, and Chopin, 12/5 at 2. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-586-4680); $6.50–$10.50.*

What Makes It Great?—Conductor Robert Kapilow and pianist Janina Fialkowska demystify Chopin, 12/6 at 7:30. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $25.*

Emmanuel Ax, Piano—Works by Haydn, Corigliano, Debussy, and Chopin, 12/6 at 7:30. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $18–$66.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—*L'Elisir d'Amore,* 11/30 and 12/4 at 8; *Mefistofele,* 12/1 at 7:30 and 12/4 at 1:30; *Otello,* 12/2 at 7:30; *Tristan und Isolde,* 12/3 and 12/6 at 7. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$225.*

Dance

Ballet Hispanico—New works from David Roussève, Cuban Pedro Ruiz, and Brazilian Regina Miranda, 11/30 at 7:30, 12/1–12/3 at 8, 12/4 at 2 and 8, 12/5 at 2 and 7:30. Through 12/12. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $35.*

New York City Ballet—George Balanchine's *The Nutcracker,* 11/30–12/2 at 6, 12/3 at 8, 12/4 at 2 and 8, 12/5 at 1 and 5. Through 1/2/00. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-307-4100); $15–$82.*

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater—Dances by Ronald K. Brown and Judith Jamison, and, of course, Ailey's *Revelations,* 12/1–12/3 at 8, 12/4 at 2 and 8, 12/5 at 3 and 7:30. Through 1/2/00. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212); $25–$60.*

Chamecki/Lerner—The Brazilian duo uses drama and visual design for a virtuosic look at metamorphosis in *I Mutantes Seras,* 12/2–12/5 at 8. *Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (212-691-6500); $15.*

The Remember Project '99—Over 90 companies dance for twelve hours to benefit Dancers Responding to AIDS, 12/4 from noon to midnight. *St. Mark's Church, Second Ave. at 10th St. (212-840-0700); $25 for two hours, $40 for an all-day pass.*

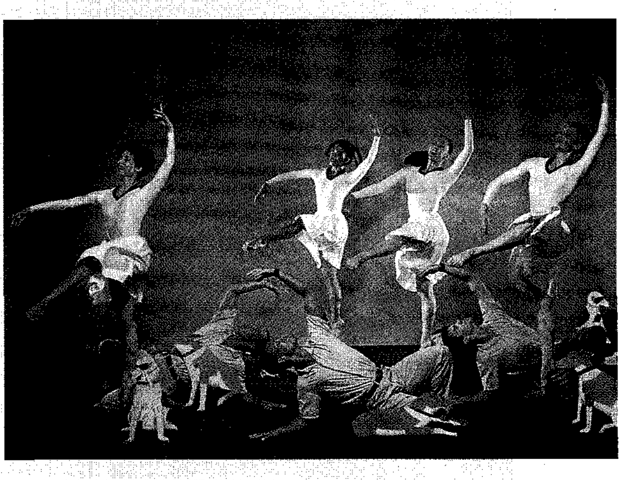
Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Previews

For Love and Money

Ten years ago, as dancers in Paul Taylor's company, Denise Roberts and Hernando Cortez had it good. Kids sweat for such a life: meaty choreography, endless touring, and the tight familial embrace of a dance company. Rough, practical things like insurance and disability just didn't come up—until 1991, when company member Jeff Wadlington's AIDS made a painful incursion into the nimble strutting of the Taylor troupe. Cortez (pictured, center) rallied his friend Denise (far left) and gathered a group of dancers in his Chelsea apartment to brainstorm. Dancers Responding to AIDS (DRA) was born two weeks later, as Cortez and company did jetés down Fifth Avenue in the Gay Pride Parade. The stunt won them a photo in the New York *Times* and provided some much-needed momentum. Last year, DRA grossed $410,000 and, through its association with Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS, helped 103 dancers living with AIDS nationwide with everything from rent and food to social work and medical care. This Saturday, DRA's largest annual fund-raiser, "The Remember Project '99," brings together more than 90 dance companies for a twelve-hour marathon performance. Veterans like Parsons Dance Company, Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Co., Trisha Brown Company, and the Martha Graham Dance Company will be there, along with brawny newcomers like Gerald Casel and Wendy Blum. The performers all pay $5 at the door. "We get so many applications, we have to turn people away," says Roberts. "They're paying *us* to [let them] perform." Last January, Baryshnikov pulled on his tights for DRA and raised $120,000. Hillary Clinton pitched in at the Kennedy Center benefit. Cortez insists the passage from dancerly to philanthropic success has been accidental: "We didn't want to be fund-raisers. We just knew we had to help our friends." (See "Dance.")



Erika Kinetz

Photograph by Jack Mitchell.

kids

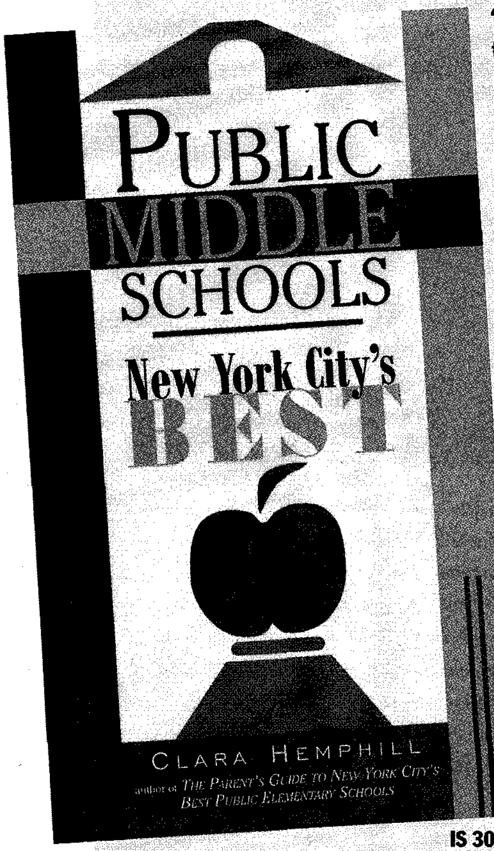
Fruit Flies...School Choice

In Print

Unmuddling the Middle Grades

Public Middle Schools: New York City's Best* (Soho Press; $24) would be required reading for anyone looking at public-middle-school alternatives—even if it weren't such a thoughtful, well-researched volume. That's because prying simple facts about schools from education bureaucrats—who, as author Clara Hemphill relates, often consider such information as "something akin to a state secret"—is a daunting task. In the book, phone numbers, dates, and deadlines are clearly listed, along with average class size and ethnic mix. As a former senior research fellow at the Public Education Association and also the author of *The Parent's Guide to New York City's Best Public Elementary Schools,* Hemphill surely knows the turf. "There simply aren't as many good programs for sixth-, seventh-, and eighth-graders as there are for young children," she says. But good schools in every borough—many largely unknown—are singled out for praise. Highly readable firsthand descriptions relate the texture of life inside these middle schools and frequently underscore the point that statistics alone can be deceiving. Happily, a decade-old reform movement, the "Middle School Initiative," appears to be resuscitating the entire system. Dreary, content-driven junior high schools are being divided or closed to make way for smaller schools that recognize the important role of community in the lives of young adolescents. Dozens of new academic programs of every stripe that share this philosophy have taken root all over the city. Students at one such fledgling school, District 20's IS 30, begin the school year by literally "pulling together": The kids use ropes to hoist one another up the Alpine Tower—a wooden climbing structure several stories high—in Brooklyn's Floyd Bennett Field.

BARBARA ENSOR


PUBLIC
MIDDLE
SCHOOLS
New York City's
BEST
CLARA HEMPHILL
author of THE PARENT'S GUIDE TO NEW YORK CITY'S BEST PUBLIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

Children's Events

Amahl and the Night Visitors—**THE LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**'s production of Gian Carlo Menotti's opera for children, based on an old legend about the three kings in the Nativity story, has a monkey and a talking parrot in the cast. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, 12/4 at 11 A.M., 1 P.M., and 3 P.M. (212-971-9500). Tickets are $10–$35. ●

Christmas Present—The original manuscript of Charles Dickens's immortal *A Christmas Carol* is on view at the **MORGAN LIBRARY**, inspiring a Victorian afternoon holiday celebration, with a marionette show, costumes, and lots of old-fashioned dancing, 12/5 from 2 to 5 P.M. Free with general admission of $7, $5 for students. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008; www.morganlibrary.org).●

Screen Windows—The Eighth International Children's Television Festival presents an hourlong screening at 1 P.M. of six different shorts. One is about the inhabitants of a planet who, having used up all its natural resources, must go out and find another one to live on. *What Now, Bhatso?,* shown at 3 P.M., picks up the thread of moving: A brother and sister have to relocate to a new village within their tiny African nation. Both programs are for children of all ages. Between screenings, at 2 P.M., kids can jam on Latin American instruments at a live workshop event with singer and storyteller Felix Pitre; 12/4 and 12/5. **MUSEUM OF TELEVISION & RADIO**, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600). Admission is $6, $4 for students and seniors, $3 for children under 13.●

Swarm—A group of wildly energetic Australian kids between the ages of 10 and 18 known as the Flying Fruit Fly Circus turn a beyond-orderly classroom into wonderful, colorful kinetic chaos; 12/3–1/2/00. **THE NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200). Tickets are $10–$35.●

An Elephant Remembers—Accompanied by an eight-piece orchestra, a narrator relates the story of royal elephants King Babar and Queen Celeste in *The Travels of Babar: An Adventure in Scales*. Slides from Jean de Brunhoff's beloved storybook will be shown; 12/4 at 11 A.M. and 2 P.M.; for children ages 5 through 9. Long Island University's **TILES PERFORMING ARTS CENTER**, C.W. Post Campus, Rte. 25 A in Brookville (516-299-3100). Reservations are required. Tickets are $14.●

Little Big Top—Everybody sits within 50 feet of the sawdust in the **BIG APPLE CIRCUS** tent—the better to get an unobstructed view of the miraculous performing house cats. Damrosch Park at Lincoln Center Plaza, 62nd St. bet. Columbus and Amsterdam Aves. Performances through 1/9/00. Tickets are $15–$60 on weeknights, $28–$60 on weekends, and can be purchased by calling 212-307-4100. For further information, call 800-922-3772.

Pretending—In "Winnie Blake and Her Puppets," the skilled ventriloquist brings her puppet family to the small stage. 12/4 at 1:30 at **WEST END CHILDREN'S THEATER**, 2911 Broadway, bet. 113th and 114th Sts. $12. Reservations required. ●

Clemente for Kids—Teacher and artist John Cassotta leads a family tour of the "Clemente" exhibition at the **GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**. Afterward, kids will make art of their own, using words and images based on the "cinquain" poetry form—which by then they'll know all about. 12/5, from 2 to 4. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3587); $15 for one child and one adult, $8 for each additional child. Reservations required.●

Huffing and Puffing—A bilingual salsa version of "The Three Little Pigs" is performed by life-size puppets to the accompaniment of flamenco music, with the help of performers from the Society for Educational Arts; 12/4–12/12. Saturdays at 3:30, Sundays at 2. **LOS KABAYITOS PUPPET AND CHILDREN'S THEATER**, 107 Suffolk St., second floor (212-529-1545); $10, $8 for kids.●

Growing Sounds—A two-part holiday concert for families at **THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN** begins with Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf,* sung by the Bronx Art Ensemble. Then a children's chorus called the Highbridge Voices sings "Elijah's Angel," with music by Robert Kapilow and libretto by Jim Friedland; 12/5 at 3. Arthur and Janet Ross Lecture Hall, 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd., Bronx (718-601-7399). $7 tickets include admission to the grounds.

Walking Catfish—Bill Gordh sings engaging, singable songs, full of stories, in *Out of the Watermelon Patch.* For children ages 3 to 9. **CAROLINE'S KIDS KLUB**, 12/4 and 12/5 at 2 P.M. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-956-0101); $14. Reservations required. ●

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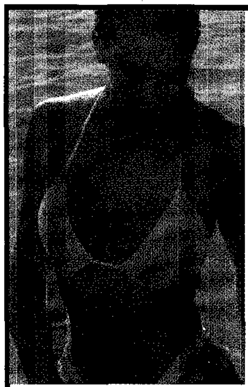

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Jump-Start Your Heart!—With a caring, considerate, Ivy MD/PhD, Renaissance guy, handsome, funny, 5'10", lean, mid 40s, seeks educated, sweet woman under 37, to share my passion for the arts, fitness, life. Phone/photo for reply. 2564✉☎

Astoundingly Handsome Prince—In search of his princess... Or, would you believe - male corporate attorney, 50s (full head of hair), seeks female professional beauty for laughs and more... Preference given to Yankee fans (kidding). Please include photo. 2551 ✉

Man And Dog—Youthful, fit Jewish man, dynamic, successful entrepreneur, 5'11", green eyes, brown hair, with apartment in city and beachfront home, searching for attractive, fit, fun-loving Jewish woman, 30-36, who enjoys an active and upscale lifestyle. Photo. 2520 ✉☎

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Attractive Blond—5'10", slim/sporty Christian female, 33, financial, city/country, seeks tall, fit, handsome professional male, 33-45. Photo. 2510✉

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Wealthy, Attractive Widow—NYC-based, wants to resume social life. Men, 55-65, respond. Most desirable qualities: sense of humor and sense of the absurd. 2536 ✉☎

Sophisticated, Shapely, Gentle—Terrific athlete, excellent physical shape, very attractive, well-educated, cultured, well-traveled, stylish, tall Jewish lady - seeking kind, cosmopolitan, successful gentleman (40-55). 4.0 tennis player/avid skier is a plus. Honesty/sincerity/kindness is your real advantage. 2513 ✉ ☎

Millennium Man—Bi, 40, eclectic Jewish intellectual, seeking Mr. Right... Go to theater in 2004, museums in 2011, Yankee games in 2029, dancing in 2037 and travel around the world in 2049. Then we'll settle down and work on plans for our hundredth birthday party. Pix. 2516✉

One-Of-A-Kind, Vintage 1964—Collectible: attractive single female, blond, with a great smile and laugh, New Yorker transplanted to NJ (just outside the city). Energetic, bright, charity volunteer who values friends and family (one of my favorite things is being the aunt who spoils the kids). Enjoys a variety of interests: Knicks, dancing, "I Love Lucy", travel (especially back-to-nature trips), Matisse, Picasso...and new scuba diver - to name a few. Looking for a drug-free single male to start by friendship - and let's hope there's more. Please send a note with phone and photo so we can meet. 2526✉

Y Wait For Y2K?—Attractive, classy, blue-eyed Jewish woman seeks to share wonders of the new century with secure, interesting, compassionate, upbeat man, 60s. Note/photo. 2531 ✉

Society Lady/Debutante—(Late 40s), seeks gentleman of equal caliber (50-70). Note/photo a must. 2539 ✉

Handsome Black Male Sought—Over 48, by pretty blond Westchesterite. Please be fit, financially secure, smart and sexy. Photo, please. 2549 ✉

Tall, Handsome, Very Active—Jewish, marriage-minded professional gentleman, 32, relocating to NYC, searching for my lovely, slender and demure yet exciting Jewish lady, 25-35, for an eternity of tenderness. Photo/bio, please. 2523 ✉

RSVP For Summer In Greece—NY romance till then? Tall, dark and handsome Greek-American, 46, seeks similarly educated (MD, MBA, PhD) and humble, pretty woman, 30-42. 2541✉☎

Worldly, Multilingual, Successful—Tall, handsome man, 40, seeks intelligent, beautiful, elegant, fit, cosmopolitan, joie de vivre female, up to 35, to share the future. Note/photo. 2546 ✉

Gay White Male—54-year-old professional with varied interests, two grown children, seeks a 40-50-year-old gay man for a relationship that will begin with friendship and ultimately lead to commitment. 2550 ✉ ☎

Professional Entrepreneur—50-year-old widower, single parent, Jewish, seeking highly educated professional lady for long-term relationship, 42-54. 2518 ✉

Ready To Go Public—Tall, very attractive, witty professional, 50, seeks male counterpart. Limited offering. 2552 ✉☎

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Tired Of Bar Scene?—Me too. Jewish, motion picture professional, nonreligious, 27, loves film, theater, dining out, weekends in Vegas - seeking adventurous, down-to-earth woman, 21-37, to share love and life. Sense of humor a must. Note/photo. 2532 ✉

Share The Holidays—With a new friend. I am pretty, perky and petite, searching for a gentleman, 50s, smart, successful and sincere. Photo nice. 2538 ✉☎

Tall, Attractive 50ish Redhead—With long legs, a warm heart and lots of personality and style; many interests from the theater to tennis, the city to the country. Looking for down-to-earth, smart, successful guy who's missing only that one special woman. Please send note/photo/phone. 2544 ✉

Let's Make A Home—I am a divorced, ambitious, successful businesswoman who wants a husband, family and home. I am domestic, a bundle of fun, full of energy, athletic, pretty and sexy, 40. Let's get together and get to know each other. 2561 ✉☎

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Place your ad in this fantastic special issue & we'll give you the next issue *FREE*. That's like getting 3 issues for the price of 1. *What a gift!* Hey, it's 1999 & we want you to go out with a bang! So take advantage of this mind-boggling offer & call today.

Deadline is Tuesday, Dec 7th at 1pm sharp.

Year-end issue will be on newsstands Monday, Dec 13th.

Call 212-463-0024 or fax your ad to 212-462-3595

New Year's Wish—Jewish female, 26, professional, intelligent, pretty, seeks Jewish male, nonsmoker, 25-35, never-married, well-educated. 2524 ✉

Beautiful, Slim, Sexy—Down-to-earth Jewish female doctor, 36, seeking wonderful, accomplished, handsome mensch for love and laughter. Note/photo. 2522 ✉

Extremely Successful—Handsome executive, blue eyes, never married, very generous and physically very fit, seeking an attractive white female, 18 plus, to have mutually satisfying relationship, because you deserve the best. 2559 ✉

Bright, Attractive, Compassionate—Jewish male, 45, 5'11", 185, successful professional, is seeking a serious (and fun!) relationship with a warmhearted, compassionate, bright, attractive Jewish woman who shares my desire for a friend and companion leading to marriage and children. I enjoy long walks, talking, music, food, biking and tennis (and my friends tell me I can charm both senior citizens and kids alike!). Photo/note, please. 2514 ✉

Handsome, Romantic Renaissance Man—48, warm, classy, fit Jewish lawyer, 5' broad interests. Seeks attractive, sensu intelligent, upbeat, caring, professio Jewish woman, 34-40, no kids, for serio relationship and more. Nonsmoke Recent photo/phone a must. 2554 ✉

Beautiful, Green-Eyed Italian—Artisti intellectual, personality plus, seek gentleman for lifetime of love an laughter. Photo a must. 2515 ✉

Ski/Tennis/Culture/Feelings—I am divorced physician, 54, and live i Cedarhurst, LI. I am looking for dedicated, professional Jewish woma with similar interests. She should b willing and able to live in Nassau County Please send letter/recent photo. 2525 ✉

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ARY ANN MADDEN #957

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

What's in Uncle Oscar's Pants?

Bartholomew Badger and the Nuclear Reactor

"Who Will Try My Prozac?" asked Little Anne of Canada.

Above, titles for children's books. Competitors are asked to provide one similarly unsavory sample.

Results of Competition 954, in which you were asked to invent maladies for the millennium.

Report: So many hideous ailments, so little space. Anyone afflicted with the very diseases that, uh, inspired us may disagree about hilarity . . . carcinoma, for example, just doesn't get any funnier than it already is. Probably not sickle-cell-phone anemia, nor get-down syndrome. Never mind. Popular, thus duplicated: Gingervitis. Mallnutrition. Irritable Vowel. Sonic Fatigue. Millennui. Vitamin Y2K Deficiency. Herpes Duplex. You're all very troubled.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

MISHAPNEA—accidental asphyxiation.
John Grady, Dallas, Tex.

EXTRA CENTURY PERCEPTION—the ability to foresee the next 100 years.
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

AFROPHOBIA—fear of the return of the Jackson Five.
Douglas Monaghan, Floral Park, N.Y.

Runner-Up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

PSEUDONYMPHOMANIA—compulsive desire to have a lot of sex under an assumed name.
Joel Sitrin, Annandale, Va.

IRRITABLE POWELL SYNDROME—testiness in one of presidential timber; spastic Colin.
Allison Doyle, Norwalk, Conn.

DÉJÀ FLU—the feeling that one has had this cold before.
Dede Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

And Honorable Mention to:

HYPOCOINDRIA—fear of not having exact change.
Beth Lee Segal, Brooklyn, N.Y.

LOGONORRHEA—obsession with four-letter passwords.
Skip Gross, Hoboken, N.J.

HAIRPIECE SWIMPLEX—rash caused by wearing a toupee in a pool.
William Cherry, Perkasie, Pa.

VENEERIAL DISEASE—semiglossitis.
Emily Sylvester, South Windsor, Conn.

HERPES CINEPLEX—rash caused by movie tickets priced at $9.50.
Theodore Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

CHRONIC FATIGUES SYNDROME—delusion of wrestling fans that army clothes are becoming.
Norman Charles, N.Y.C.
similarly: Donald Liebman, Cortlandt Manor, N.Y.

REUTERS BLOCK—psychological inhibition against news reports.
Alice Kantor, Newburyport, Mass.

RINTINTINNITUS—incessant barking heard in a dog's inner ear (see: arfritis).
Sparky Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

CELESTIAL SEASONINGS AFFECTIVE DISORDER—herb-tea addiction.
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

CELINE SOLUTION—remedy for "My Heart Will Not Go On."
Beverly Stainnis, Far Rockaway, N.Y.

GOOMBLAHS—the mafioso blues (see: don in the dumps).
Lisa Giordano, Madison, Ala.

VISACARDITIS—the heart-stopping sensation brought on by exceeding your credit limit.
Barbara M. Anuzis, Huntington, N.Y.

DISORDER OF THE GARTER—knight sweats.
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

CURRY FEVER—Hindigestion.
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

SAGE FRIGHT—nervousness in a herbivore.
Kathy Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

ALPOPLEXY—canine feeding disorder.
Pablo Zouras, Vienna, Va.

DELIRIUM CLEMENS—occurs when the personality is split in Twain.
Mike Reiss, Los Angeles, Calif.
similarly: Rich Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

STREISAND-BROLIN SYNDROME—excessive displays of affection.
Douglas Braverman, West Bloomfield, Mich.

ILLENNIUM—any malady lasting a thousand years.
Lars Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

SONSTROKE—an attack during the reading of a will (see: heirsickness).
Brian Bracey, Atlanta, Ga.

MUNCHAUSEN BY MICROSOFT PROXY SYNDROME—compulsion to remove Bill Gates as CEO just to gain attention.
Barry S. Gillman, East Brunswick, N.J.

CHRISOFILIA—abnormal love or use of elephant dung.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

IPOXIA—shortness of breath brought on by day trading.
Fran Manne, Mahwah, N.J.

METROCARDIAC ARREST—eleven heart attacks for the price of ten.
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

GLOBAL WARMING SYNDROME—water on the knee caused by melting icebergs.
Patsy V. Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio

SEASONING AFFECTIVE DISORDER—the depressing notion that thyme heals all wounds.
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

HERNIATED DVD—injury due to trying to fit *Dr. Zhivago* onto one disc.
D. C. Capps, N.Y.C.

ROSWELL-BABY SYNDROME—irrational fear that one's infant might be an alien.
Herb Martinson, Crofton, Md.

DYSFLEXIA—a disturbance in the ability to read body language.
Rachel Sinaiko, Alexandria, Va.

POST-DRAMATIC STRESS DISORDER—formerly David Caruso/Shelley Long Syndrome.
Alexandra Gelber, Washington, D.C.
similarly: Vincent P. Gorman, Yonkers, N.Y.

POST DRAMATIC DRESS DISORDER—compulsive coverage of Christian Lacroix.
M. A. Harper, New Orleans, La.
similarly: A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.;
Sidney Tombaugh, Maplewood, N.J.

CATTLELEPSY—mad cow disease.
Holly Thomis, Cambridge, Mass.

RHUMBATOID ARTHRITIS—joint stiffness caused by "La Vida Loca."
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

OREOPOROSIS—disorder caused by too many cookies, not enough milk.
Skip Card, Tacoma, Wash.

AFFLUENZA—a rapid and feverish spread of wealth.
Sarah Gay, Atlanta, Ga.

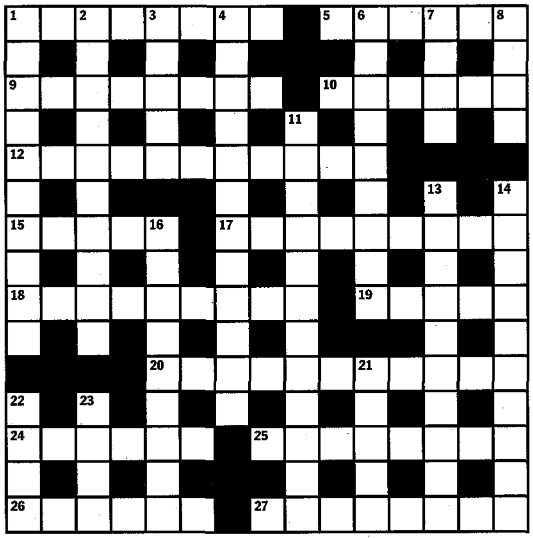
DIVERTICKLELITIS—uncontrollable urge to make Greg Louganis smile.
T. Nash, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 957, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by December 10. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the January 17 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1,14 Magnates contributing as one into Conservative Party funds. (8,2,8)
5 Cross-dressing's making a comeback in this lofty Viking settlement. (6)
9 Radicals in search of supports. (5,3)
10 God! Name-droppers, at Burlington House! (4,2)
12 Here Africans put up Polish relatives on a convertible sofa. (7-4)
15 If I'm in Baghdad, do I speak of the spirit of Turkey? (5)
17 Repulsed hospital closures? (6,3)
18 It makes one think with little understanding. (2,3,4)
19 I hear you are in the money here. (5)
20 With three Open Universities and, DG, a Southern State capital, that's 12's. (11)
24 New recruits out on leave? Quite the opposite. (6)
25 Force us to accept summit talk with dissent. (5,3)
26 German noblewoman's Welsh maid. (6)
27 Fly around a second country with elevation. (8)



DOWN

1 It makes hot-heads wax the lines and makes one sit up. (10)
2 As are parents or many others! (10
3 Very noted French photographer going off the rails. (5)
4 Modern evolutionary achieving renown in AID—a possibility. (3-9)
6 Second Vedic syllable not catching Len napping. (9)
7 Indian settler formerly famed in five towns. (4)
8 Ditch-deliverer (look it up in Shakespeare). (4)
11 Vegetable boiled in Water of Parma. (9,3)
13 Such 1 across: firm around our time of life—us? (10)
14 See 1 across.
16 Puck bullied chillingly in this? (3,6)
21 Loves Latin entrance for Antipodean university. (5)
22 Recessional departer with others and 1 across. (4)
23 . . . and as to making an entrance . . . (4)

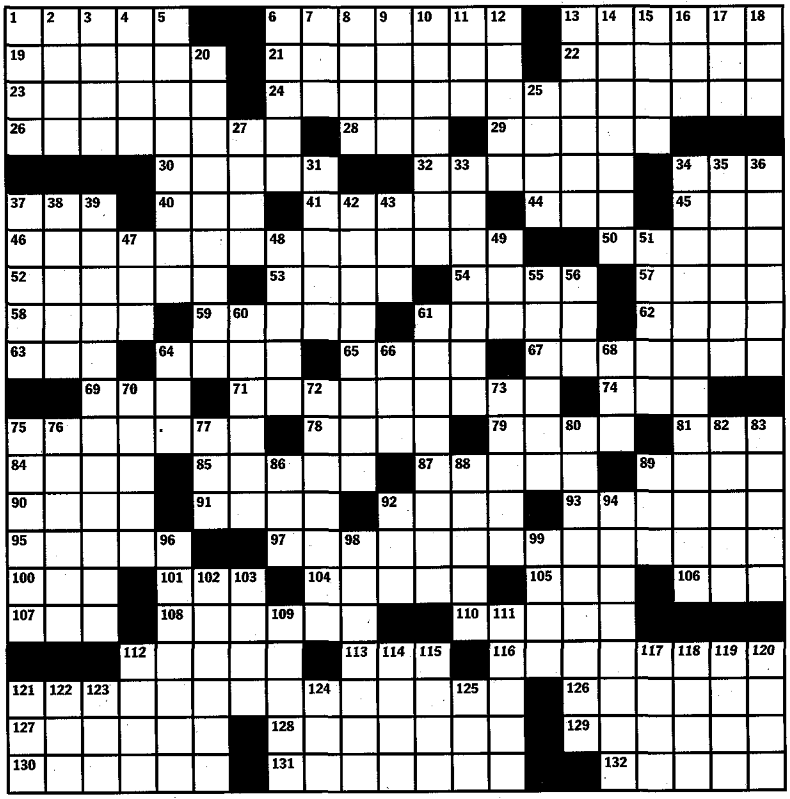
'Double Meanings': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Russian royals
6 Like a celebration
13 Nursery-rhyme couple
19 Novelist Huxley
21 Navy bigwig
22 Stand for a hot pot
23 "Amadeus"
24 Was a bigamist?
26 Blazing hearth?
28 Martini liquor
29 Yields from fields
30 Off the mark
32 Sandinista leader of the '80s
34 Rev.'s lecture
37 "—— du lieber!"
40 Director's shout
41 The Jetsons' dog
44 He's a doll
45 Yearling's age
46 Customs inspection?
50 Star quality
52 Affectedly elegant
53 Full of cinders
54 Chocolate candy
57 Prefix for sphere
58 "—— Love Her" (Beatles hit)
59 Ginza locale
61 "American Buffalo" playwright
62 Czech river to the Elbe
63 Get the point
64 Roberts's "Runaway Bride" co-star
65 Disney's Simba
67 Usually
69 Upper House: abbr.
71 Pick up a hitchhiker?
74 First Aid course initials
75 Barbecue coal
78 Eventful times
79 Apogee
81 Tennessee footballer
84 Pasta-sauce brand
85 Soho swells
87 Come —— rescue
89 Keep out of sight
90 Razed Atlanta arena
91 Kind of hygiene
92 Dumas senior
93 Cowardly
95 Fights for breath
97 Just-hatched termites?
100 Trifling tumult
101 Comedian Philips
104 Linzer cake
105 "2001" computer
106 Ward healers: abbr.
107 Bert Bobbsey's twin
108 Clint Eastwood's city
110 Sierra ——, African republic
112 Having periods of gloom
113 Tolkien creature
116 Start golfing?
121 Carpenters' unions?
126 Northern Rhodesia, today
127 Stores secretly
128 Newborn infant
129 Foe's feeling
130 Lay bare
131 Munitions depot
132 Café cup

DOWN

1 Burns's "—— Shanter"
2 Liquid spillage
3 Wood-shaping tool
4 Dappled horse
5 Rose to the top of the water
6 Mythic goddesses of destiny
7 59-Across, formerly
8 Air pollution
9 "Kon-——"
10 Unwrought metal
11 Moving-day rental
12 Campaign-poster word
13 Comic's straight man
14 Gas for the grill
15 Skirts the basket
16 Second Mrs. Sinatra
17 Knockout count
18 Porky's place
20 Arouse a reaction
25 Himalayan hike
27 Altar procedure
31 Impertinent
33 Between a —— a hard place
34 The fish that got away?
35 Glossy paint
36 Head for bed
37 Geography book
38 "Frasier" surname
39 Was tattooed?
42 Serious students
43 Your, old style
47 Sundial number
48 Scraped the soil
49 Kipling boy
51 Tweet
55 Look high and low
56 Address abbrs., often
60 Soapbox speaker
61 Most damp
64 Antelope that doesn't sound old
66 George's lyrical brother
68 Winning tennis serve
70 Outfit (with)
72 Let the air out of
73 Gone from the plate
75 Ankle-high work shoe
76 Hotel-chain name
77 WW II area
80 Automate
82 "—— Melancholy": Keats
83 Gives temporarily
86 Terrif!
88 Bay window
89 Half a bray
92 For each
94 Pertinent
96 Duel aides
98 Sleeveless vests
99 Norse thunder deity
102 ——-tung
103 British general Wingate
109 Loy of "Thin Man" films
111 Ford flop
112 Colleague of Dali
114 Fourth little piggy's share
115 Mister, in Malaya
117 Jane Austen heroine
118 Sashes for kimonos
119 Partner of starts
120 She played Bonnie
121 Pronoun for a ship
122 Small or chicken
123 Once across the pool
124 Bonn citizen: abbr.
125 Harper Valley org.



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 134.